

(Ida Bischoff)



"Now all is calm and fresh and still
Alone the chirp of flitting bird . . .
And talk of children on the hill . . .
And bell of wandering Kine are heard"

"Semper tua amica" Sincerely: Gladys
Josephine Yates George Frost.

"Schultz is dead"
from
Sharty Schultz.

Rememberances of
the boys
Estelle Hoffman

Theme
WASHINGTON
Mildred (The Man Who Made Us) Treadway
SurRaider.

Groysop's Brod

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING THE VARIED CAROLS I HEAR. . . . THOSE OF MECHANICS EACH SINGING HIS AS IT SHOULD BE, BLITHE AND STRONG. . . . THE CARPENTER SINGING HIS AS HE MEASURES HIS PLANK OR BEAM, THE MASON SINGING HIS AS HE MAKES READY FOR WORK OR LEAVES OFF WORK. . . . THE BOATMAN SINGING WHAT BELONGS TO HIM IN HIS BOAT THE DECKHAND SINGING ON THE STEAMBOAT DECK. . . . THE SHOEMAKER SINGING AS HE SITS ON HIS BENCH, THE HATTER SINGING AS HE STANDS THE WOODCUTTERS SONG THE PLOW-BOYS ON HIS WAY HOME IN THE MORNING OR AT NOON INTERMISSION OR AT SUNDOWN. . . . THE DELICIOUS SINGING OF THE MOTHER OR OF THE YOUNG WIFE AT WORK OR OF THE GIRL SEWING OR WASHING. . . . EACH SINGING WHAT BELONGS TO HIM. HER AND TO NO ONE ELSE

Walt Whitman

WK

Frontispiece

THE RED AND
BLACK

JANUARY
and JUNE
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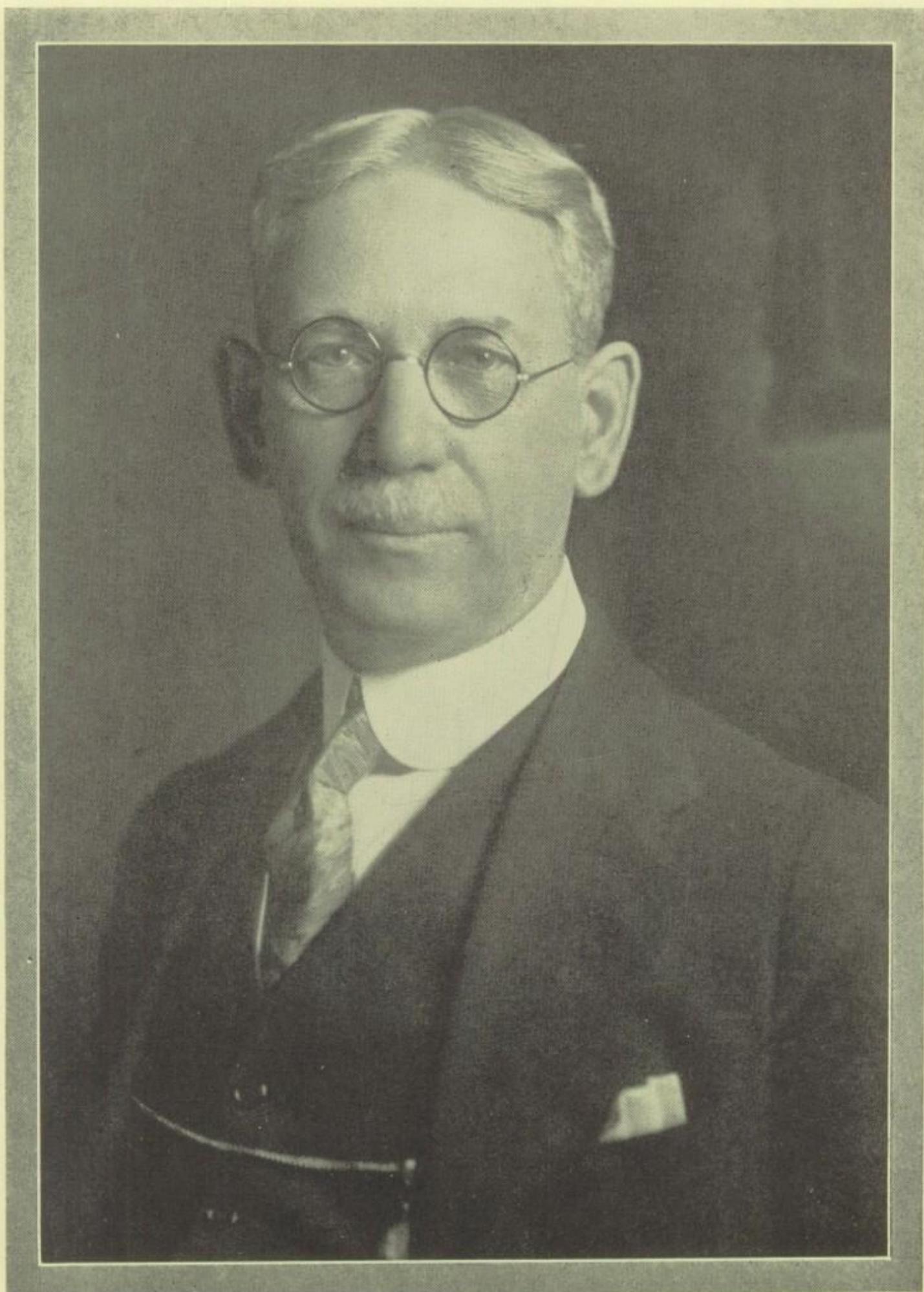
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VOLUME XV

Washington Bicentennial Issue

—A—

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
SAINT LOUIS • • • • MISSOURI



MR. CHESTER B. CURTIS

In Memoriam

Lover of youth, whose life exemplified his high ideals and deep convictions. Natural laws, physical and spiritual, were to him complementary manifestations of their Creator, whose service was his chief joy.

He had withal a keen sense of humor, which he was quick to discover and pleased to express. How well I remember his joyous laughter at ludicrous situations and their apt recital!

Years of close acquaintance taught me his true worth, and varied relationships increased my esteem for him.

Manly, efficient, sympathetic, helpful man, his friendship was the more prized the longer it lasted. His cheery presence is grievously missed.

W. J. S. BRYAN

Assistant Superintendent of Instruction and
formerly Principal of Central High School

During the twenty years that Mr. Chester B. Curtis served the Central High School as Teacher, Assistant Principal, and Principal, he exerted a lasting influence upon both the student body and upon his fellow teachers.

Mr. Curtis's life is unique in that it embodied two marked and somewhat contrasted characteristics. He was both scientific and social in his nature —a rather rare combination. He was equally at home in a scientific situation or in the solution of some social problem; he was resourceful in either field.

Mr. Curtis was serious and dignified and at the same time friendly and cordial. He had a keen and analytical mind tempered with an abundant sense of humor. His personality was most attractive. He was never stilted but always congenial and straightforward. The happy combination of these qualities made of him a great teacher and a lasting friend.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS

Principal, Central High School

The memory of Mr. Chester B. Curtis is indelibly stamped upon the minds of all of us who knew him. That jubilant laugh, that burst of whistle or of song after the formal work of the day was done, is still more than a memory. That graciousness and charm, that good fellowship, that outstanding courtesy, requiring a capital "C," marked the man who was always a prince among his fellows.

I count myself fortunate to have had intimate association with such a man—a man of striking personality, of dignity, of refinement and culture, thoroughly human and adaptable, the friend and inspirer of youth, an able administrator—my friend.

D. H. WEIR

Assistant Principal, Central High School

Mr. Chester B. Curtis endeared himself to us and the business world, as he did to all other people with whom he came in contact. I have never known his untiring courtesy, generosity, and utter lack of selfishness to fail.

I had been associated with Mr. Curtis intimately, in a business way, for about eleven years, and I think I can sum up my opinion of him by saying that he daily practiced, in every way, the art of being a true gentleman.

F. M. MAYFIELD

President, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

A Tribute

To

MISS ALICE D. CHOATE

By

BYRON MOSER
(Central, 1903)

In 1927, Central, the oldest high school west of the Mississippi River, lost through her voluntary retirement, Miss Alice D. Choate, who had taught Latin exclusively from the time she first joined Central's teaching staff in the early years when this school was located at 15th and Olive Streets.

August 25th, 1931, Miss Choate passed to her reward, and left among her many friends a sense of irreparable loss.

Miss Choate was one of the most lovable characters with whom Central High School has been blessed. Hers was a long life of service consecrated to thousands of young people. If ever any woman gave the best of her life to others, it was the capable, refined, cultured Miss Choate.

The study of Latin has always been difficult to many people, but Miss Choate cleared the way to make possible its mastery for every earnest pupil under her influence. She was sympathetic and patient; her keen sense of duty made her persevere to the limit with those pupils to whom Latin seemed impossible. Duty was the keynote of her life.

As a result of her ability, her culture, her refinement, her loyalty, her infinite patience, perseverance, and her determined desire to secure best results, Miss Choate will always be remembered for her beneficent influence on the lives of those who were privileged to come under her teaching. She was generous to a fault in her life of service.

She won the love and esteem of her pupils and the confidence of their parents. Many of the parents had studied under Miss Choate and all were happy to entrust their children to her wise guidance. No finer compliment could be paid a teacher. She was not only a teacher, but a beloved friend of every student entrusted to her care.

*"The world hath not another
Of such finish'd, chasten'd purity."*



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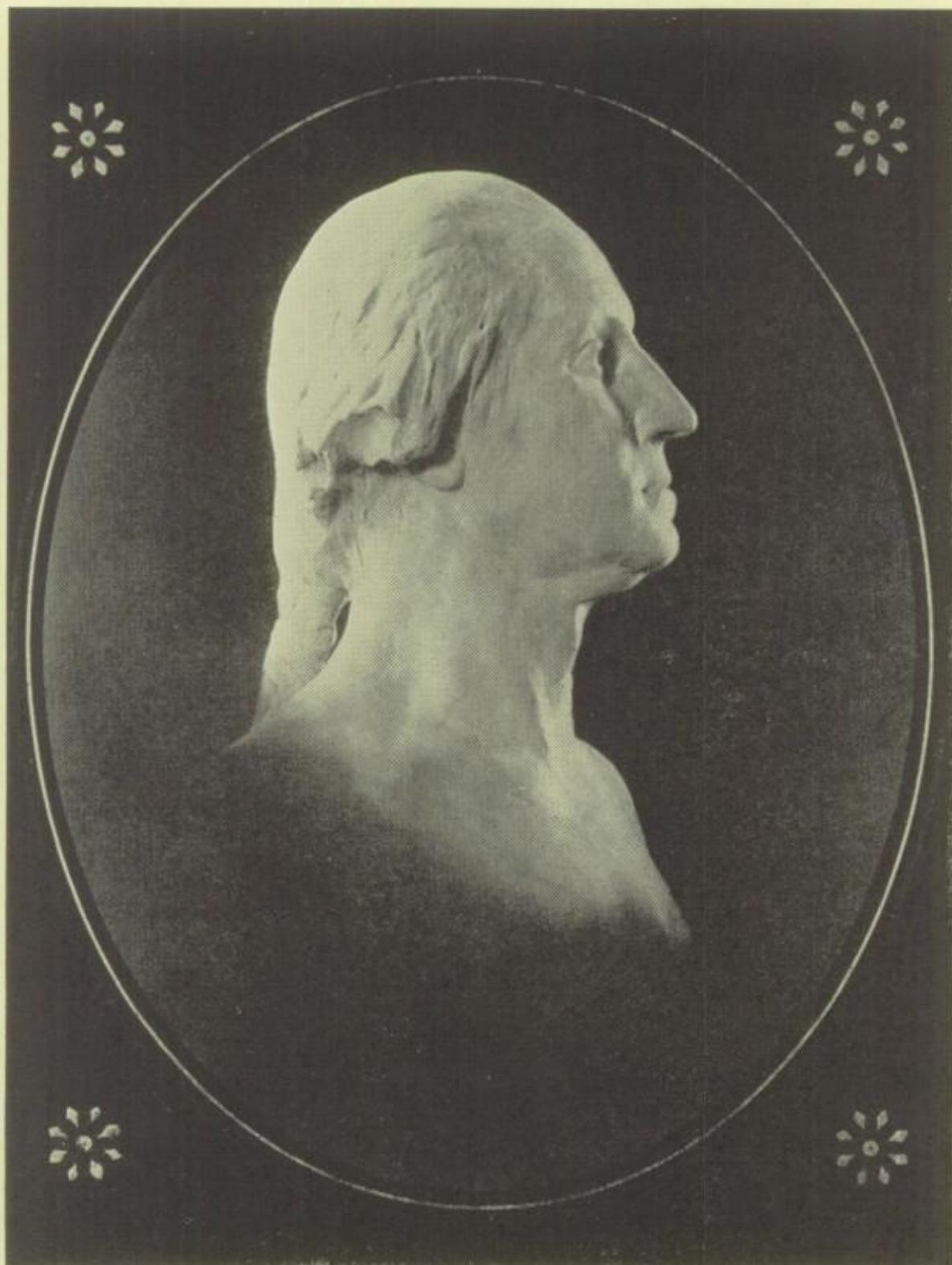
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INSCRIPTION ON PICTURES OF HOUDON BUST

This is a photograph of the famous Houdon Bust of George Washington made from life at Mount Vernon by the great French sculptor, Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785. The bust has never been away from that shrine. This picture has been selected by the Portrait Committee of this Commission as the official picture of The Father of His Country, for the Bicentennial Celebration of his birth in 1932.

*Credit for the copy of this picture is given and
appreciation expressed to the*

*United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission
for the celebration of the
Two Hundredth Anniversary
of the birth of George Washington—1932*

Dedication

*With Loyal Hearts the Students of
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL*

Dedicate this issue of the RED AND BLACK

To

WASHINGTON
THE MAN WHO MADE US

*Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;*

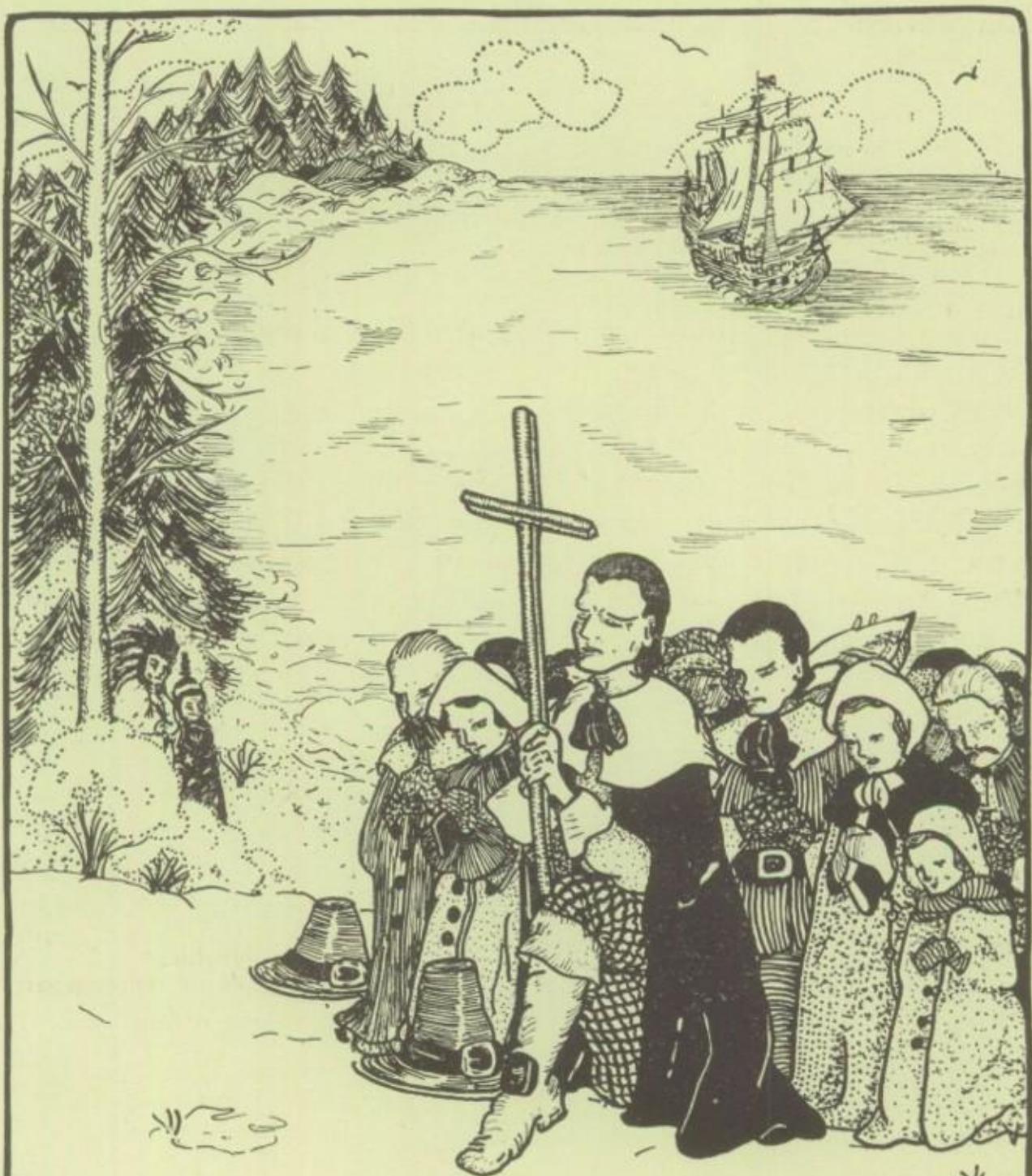
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*Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him.*

From *Virginia* by Lowell

THE FACULTY

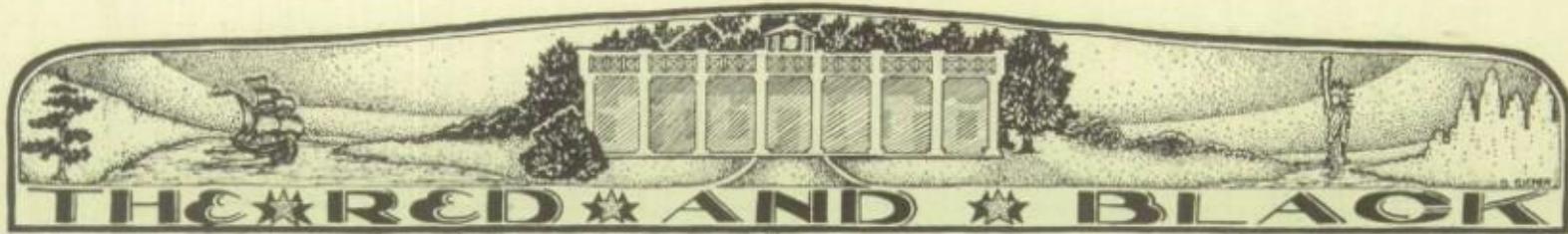
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"THE ARRIVAL"

GENEVA H. ABBOTT.

INDIAN COLONIAL DAYS



INDIAN COLONIAL DAYS

By Howard Williams

"RED AND BLACK" Historian

THE era introduced by the discovery of America brought forth many great leaders. Their bravery in daring the unknown dangers of the sea and the perils of the interior of the new country has made them almost legendary heroes. Many are the tales of Columbus, the poor boy of Genoa, who loved to sit on the wharves and dream of the days when he might sail forth in great ships such as those he saw entering the harbor. Many are the tales of other great explorers of the new world—how they risked unknown dangers in their service to the king, and in their search for riches. The marvelous tales of the new world, the conquest of Mexico and Peru are characterized by the search for wealth. The great riches of these early days, the gold and jewels of the Incas, is a conception almost beyond the scope of imagination. All such tales, fabled and real, helped to build up the

legendary character of the early explorers.

But all was not everywhere so wonderful. Some adventurers came looking for gold but found only torture and struggle and death in the new world. They found only death in a horrible form: death by torture, by poisoned arrow, by starvation. Such a fate was too frequently the reward of their bravery.

The heroism of these men has left its traces on America. Their day waned, but they caused themselves to be remembered eternally in history. The early Spanish pioneers were soon succeeded by the English (the Elizabethan "Sea Dogs") and later by their successors, the founders of Jamestown and Plymouth. The "Sea Dogs," although really pirates, served a good purpose for England and America, for their piracy gave our English forefathers a hold on the sea and also a foothold in America.





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HAROLD GARBER
RUTH MOUNCE
JOSEPH HOSSITT
ADELE STEINHAUSER
WILLIAM WEBER

MISS DOYLE, Sponsor

THE LITTLE PILGRIM SPEAKS

By Dorothy Enck, '35

*I was on the Mayflower—
I'm sure that you know
Of our terrible time
With the ice and the snow.
It was freezing and cold,
We knew nothing before
Of what "real winter" meant,
Till we came to this shore.*

*Then the Indians! Oh!
But the story you know
For you've read of it all,
In the books long ago.
Were we sorry we came
From England so dear?
Indeed we were not—
Though it was rather drear.*

*Then at last came the harvest,
With good things in store,
Do you wonder our hearts
Were with joy running o'er?
So, our Governor Bradford,
With gentle, wise sway,
Said, "Let us be thankful
One whole blessed day."*

*There was not one to ask
Or demur at his word;
But over all Plymouth
Greatest joy could be heard.
So today while you travel
Your own happy way:
Remember the Pilgrims'
First Thanksgiving Day.*



THE FRESHMAN GIRLS, SEPTEMBER, 1931



THE LOST COLONISTS

By Wilbur Moore and Guy Veech, '35

TO THE person who intends to enjoy this story it may be interesting to know that it is not entirely based on fact, but is, in part, an imaginary story. It is a known fact that a party of colonists including women and children, led by John White, settled in the vicinity of Roanoke Island. It is also known that they mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace of their whereabouts, except the name "Croatan" which was carved into the bark of a tree. The imaginary part of the story deals with the experiences of the party of colonists.

When John White and the colonists arrived at Roanoke Island, they were already short of provisions; and for this reason Governor White disembarked his passengers and sailed back to England for more supplies. He immediately secured the supplies and began the return voyage, but his ships were attacked by pirates and thus he was forced to return again to England. Four years passed and White finally succeeded in returning to the island, only to find the colonists mysteriously missing, as has been mentioned before.

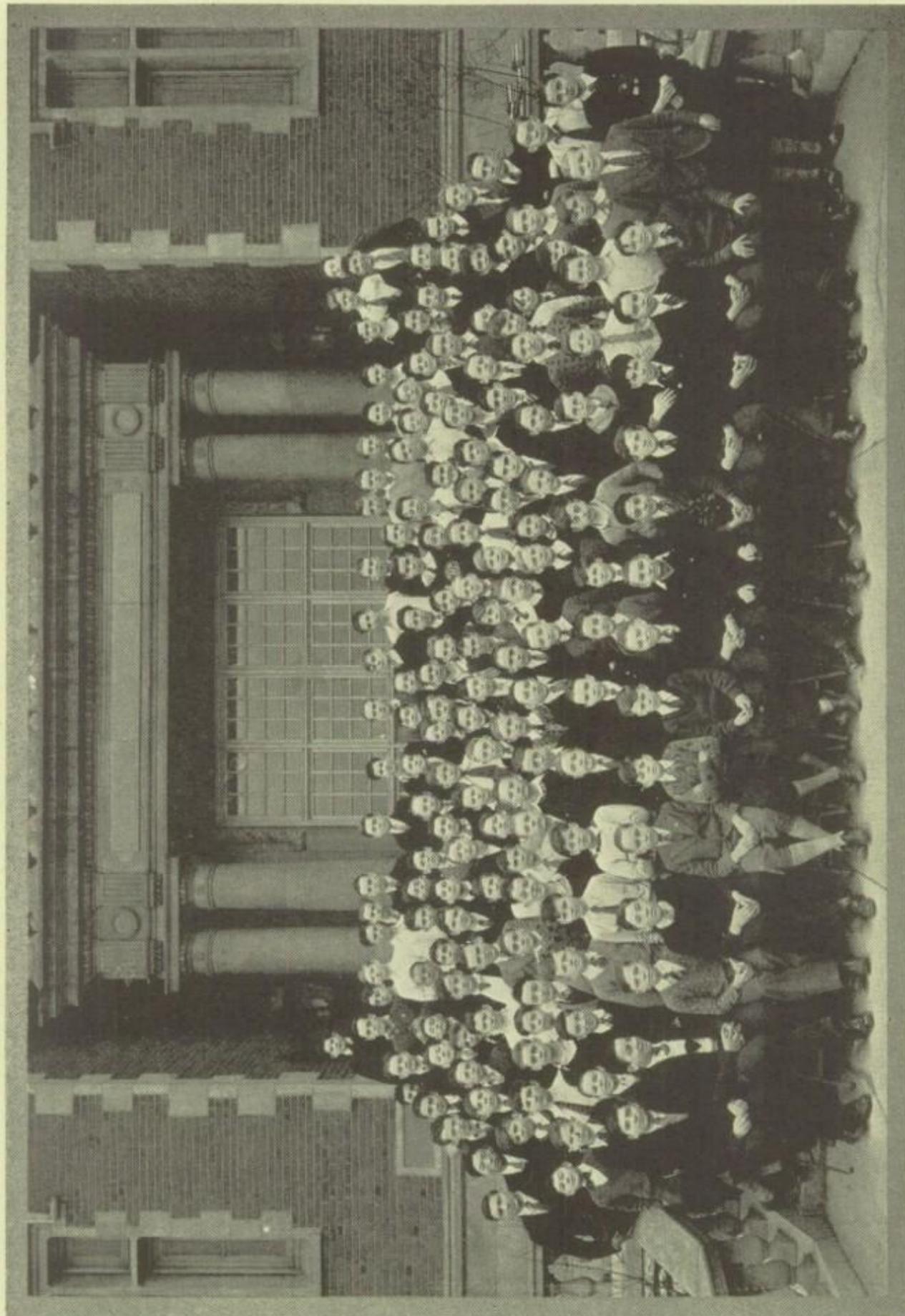
About the time that John White departed for England, a certain young Indian had been stirring up trouble in one of the most famous tribes in America. Maneteo, the chief of the tribe, had abandoned the young Indian, Tayoga, for a reason that shall be fully explained. Tayoga was banished from the tribe for the obvious reason of being a weakling, and a hindrance to the tribe; but the real

reason dated back to some trouble which his parents had had with the chief. His parents were now dead, but the chief's hatred still remained in his savage heart, and now was the time for revenge. He could not just banish Tayoga from the tribe because of the hatred he himself had for the boy, for the youth had many friends among the tribe. So he gave the reason that he has been mentioned in the preceding lines.

Tayoga was forced to leave the tribe and depend upon his own ability as a game hunter for existence. He was an accurate shot at close range with his weapons, but he had not the strength to bend his bow for a long shot. For this reason he was unsuccessful as a hunter because he was not able to get close enough to his quarry to kill it. He was near starvation, when some colonists in search of food discovered him lying exhausted not far from a sparkling stream of fresh water which he had been trying to reach. The colonists, being of a merciful nature, took Tayoga back to the settlement with them.

The doctor of the settlement immediately took charge of Tayoga, depriving himself of half his own food to feed the Indian. After a period of about two weeks, on the doctor's small rations, Tayoga had recovered a great deal of his former energy.

It was through Tayoga's knowledge that the colonists were able to survive through the following winter. He taught them how to lay traps so as to bring good



THE FRESHMAN BOYS, SEPTEMBER, 1931



results, and he also showed them how to raise their own corn for future use. The colonists had a good supply of seed corn (given them by some friendly Indian) which had been of no use until Tayoga happened along.

The colonists and Tayoga received plenty of nourishment during the winter, and Tayoga recovered rapidly at the hands of the doctor. In fact, at the end of the winter, Tayoga was no longer a weakling but a perfect specimen of Indian manhood.

Now to return to the chieftain who had driven Tayoga from his tribe. Maneteo's conscience had been bothering him and he had vowed that if Tayoga ever returned safely he would love him as his own son.

There was to be an athletic assembly of many eastern tribes at a designated clearing in the forest in a few days. Tayoga upon hearing this, decided to enter the contest wearing the colors of Maneteo's tribe. On the day that the contests took place Tayoga appeared at the last moment before the events began. Although the chief saw him, he did not

realize that the big fellow was Tayoga.

The young Indian easily defeated the other entrants in three-fourths of the matches, and at the close of the day he had brought fame to Manetoe's tribe. Afterwards Tayoga revealed his identity to the chief who was so filled with joy that he wept aloud.

Tayoga unraveled the mystery of his change to the tribe and gave the kind group of white men all the credit they deserved. Maneteo was overjoyed and so amazed at the ability of the colonists that he invited them to accompany him to his new hunting grounds on Croatan Island. This invitation they accepted readily. Before leaving the island, the colonists carved this name in the bark of a tree.

They lived happily with the Indians for many years before they finally perished during a severe winter. Thus, when John White and his company returned to the island, he found the homes of the colonists vacant; and, as they never sought the colonists who had been on Roanoke Island, their disappearance remained a mystery.

THE COLONISTS

By William Stratton, '35

*Plunging bravely into unknown lands
Praying under brooding skies,
Going singly and in bands.
Seeking ever the hidden prize:*

*Caring not for pagan wilds,
Caring not for treacherous snow,
Worried not by Indian guile,
See them marching onward go.*

*Finind anon their sought-for goal,
Settling in the wilderness,
Playing their courageous rôle—
God bless them for their nobleness.*



WINTER JOYS

By Joseph Hossitt, '35

*Winter months bring ice and snow,
And on our skates away we go!
Shouts of laughter, shouts of glee,
Fun for you and fun for me.*

*At sunset's glow, we're cold and chill;
Joyously home we rush with a will
To radiant fires that crackle and leap,
Throwing shadows that weirdly creep.*

*Nuts and apples and marshmallows white
For us there is no greater delight.
Roasting, sputtering, bidding us eat,
Along with our candies and goodies so
sweet.*

*When grannie's clock chimes, we trot up
the stairs,
Whispering gleefully with no thought of
cares.*

*Candles in hand send wavering gleams
On each little head, so softly, it seems.*

*And so to bed, quite weary with sleep,
Sinking in softness so comfy and deep
To dream of the morrow with thoughts of
good cheer,
When again we indulge in pleasures so dear.*

DAY DREAMS

By Josephine Tamalis, '35

*When the beach was still and lonely,
And the waves, so wild and free,
Turned to restless ripples only,
And the sunset lit the sea,*

*When each ripple glistened under
Countless rays of rosy light,
Then my soul grew great with wonder
At the beauty of the sight.*

*And I dreamed of coming ages,
Days when man would glorious be;
Struggling upward, through the pages
Of a grand eternity.*

*As I stood, with fancy roving,
Storm clouds stole across the sun;
And the pine tops, restless, moving,
Told of wrongs already done.*

*Then the world grew bleak and dreary.
Fruitless, then, my fancies seem.
Yet, at times, in doubt, I wonder,
"Was it nothing but a dream?"*

ISHTASAPA



By Esther Cresswell, '35

"ISHTASAPA (Dark Eyes), called a feminine voice from the lodge. "Come here!"

"Uh (yes)."

The tall, slender figure of a beautiful girl appeared in the doorway of the lodge. Luxuriant, jet-black hair crowned an exquisitely shaped head and framed a small, oval face. Large, lovely eyes, overshadowed by long lashes, were set rather far apart, and were very misleading because you couldn't tell whether they were black or blue. A small nose, and pearly, white teeth framed in lips of cherry red, gave the finishing touch to an extremely beautiful face. Her skin wasn't as deeply tanned as that of the rest of the Indians, and dusky roses bloomed in her cheeks. She wore a buckskin dress elaborately trimmed with beads and porcupine quills. Her small feet were encased in well-made moccasins. This type of dress for everyday was very unusual for an Indian

maiden unless she was very outstanding or honored by the people of the tribe. She held in her long slim fingers some willow twigs with which she had been making a basket. Her lips were parted in a smile as she answered her mother's call. Then her eyes filled with wonder and surprise as she beheld the tall figure of a white man.

His head was bare, revealing thick, unruly white hair. His skin was tanned and weatherbeaten by exposure to the elements. He was clad in Indian garments and bore himself like a gentleman. He appeared to be middle-aged. His face was expressionless except for a flicker of the eyelids, as he saw Ishtasapa standing before him in her young beauty.

Ishtasapa looked from her mother to the gentleman and then inquiringly at her mother. She noticed her mother's eyes were red as though she had been crying, and she was very nervous. Ishtasapa's mother glanced at the gentleman and he nodded to her. Then the dark-haired maiden heard this story.

"Ne en jah nis (my child), thirteen years ago, the men of this tribe attacked an encampment of white settlers about twenty miles west of Virginia colony. The braves killed all, or thought they had killed all, except one baby girl, who seemed to be about a year old. Nas a (her father), the leader of the white settlers, had taken the child in his arms, mounted his horse, and had started to ride away when my husband saw him. My husband let fly an arrow which brought the white man down, but he held the baby above him. He took the baby, thinking the man dead. My husband left him there, and brought the little baby girl to this lodge for me to raise. The little one grew to be very beautiful. We



named her 'Ishtasapa' because her eyes were so dark.

"The father, whom my husband left for dead, was merely unconscious from a wound, which wasn't serious, in his left shoulder. The arrow was still in the shoulder, and, being unable to draw it out, the man began to walk in the direction of what he thought was the Virginia colony. He became exhausted from lack of food and drink as he had none with him, and he could go no farther. He sank down and fell into troubled sleep. When he awoke, he found himself in a strange place.

"A tall Indian was bending over him and the arrow had been drawn from his shoulder. The wound had been dressed and the arrow now lay on the floor nearby. He reached for it, but his shoulder pained him greatly. The Indian picked up the arrow and gave it to the stranger. He examined it carefully but didn't know which tribe made arrows of its type. The Indian made him go back to sleep again, and when he awoke, gave him a dark liquid to drink. This so revived him that he asked how he had come to be in this place and where his little daughter was. The Indian told him that he had been out hunting and, finding the white man, brought him to this tepee. He knew nothing of the child.

"There was an old Indian woman in this tribe, who, having lost her own son, wished to adopt the white man, and since he had no one else to whom he could go, he stayed here among the Indians for many years. None of them would

tell him to what tribe the arrow belonged, because they didn't want to lose as skillful a hunter as he, and they were afraid he might stir up trouble between the two tribes. Finally, however, after many years, the old Indian woman told him, as she lay on her death bed, that it belonged to the Algonquin tribe. He set out to find that tribe and now he had found it."

At this point the old woman's voice broke, but she recovered and quickly renewed her story.

"He—your nas-a (your father)—has come to take you away with him, my Ishtasapa, and I cannot stop you if you wish to go."

While listening to this story, Ishtasapa's beautiful eyes had opened wider and wider, and a perplexed frown ruffled her forehead. She turned to the man, who was her father.

"Nas-a, my father, is this true?" she asked. "But how do you know I am your daughter; how can you be sure?"

"Your foster mother has verified my statement, Barbara; that is the name by which you were christened. Besides, I know you by a picture of your mother. You are the exact image of her. And you have a scar on your right shoulder? That also I know."

"Yes—I have a scar. Oh! was there—there was a lot of noise when you lost your daughter—me? And was the man who took me away all dressed in feathers? Did I have on a little white dress with flowers embroidered on it? My neinggo (mother), turning to the old Indian woman—"I'll still call her that—has a



dress like that which she says I wore when I came to her."

Now she remembered, vaguely, everything that had happened.

"I can answer, 'Yes' to all those questions," said her father, "and add that you have a small locket containing a miniature of your mother."

"Nas-a! My father!"

Suddenly she rushed to him and put both arms around his neck.

"Yes, you are my father," she said. "I know it! Oh! I just know it."

Her father, overcome by his emotions, held her close to him, kissing her tenderly.

The old Indian woman stole silently

out of the lodge so that they would not see her tears.

"My baby, my precious baby," her father uttered in broken tones. I thought I should never see you again!"

"Father, I want to go with you, but I dislike leaving neinggo and nas a, my other father, because I love them dearly. And my little ne kau nis (brother), and nedah wa mah (sister), but I love you better than all of them." This last was said in a whisper.

The next day, father and daughter left the Algonquin tribe forever, and there were many whose eyes filled with tears, for they loved the beautiful Ishatasapa.

ONCE UPON A TIME

By Jo Tamalis, '35

*The fire is burning brightly,
And amid the flames I see
A castle and a garden
In the land of fantasy.*

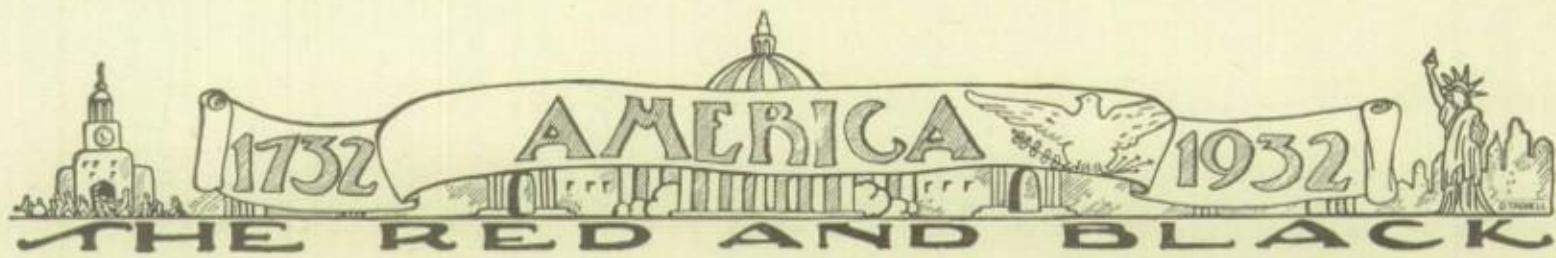
*The castle is surrounded
By a host in armor bright;
They are battering the wall away
To free a captive knight.*

*Yes, the castle is in ashes—
I must quickly end my rhyme
And leave my fancies to the land
Of Once Upon a Time.*

*See! the wicked prince is taken,
The keep is opened wide,
And the noble knight is smiling
As he steps to meet his bride.*

*There is music in the garden
And a table set for two—
But my dreams are sent a-flying,
For the log's burned almost through.*





CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

By Virginia La Rue, '35

*A happy, bronzed, and bearded man,
A swaggering, long-headed lovable male,
Whose name was John Smith. Say what you can,
They hadn't the right to put him in jail.*

*He often sailed the ocean blue,
With an honest mind, and a heart that was true;
His saucy ways, and adventurous life,
Brought him hardships and days of strife.*

*He was dumped in the sea, or so 'tis said,
Till everyone thought he might be quite dead,
But although he was soaked in the briny ocean,
They never aroused his slightest emotion.*

*He laughed at the gallows and scorned the guns.
The people trembled when one cried, "Injuns";
But not John Smith, for he shouted with glee,
And his bullets whizzed like the hum of a bee.*

*His many adventures one could not tell,
And why he once occupied a prison cell;
Accused of being a traitor, and such,
They later proved he got Wingfield in "Dutch."*

*Of all our early American heroes
That sailed the broad blue sea,
John Smith, the ambitious daredevil,
Did much for this land of the free.*





AN OLD TYME YARN

By Wayne Brinkerhoff, '35

YE SAY ye want ta hear a Injun story? Wall, I ain't adoin' nothin' right now, so I guess maybe ye'd like ta hear about Baldy Ackerson, would ye?

Wall, 'twas nigh onta sixty summers ago, when I was a strappin' young feller, 'bout twenty-seven years old, an' Baldy was my wagon mate.

He was close ta forty-five then, an the top of his head as bald as a hen's egg, but he had the bushiest mustache an' eyebrows as I've ever seed, an' they was black as coal! His cheeks was fat an chubby an' rosy, like a baby's. Baldy was a little feller, 'bout five feet three, but he weighed 'bout two hundred and ten pounds.

Bein' somewhat of a dandy, he always wore a black sombrero an' a broadcloth shirt an' a doeskin vest with brass buttons on it, an' his pants were tucked in a pair of calfskin boots that was always shined.

He was a jolly partner, always talkin' 'bout New York (he claimed he come from there), and the swell team an' buggy he usta have. He wasn't scairt o' nothin' except one thing. He could trade bullets with the best of 'em an' never flinch, and once I seed him start, whirl, an' pull his gun at the same time, an' blow the head off a rattler not four feet from him an' never even sweat. But if you mentioned Injuns an' scalpin', he'd sweat cold sweat, turn pale an' groan, lovin'ly rubbin' his head all the time. (Scared o' bein' scalped, ye see.)

Wall, we was crossin' what's now Kansas an' there was only five wagons in our train. It was close ta sundown so we

pulled up an' stopped at a place where tha sage brush was a little thinner than the rest. We had enough water for a coupla days or so, so that didn't worry us. There was sixteen men in the train an' no women cause it was a supply train, carryin' only pots an' tin pans, cloth, needles, an' such for the settlements further west. We drew tha wagons inta a circle an' made our fire in tha center.

After supper Jake Slanders was a-thrummin' his guitar an' singin' kinda melancholy like an' we all felt homesickness gnawin' at our innards. Tears, even, were in some o' the feller's eyes. Even Baldy was quiet.

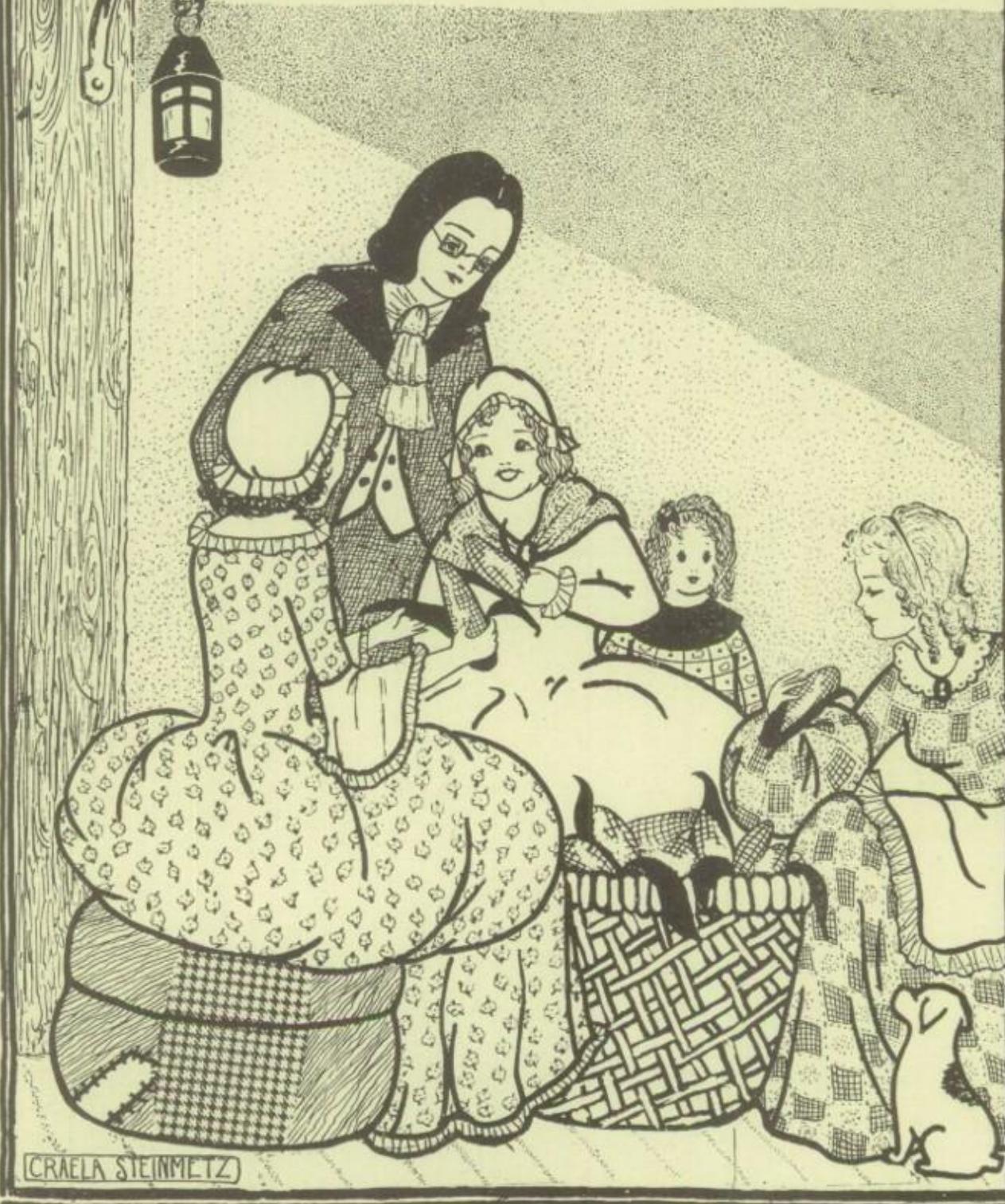
Have you ever been out on the plains at night, son? No? Then you can't realize how we felt.

There was a full moon out, makin' things most as light as day, but when the fire died down, it seemed to pull darkness down around us an' the strummin' o' the guitar seemed to make the silence deader. The wind was a-moanin' an a-sighin' like a lost soul (maybe it was), an' shivers chased themselves up an' down my spine as thoughts of death an' such went through my mind.

Then we all was froze in our tracks by a bloodcurdin' yell that seemed to come from everywhere. We all dived for our guns but one, Baldy. I had a glimpse of his clinched, fat hands, his wide, staring eyes, his white face, an' gaping mouth. He looked almost pitiful.

I didn't have much time to look at Baldy then. I grabbed my gun an' flopped under a wagon an' began firin' at clumps of sagebrush that moved. The camp was

AN OLD TYME YARN





in a uproar, guns firin', Injuns whoopin', men screamin' an' cursin' an' the beller an' grunt o' hurt or scairt oxen.

Someone fell down beside me an' opened fire with a buffalo gun. I knew that it was Baldy.

There must have been fifty Injuns at first, but we was all good shots, so there was soon considerable dead Injuns layin' around. We kept firin' as fast as we could an' some o' the Injuns had guns; so we made it a right noisy party. All of a sudden 'bout ten or fifteen Injuns rushed our wagon, an' I brought down one with a ball an' another with the butt end o' my gun, but I had to retreat from underneath tha wagon. I got behind a wheel an' looked back. Baldy musta' been too scairt to run an' 'bout five redskins had dragged him outside the circle of wagons an' was knockin' tha stuffin' outa him.

I was occupied at this moment by two Injuns that tried to get into a wagon. I shot one through tha neck and lammed tha other in tha face with my fist. I had a right powerful punch them days an' that Injun never woke up.

I looked back at Baldy an' saw that only three redskins was left. One of the missin' Injuns was sprawled on tha ground an' tha other was draped over a wagon wheel, unconscious. One o' the three Injuns fightin' Baldy grabbed up his bow

an' rapped Baldy along side o' the head with it an' he fell over forwards like a sack of meal. Just then I sailed into them redskins like tha wind. Two o' them swarmed over me an' kept me busy while the other one took out a mean-lookin' knife an' grabbed Baldy by the neck. Baldy's sombrero was jammed down over his ears, but the redskin jerked it off an' then staggered back like he was shot. I knew what was wrong cause the moon shined on Baldy's head like a mirror. The two redskins fightin' me took one look an' lit out for kingdom come, but not 'fore I laid one low with a stone. I noticed how quiet it was an' found out that the rest o' tha Injuns had got scairt an' was burnin' leather for the next country.

When Baldy woke up, I told him how he had saved his own life an' he laughed most as much as me.

We found out that Jake's guitar had a arrow through it, an' Jake was ragin' mad. We had two men dead an' five wounded.

After two years we separated an' Baldy went to New York. He got hisself a team an' a fine buggy an' a new suit o' clothes. I heard a few years later that Baldy had chucked his sombrero for a straw hat, caught a cold in his head, an' soon after died of pneumonia.

EVENING

By Josephine Tamalis, '35

When the breeze is gently blowing.

When the sun has gone to rest,

When flowers close their colored cups,

When birds are in their nest,

When everything is quiet—

It's the time I like best.

When the hot day's work is over,

When the cool night shades draw nigh,

When dew has pearled the grasses,

And stars beautified the sky,

Then I see the moon,

The friendly moon sail by.



PIONEER DAYS

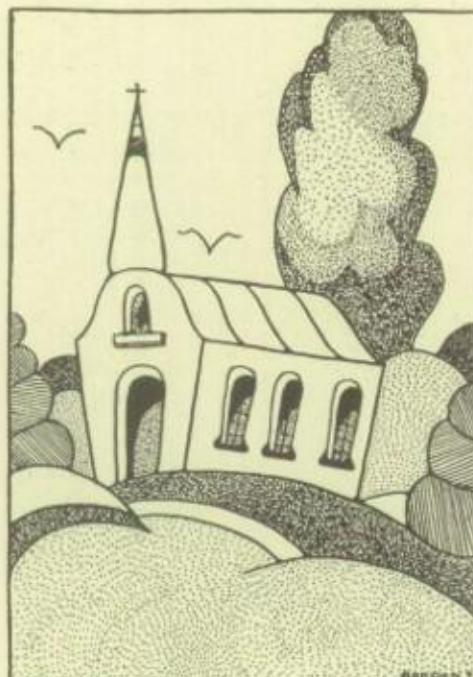
Fanny Vinovich

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By Josephine Tamalis, '35

*"Rev'rent elders of good Plymouth,
In this last full joyous year
We have found meat in abundance,
All our corn is in the ear.
Plenty hath been vouchsafed to us.
So it is in full accord
That we should with glad rejoicing
Show thanksgiving to the Lord."
So spake Bradford; and the elders
To his wisdom all agreed,
Called a meeting of the Pilgrims,
Told their comrades of their need.*

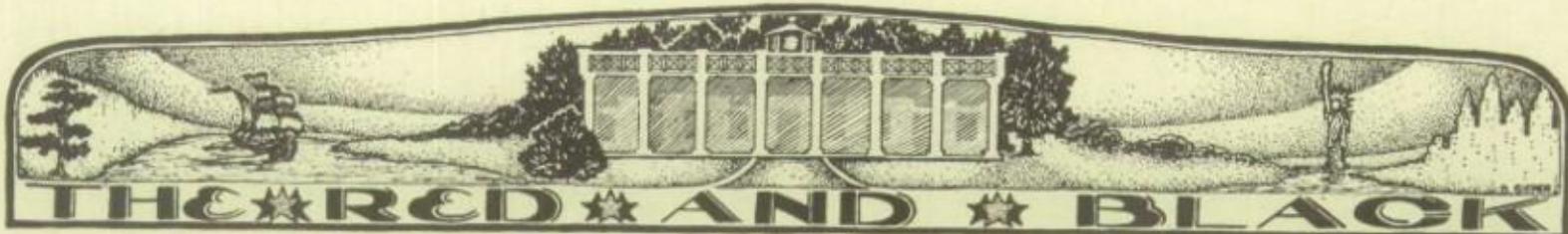
*So in Plymouth all the housewives
And demure young maidens, too,
Were set baking for the banquet
All the good things that they knew.
From the fort the four best hunters
Did set out with grim intent;
While to the Indian village
A swift messenger was sent.
So upon one day in autumn
There was held this feast so gay—
And this was the beginning
Of our Thanksgiving Day.*



SOPHOMORE



THE DAWN OF
DEMOCRACY.



THE DAWN OF DEMOCRACY

THE struggle for life, the fight against nature, against bitter hardships, the continual fight for existence caused a sturdy class of men to grow up in America. Having always fought for home and a living, these pioneers were intolerant of any encroachment upon their freedom. As a result of their continual struggle against natural handicaps, they were independent and were loath to relinquish any share of their independence.

Neither aid nor interference on the part of the mother country had been given these people in their struggle for a new home, and therefore the colonists expected neither after the country was settled. If anything, they expected encouragement and aid, but such expectations were vain. A vast empire, a pure diamond, had been carved from the rough for England by these people, unencouraged and unaided.

After ousting Spain from the colonized sections of North America, the colonists helped England to oust France also. England had to depend upon the colonists alone as she was too busily engaged with wars in Europe. Throughout the inter-colonial wars, the colonists gave their money and their lives in the struggle against France. During this period they had tested the privileges of independence, had learned to govern themselves, had flirted with liberty.

Having for years fought for England, however, the colonies were loath to fight against her, but, if necessary, they would fight the country which had taught them

to fight, for no restrictions must be placed on their rights and privileges guaranteed them by their charters, nor would any repeal of their charters be allowed without a struggle. Having flirted with liberty, and having enjoyed, in a measure, the pleasure of freedom, they longed for more scope. They had enjoyed their little fling, but they wanted another.

Thus it was that when England started to repeal their charters, the colonists were ready to defend them. Stories of the fight to prevent the recall of their charters are still preserved. The story of "Charter Oak," in which the Connecticut charter was hidden, is a classic today.

Along with the repeal of the colonial charters, England began to enforce the trade laws. Stricter laws were passed and enforcement of them was attempted. The New England Yankee did not like this; his feelings were aroused and he stopped thinking of England as his mother country, and as a friend, but he began to consider England as a tyrant. The New Englander was not alone; the New Yorker and the Virginian stood with him. The North, the middle colonies, and the South all stood together and demanded that they be given their rights as Englishmen and that their interests be protected. They met in Assembly, they petitioned and protested, they threatened and demanded, all to no avail. The only recourse open was to fight, and fight they did. After the darkest hour of night, the dawn of liberty was near.

H. W.



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TOLD BY A SPINNING WHEEL

By Louis Triefenbach, '34

YES, even I, the honorable Milton H. Spinning-Wheel, have a past. Would you like to hear something of the most eventful period of my life? Very well, it will give me great pleasure to tell you.

I've always been a member of the Rowlandson family, and I came over on the *Fortune* when settlements were first being made in America. (To have come over on the *Fortune* is much more distinguished than to have come over on the *Mayflower*. That boat brought so many pieces of furniture!) At that time the Reverend Joseph Rowlandson was the head of the family. We settled in the region of the Pokanoket tribe, in the town of Lancaster.

I first learned about the Indians when Captain Benjamin Church, a close friend of the Rowlandson family, returned from a series of Indian fights which were to go down in history as King Philip's War. The whole family and the Captain, with three or four of his men, were sitting around the huge fireplace, listening to the hero relate his adventures.

"I had mistrusted the Pokanoket chief, Pometicom, or as he doth call himself, King Philip, from the time when he sent that reply to the Massachusetts authorities saying that he did not desire to converse with a subject of the king, but with King Charles of England himself! He did even sign the letter 'His Majesty,'" said the Captain.



"And mistrusted him with reason," replied my master. "What vanity and pride in a heathen savage! The parley at Taunton Green was sound proof, too, of his desire for war. Did he not come prepared for war? He and his men were in war paint, and methinks they looked sullen and treacherous, not to mention their bows and quivers of arrows. True, we had guns with us, but that was common sense, think you not? To have gone defenseless among those heathens would have been most unwise."

"I agree with thee," continued the Captain. "The first real trouble began at Swansey. King Philip burned and devastated and plundered. Troops were sent from Boston and the Plymouth Colony. My first encounter with the redskins was at Pocasset, Rhode Island. I had thirty-six men, while the Indians numbered three hundred. We retreated to the banks of a small stream and used some large boulders as a barricade. We could not hold out long. As we were about to meet defeat, we caught sight of a sloop coming up the stream. It proved to be Captain Goulding, and I assure thee we were overjoyed. A canoe was sent from the sloop to us on the shore, and returned as many times as was necessary to take all our men."

"I know thou wert the last to leave," commented little Anne, the Rowlandson's youngest daughter, whose idol was the gallant Captain Church.

"That he was," said one of the soldiers in his party.

"It is good to have such brave men," praised Mrs. Rowlandson. "We give thanks to the Lord for the protection thou dost afford us."

Captain Church bowed his appreciation of this tribute and another of the soldiers, ready to give his bit of news, remarked, "Here is a surprise for you, I'll warrant. As we were returning through the woods, we saw a white man approaching. When he drew nearer he proved to be none other than Robert Dutch."

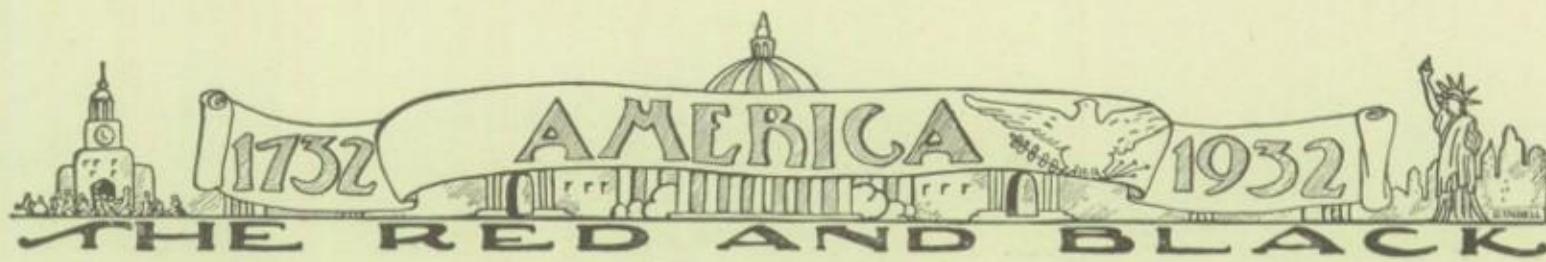
"What!" exclaimed the servant girl in an excited tone. "Why, that was the man who was shot and scalped! Heaven protect us if the dead are to arise scalpless!"

"Be not frightened," replied the soldiers. "I assure thee that he has recovered from the arrow's wound, is sound and living, and hath yet many years of good life before him."

"Methinks he will need a warm cap to take the place of the scalp-lock that is now dangling from some brave's belt," put in Mrs. Rowlandson humorously.

"No doubt," replied the Captain with convulsive merriment. "And that brings to my mind another amusing incident. Captain Pierce was ambushed by a party of Indians and his band was completely outnumbered. But he, being a brave man, was not minded to give up. In order to fight better, he plucked off his periwig, which was loose-fitting and kept slipping askew over one eye and making his face look like a smashed plum pudding, and put it in his breeches pocket. The Indians gave a yell and fled in terror. They thought that anyone who could take off one head and have another underneath surely practiced sorcery. Needless to say, Captain Pierce won the victory."

The group laughed heartily over this and then retired for the evening, leaving me to turn over in my mind the conver-



sation of the past few hours. The following day Captain Church and his men left again, stationing only a few soldiers as protection in the town.

The following Sunday was an eventful one. It was sermon time, and all were gone but the servant maid who had been left in charge of Anne and little Joseph. They were reciting to her their verses from the Bible when they were interrupted by a strange noise outside. The servant maid, fearing some misadventure, quickly hid each of the children under a large brass kettle and ran upstairs. I shivered as I beheld a face at the window, the face of an Indian in war paint. There soon came a shot from upstairs and a scream from the Indian. The servant maid reappeared and ran to the huge fireplace. The Indian was at the door by this time, trying to break the lock. Quickly scooping up some hot coals onto a board, the servant girl hastened to the door. As the Indian entered, she threw the hot coals upon him, and he turned and fled, howling. He was found later in the woods with a bullet wound in his arm and his face badly burned.

There was much excitement over this incident, and the servant maid was the main figure of the hour. She was praised by everyone in Lancaster, and I dare say she did not take her praise any too modestly.

A few evenings later we were enjoying the warmth of the fire, each busy with his own thoughts and problems, when the air outside was rent with yells and the whirring of arrows. At the same instant a crowd of the townspeople rushed in at the door and shouted, "The Indians have attacked!" Mr. Rowlandson snatch-

ed his gun from the wall and rushed to the storeroom to get powder. Mrs. Rowlandson and a few other women busied themselves locking windows and bolting doors. Soon all was in readiness for the defense, and each man was stationed at a gun hole in the wall.

When the Indians learned that most of the people of the town had come to our house, they turned upon us with vigorous force and began an attack. They ran here and there, their shining bodies ever drawing nearer and nearer as they crept from one shelter to another. Soon there came a loud call, and all of them became wild. They rushed forward and began climbing the walls, knocking against the door, and even pushing their guns through the holes to shoot our men. Such a sight! Anne and Joseph were weeping, and the servant girl was most fervently praying for deliverance from the heathen and bewailing the fact that she had ever heard of America, much less come here to live. The women were taking care of the wounded and most of them were calm and collected.

Suddenly I saw smoke rising, and knew the Indians had set the house afire. The flames lashed through the roof, and the room quickly filled with the choking smoke. Such a dilemma! In front and on both sides were the Indians, and behind and around us were the flames. Violently the door burst open and in rushed some braves. I caught sight of the servant maid running through the back door with Anne and Joseph, and of Mrs. Rowlandson being taken captive. There was a cry at the door and I felt myself caught up and jerked through it with great violence. I went sailing through the air in the direc-



tion of a band of Indians. The servant maid had been attacked at the door and had picked me up for a weapon. I landed on my rollers and started down the hill. I must have been a weird spectacle bobbing up and down with my yarn streaming in the brisk wind, for the Indians fled terror stricken from the place. Just before I went over the embankment I caught sight of the servant maid pulling down the door of the outside cellar. I had apparently saved them, for there were provisions in the cellar, and no Indians had seen them go in, as I had frightened those on that side away.

The noise of battle was very slight in my new location, and soon it stopped entirely. I lay under the stars all night, but early the next morning I was found by Mr. Rowlandson. From the things he said I learned he had discovered me by following the trail of yarn I had left behind me. He took me back to where the town had been, and I saw only a heap of ashes and charred wood. There were a few tents scattered here and there, and we went to one of these. Late in the afternoon the servant maid came from her hiding place and brought Anne and Joseph to our tent, after she had inquired of some men where her master was. Anne and Joseph were overjoyed to see their father and anxious to hear how I had been saved from the fire.

"It is the only one of your mother's possessions that remains," he concluded sadly. "Misfortune and sorrow lie heavily on my heart. I saw her carried off by the Indians but I was powerless to keep her as I suffered from a tomahawk blow that left me with no strength to move."

"Have faith," comforted the girl. "We must pray for her deliverance and hope we shall not pray in vain."

They talked of how other families had fared but I was uninterested and paid no further attention. I was thinking of poor Mrs. Rowlandson. We heard no news of her for almost a month. Then Captain Church and his men arrived unexpectedly one afternoon.

Little Joseph came running in to tell of his arrival. "He seemeth to have news for thee, father. He comes this way."

Captain Church strode up to our new house and walked in.

"Good news, Joseph!" he called. "Thou art a most fortunate man."

Before anyone could ask what the news was, there appeared a figure in the doorway. It was Mrs. Rowlandson!

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed her husband as he clasped her closely, "we give thanks to Him who is our protector."

Anne and Joseph rushed into her arms and the reunion was complete. The servant maid laughed and wept until I could not distinguish one sound from the other. But Captain Church had more news, and this he told as soon as he could be heard.

"When we left here, we hastened to Connecticut and had a final battle with King Philip. Captain Turner was in command and made an attack. He surprised the Indians at the falls and completely defeated them. Philip fled to his home, Mount Hope. We surrounded him and were about to make an attack when the report came that King Philip existed no more. He had been shot by an Indian whose brother Philip had killed some time before. The Indians, left leaderless, fled, all except a few who were ready to sur-

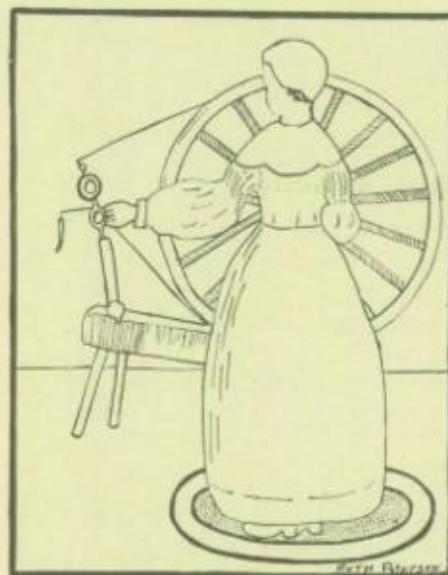


render. When we arrived at their village, we saw a group of women and children, with Mrs. Rowlandson in their midst. She was teaching them from the Bible in a convincing and entertaining manner."

"My brave dear," whispered Mr. Rowlandson softly in her ear.

And that is what I have to tell. I have seen many things more but almost forgot them during the useless period when I was not old enough to be an antique, and so fashionable, yet too old to be of any

use in this age of machinery. I have spent a good number of dismal years in a garret, but do you know where I am now? I occupy a very conspicuous place in the Rowlandson home, in the library furnished in the colonial period, where I am admired by many visitors. Some remark that I may be an imitation as so many antiques are today, but I hum to myself and wink slyly as only a spinning wheel can wink. I could tell those folks a lot of things!





THE RED AND BLACK

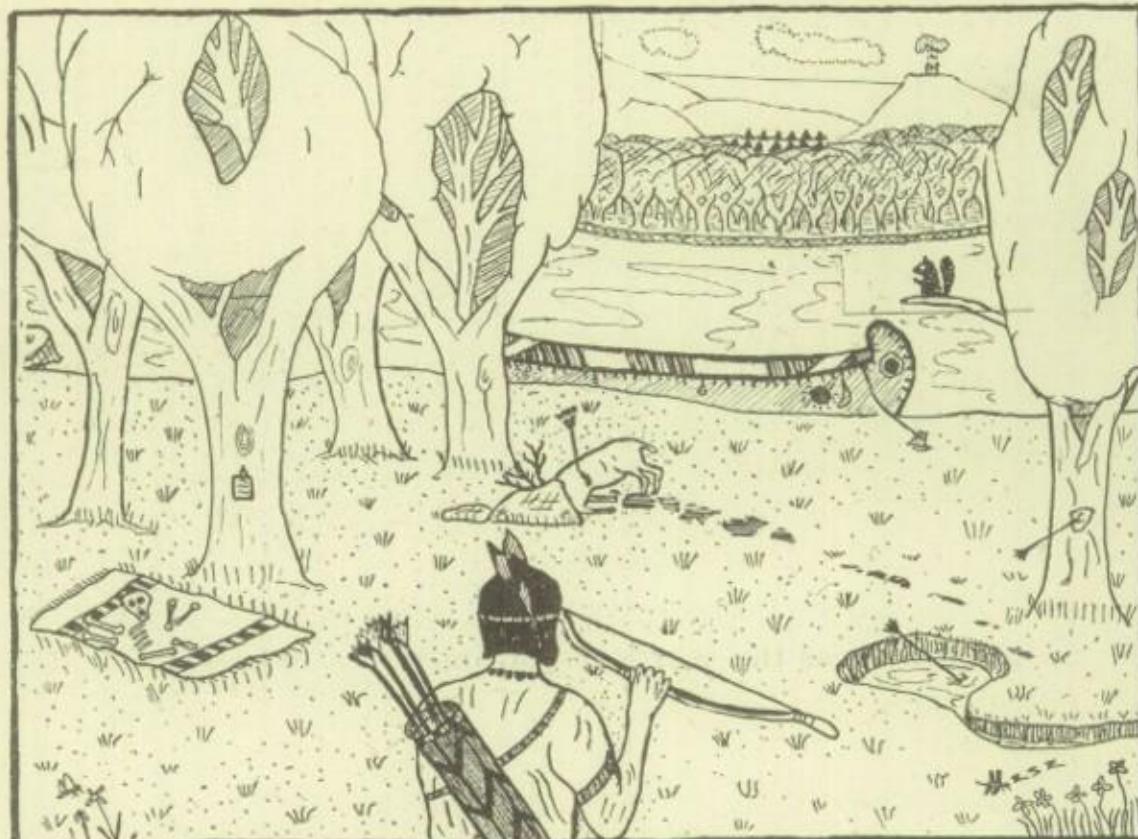
JACK WINS

By Utaka Yoden, '34

THE Gedney cabin, being the farthest west of all cabins in Kentucky, naturally would be the first the Indians would attack, but the cabin Mr. Gedney had built was the sturdiest of all those in the vicinity. Mr. Gedney and his wife were an experienced frontier couple, and, when Mr. Gedney went away from home, Mrs. Gedney felt almost as safe in her cabin as if he were with her. The door was heavy and thick, and was bolted shut with a heavy, strong, and sturdy board of oak. It was a crude building but safe. The nearest neighbors were the Burtons, who lived a mile east of the Gedneys.

The oldest son in the Gedney family was Jack, and, on the day my story opens, there was no happier boy in all Kentucky than Jack Gedney. It was his twelfth birthday, and his father had presented him with the handsomest rifle he had ever seen, which he could keep if he proved himself worthy of it. It would be his to keep forever if he proved expert in marksmanship. Of course, he was allowed a few days of practice, but afterwards he was to go on a hunt with his rifle and bring down big game. The thought was in his mind, also,

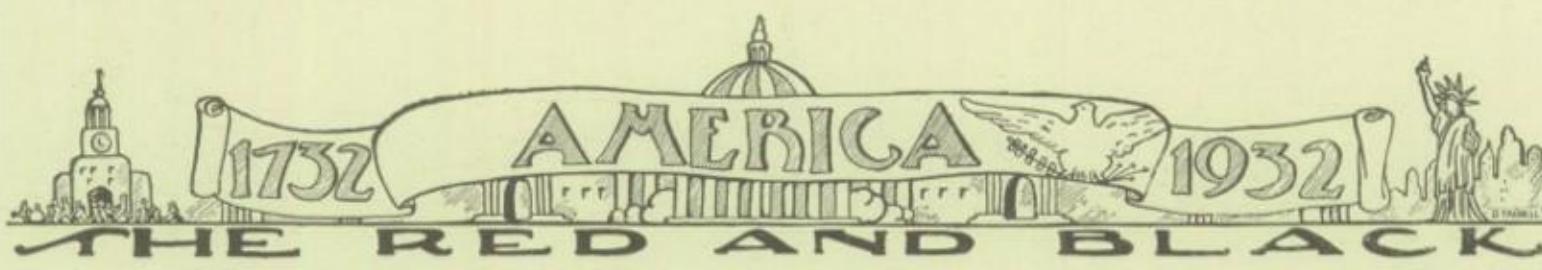
that he might even have a chance to fight Indians in case of an attack. Jack's father had made a condition that if he failed to prove his marksmanship he would not get the gun at this time, but would have to wait till his next birthday to try again



S. Massucci

for it. If he failed, Jack knew he would not be able to face the Burton boys, who had already earned a rifle, each.

One day Jack, sighting a deer, crept into rifle range and with careful aim shot the animal. He could see by the way the deer bounded off that it had received a mortal wound. He sprang after it and soon came upon it lying dead in a small clearing. He sprang forward to see whether he had shot the deer in the spot where he had meant to strike it. He rejoiced to find he had, but his joy changed to a



cry of astonishment when he saw the feathered end of an arrow sticking from the side of the creature. Jack advanced quickly to a sound like that of a foot snapping a rotten twig. Before him stood a young Indian lad a year or more older than he. In broken English he told Jack that the deer was his, pointing to the arrow as he spoke. Jack in return showed him the bullet hole and also claimed the deer. The Indian then spoke, "Me Arowaka! My deer, your deer! Fightum for um." The Indian stepped toward Jack, dropping his bow and arrows as he came. Jack leaned his gun against a tree and made ready for the conflict.

The lads were interrupted by a third person. He was an old warrior, Arowaka's father. With one hand he seized Jack's gun, holding in his other hand his bow and arrows. Jack was so angry at his stupidity, in parting with his gun that he almost cried. He knew he would not get his gun back, as the warrior tauntingly offered it to him and then drew it back as Jack reached for it.

Jack could hardly believe his ears when he heard the warrior say that he was to wrestle with his son, Arowaka, and that the winner was to receive the rifle. Jack was a strong youth and could throw any boy within two years of his age, but the Indian boy was a strong lad also, and was a head taller than Jack.

This little white boy would easily be beaten. He was the strongest boy in his camp. Had he not thrown all his Indian

comrades? Such were the thoughts of Arowaka as he looked up on the puny white boy.

While Arowaka was thinking this, Jack with a sudden movement grabbed him by the waist and flung him to the ground, knocking the breath from him. Arowaka was up like a flash and rushed at Jack, grabbing him by the shoulders and back, but Jack also grabbed Arowaka by the shoulders. Jack tightened his grip and kicked the young Indian's feet from under him, and, with all the power he had, heaved him over. Arowaka was sent sprawling over Jack's head to the ground. He lay still for a while, then jumped up running toward Jack, drawing his knife as he came. Jack was dumbfounded at what happened next. The old Indian warrior grabbed hold of his son's arm, turning him around and striking him across the face with arrows which he had in his hand.

Thus did Jack learn that Indians have honor among themselves. The warrior was ashamed of his son's conduct. He took up the gun and handed it to Jack and then disappeared into the forest with his disgraced son.

Jack hastened home, warned the folks that Indians were in the vicinity, and took his father to the deer which had been killed. His father admitted that the aim had been perfect. He thought it out and finally decided to let Jack have the gun. Don't you think he had earned it by proving himself a worthy marksman?



TEA TALK AS TOLD BY A CUP

By Thelma Taylor, '34

I AM not boasting, but I did not always sit here, dusty and unused, and stared at by curious people, in this museum. The tag upon my handle states that I was once the property of Samuel Adams. Ah, me! How well do I remember those good old days when Mrs. Adams, my owner, took me down from my shelf and placed me carefully on the tea table. That was before that obnoxious tax of three pence was put upon tea. After that event it was many days—nay months, before I held another cup of tea. There were only a few pounds in our cupboard put away to be used on special occasions. Before the tax, many friendly teas had been given, at which the affairs of the colonies were discussed. My "family" were real patriots—none of your half-on-one-side—half-on-the-other-side-of-the-fence type of Americans.

One afternoon, as I sat quietly on my shelf, my mistress bustled in, looking unusually excited. She took me and my fellow cups down, spread the cloth, and greeted a pleasant-looking man and my master.

"Dr. Franklin," she said to the stranger, "you see, I was presumptuous enough to think you would stay for tea. You can't disappoint me, can you?"

Dr. Franklin bowed gallantly and replied, "'Tis my aim to please, Mistress Adams."

With this, they seated themselves, and to my joy, Dr. Franklin was at my place.

"And, Dr. Franklin," asked my master, "is it indeed true that you are soon to go to France to enlist the French king's aid?"

"Sh—" said Dr. Franklin, "are any Tories near by?"

My mistress looked alarmed, but my master smiled reassuringly. "Nay," he said, "'tis not likely that they be in the vicinity of Samuel Adams's house."

"Well, then," resumed our guest, "know you, Mr. Adams, that such is the case. Perchance Louis XVI will look with favor upon our request."

"May God grant it," breathed good Dame Adams fervently.

"We'll win yet," said my master. "Burgoyne's surrender has made John Bull's face fall, I'll warrant."

At length, Dr. Franklin rose to go. "Ah, Mistress Adams, those cakes are the best I've tasted in many a fortnight," said he.

"No wonder you are so popular with the ladies, Dr. Franklin!" said my master.

"Nay, jest not at such a time of danger, Samuel," replied his good wife, albeit looking very much pleased with the compliment.

"'Twill not be for long, Madam. We shall beat those rascally Britishers ere long," answered Dr. Franklin.

Ah, those were the happy days. Would that I could serve such a famous man again! But alas, my time of usefulness is over, and I am only a relic of the past.



A LETTER FROM JOHN BILLINGTON IN AMERICA TO HIS GRANDMOTHER IN ENGLAND

By Herbert Stoeri, '34

Plymouth, September 19, 1623.

Dear Grandmother:

I'm a pretty big boy now. It is more than three years since you saw me and two years since my first letter to you, and I have grown much more than I should have done in England, I'm sure. I like Captain Standish as well as ever; you remember I wrote about him in my first letter. He is the bravest man I ever saw. He isn't any more afraid of the Narragansett Indians than I am of a fish.

You see, the Narragansetts hate Massasoit, an Indian Chief of another tribe, and we are his friends; so they hate us. They keep watch on us all the time. When they found that our relief ship, the *Fortune*, did not bring us any more muskets or provisions, they thought it was a good time to kill us. One of them came right into Plymouth one day and asked where Squanto was (Squanto is an Indian friend of ours who can speak English and so helps us as an interpreter). When the Indian found that Squanto was away fishing, he threw down a bunch of arrows tied together with a rattlesnake's skin and walked off. Nobody knew what it meant, but when Squanto came back, he said, "Canonicus means kill. You make ready." (Canonicus was the Narragansett Chief.)

The Governor and Captain Standish and others filled the skin with powder and bullets and sent it back to Canonicus. They sent him word that we didn't want

to fight, but if he did, we were all ready and he could begin when he chose. Our houses and store houses are close together, and we built a high stockade. There are three gates in the stockade and at night these are locked, and some one is always on guard night and day. We have a big fort on top of a hill, too. It is made of heavy timber and has a flat roof and battlements. We go to meeting in the lower part, but on the roof are four cannons, and if any Narragansetts tried to come they would have a hard time.

I don't believe they will ever come, though, for Squanto scared them awfully. They are more afraid of the plague than anything else, and Squanto told them the Englishmen kept it buried in barrels in their storehouse and could let it out whenever they chose. Canonicus thought it was in the snakeskin; he did not dare keep it or even open it, and so he sent it back. I think that they'll have to do whatever our governor tells them, now.

Captain Standish called me just now and said something too good to keep. Just think of this! He said, "I've noticed that you are getting to be a pretty manly sort of boy. Next week I am going to make a little journey to the Massachusetts tribe. Do you want to go with me?" Do I want to! I'll say I do!

I'll have to seal this letter now although I have many more things to say, for the boat is to sail any day, and this letter must go with it.



GRANDMA'S STORY

By Helen Bentley, '34

"O H! dear," groaned Hope, "I do wish that mother wouldn't go away and leave us to amuse ourselves. We haven't anybody to listen to or talk to but old Granny. I don't see how Ronnal can stay up in her room for hours, listening to her tell stories of the Revolutionary War. Ugh! I don't see how any one can stand them."

A whistle was heard coming from the hall, and Hope flew down the steps to greet her brother.

"Well, Hope, what are you 'hoping' for today?" cheerily inquired her brother.

"Oh, thousands of things," answered Hope. "I just don't know what to do with myself, Ronny."

"Well, why don't you come up to Grandma's room with me? She promised me that she would tell me a story this afternoon."

After a few objections, Hope finally consented to go for a while.

An hour later found them both in Grandma's room listening spellbound, to one of her tales. This is how she began:

"My story opens up about the time of the Revolutionary War, and Boston at that time was filled with British soldiers. As we lived not far from Boston, they would often come down to the country and take anything that they saw which pleased them. I was about eight years old at that time and was often entrusted with some small household duties.

One day my Aunt Carolina became sick, and mother was to go and spend a fortnight with her. Father was called away on business, and mother didn't like to leave me alone in an empty house. It was arranged that my cousin Bert was to spend all day with me, and my big cousin, Lydia, was to spend the night with me.

Early in the morning my mother went away, and Bert and I were left to play alone.

"What shall we play?" asked Bert.

"I know, I know," I cried. "Let's play that I am Lady Washington, and that you are a French gentleman."

For awhile we played happily, dressed up elegantly in Mother's and Father's clothes, displaying all the knowledge of court manners that we knew.

But suddenly, I was struck with an unhappy thought!

What if some British soldier should come while mother was away? They would take all of mother's silverware, which she prized so highly. Of this possibility I had no doubt, because they had done the same thing to several people before.

"Bert," I said then, struck with a new idea, "we will hide Mother's silver in the garden."

Bert readily agreed to my plan, and soon we had the silverware in a huge pot tucked away underneath the black soil.



We patted it down, and went in to wash our hands to remove all traces of our digging. We then stood looking with much satisfaction at our work.

It was thus that a British soldier found us. Seeing that we were looking at a part of the soil that was newly turned, he suspiciously asked if we had buried anything there.

"Yes," I answered, but you mustn't look. It would spoil our game, you know." And I smiled at him sweetly.

I couldn't tell whether he was satisfied with my answer or not, and he next asked if I had anything in the house to eat, and if I would give him something. So I cooked him a nice meal and tremblingly gave him tinware to eat with.

He sat disgustedly looking at it, and then casually asked if we had any silverware. I told him that Mother had some, but I wished she had more, and I hoped that she might be able to save up enough money to buy many beautiful things. He pretended to sympathize with me, and then turned around and searched the house from top to bottom. After finally deciding that my white lie was the truth

and that we had nothing of value, he left; both Bert and I breathed freer after he had gone.

A few minutes later Mother came rushing in. In answer to our questions, she replied that Aunt Carolina wasn't as sick as they had thought she was, and, much to her relief and ours, she had been able to get home that afternoon. When Mother learned that a British soldier had been there, she was surprised, and still more so when we told her the story of how we had saved her silverware.

She was greatly astonished at our story, and told us that we had been very brave. That night we had a grand feast, Bert and I, eating with the same silverware we had saved from the British."

"Why, how quickly the afternoon flew," commented Hope, "and Granny dear, won't you please let Ronny and me come again?"

"To be sure, to be sure," heartily answered Grandma, and from that day on Granny's room was haunted by Hope and Ronny in search of new stories from Grandma, which in turn they told the other children.





ALL BECAUSE OF "YANKEE DOODLE"

By Claudia Herschel, '34

VIRGINIA PENDLETON was riding along a path in the woods surrounding her home. "I wonder whom father meant. He said, 'She must not know that her real father is alive'."

At this point Virginia's thoughts were interrupted by her brother Ralph, who had just recently returned from England on an English warship.

"Say, Virginia, guess what has happened."

"Why has father given his consent to let you join the Whigs?" asked Virginia, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"You know I wouldn't join any old American army any time. You and your Whigs! Why don't you let a fellow alone? You're always saying something about Whigs. One would think you were a Whig instead of the daughter of Colonel Pendleton."

"Well, what were you about to say?"

"You remember that father told us he was going to a convention? Well, we are going with him."

"Oh, that's fine. Then we shall get to see and hear Mr. Henry."

"There you go again, talking about your Whigs."

Virginia laughed merrily and ran across the garden to the house. Here she stopped and called back over her shoulder, "I'll be out in a minute to give you another lesson on the banjo."

Virginia could play well on a banjo and had been teaching Ralph the art also. She appeared a few minutes later with a banjo and joined Ralph.

"Now play the tune I taught you the other day."

As Ralph finished playing, Virginia said, "Fine! Now play this one;" and, taking the banjo, Virginia played "Yankee Doodle." Ralph had not been in America long enough to learn the tune which the Tories hated so much. He played it fairly well, and when he had finished, he said, "How was that?" But Virginia did not get a chance to reply, for an irate voice just above them called out, "Young man, come here immediately. Have you, as well as your sister, turned Whig? You shall be punished!"

Both Ralph and Virginia looked up when they heard Colonel Pendleton's voice. Ralph looked at Virginia inquisitively, but that young lady had sprung to her feet.

"Oh, father, it wasn't Ralph's fault. I played it for him, and then I had him play it. He didn't know that he was playing 'Yankee Doodle.' "

"'Yankee Doodle'! Is that what I was playing?"

"Yes, I thought it would be a good joke for you to play it."

"Well, never mind the discussion but come to the library at once," said their father.



When they reached the library Colonel Pendleton said, "You shall both be confined to your rooms and shall not go with me to the convention."

Virginia saw Ralph's jaw set, for she knew how much he had counted on going. "But father, it wasn't his fault; he didn't know what he was playing. Let Ralph go and I will stay."

But the irate old gentleman strode out unrelenting.

Later in the day Ralph sought his father in the library. He found him deeply interested in a book and did not disturb him for a moment. Instead he wandered around the library until the Colonel looked up and asked what was troubling him.

"Father, I wish to speak to you regarding Virginia. If you will allow me to do so, I will tell you exactly how this misfortune took place."

"Speak, son, speak," said Colonel Pendleton, impatiently, for he was anxious to get back to his story.

Ralph told his father exactly how he had teased Virginia about the Whigs, and why he thought she was not to be blamed for making him play "Yankee Doodle."

"I thought if you could hear the whole story as I saw it, you would think better of it and forgive us both and especially Virginia. Indeed it was done in no spirit of disloyalty."

"Well, son, since you have come to me as you have, and told me your side of the story, I am beginning to get it clear. Beware in the future of such foolish tricks and tell Virginia that it is dangerous for her to play those rebel songs. You may both go with me to the convention but remember—"

Ralph's face was wreathed with smiles as he heard what his father said. He thanked him and, excusing himself, went hurriedly to find Virginia.

"Say, Virg, father gave in at last. Now we can do as we planned and ride horseback."

* * *

A month after their return home Ralph and Virginia were again in the garden. Ralph had just finished taking another lesson on the banjo. He had been unusually silent lately, and, when he had finished playing, he turned to Virginia and said, "Virg, ever since I heard Mr. Henry speak, I have been thinking of what he said, and the more I think of it, the more I have come to believe as he did when he said, 'Give me liberty, or give me death.' I know father would never consent to let me join Washington, but I am going to run away and join his army, anyway, and I am going this very night."

"But Ralph, he will think that I had something to do with persuading you to go."

"No, he won't, because I'll leave a note telling him why I have gone."

That night at eleven o'clock Virginia heard hoofbeats in the yard and, leaning from the window, was just in time to see Ralph, riding his favorite horse, disappear into the shadows. In the morning when Ralph did not appear at the breakfast table, Colonel Pendleton sent one of the colored slaves to see what detained him. When the servant returned, he was much excited, and handed the perplexed Colonel a note. When he had finished reading it, he turned to Virginia and said, "Virginia, I see now where I made my mistake in ever taking you into my home.



Now you have turned my only son against his father's country. Your mother failed to stand the strain of a voyage to America, became ill, and died. Before her death she asked me to deliver you to your father if I should find him. I have just found out that he is in Richmond, and this very day I am going to see that you are taken to him."

Virginia went to her room stunned by what the colonel had said. A negro servant girl packed her belongings and that afternoon Colonel Pendleton took Virginia in the carriage to Richmond, where she was to meet her real father for the first time.

When they arrived in Richmond, Colonel Pendleton made reservations at an inn for himself and Virginia. Upon investigation Colonel Pendleton learned that Captain Renwald, Virginia's father, had been ordered to Fredericksburg, and, as there was no way of getting in touch with him, Colonel Pendleton returned home with Virginia, there to wait until he received word that Captain Renwald had returned to Richmond.

* * *

Virginia and Colonel Pendleton had been at home about a month when they heard that Doctor Grantland, the owner of a large and beautiful home of some thirty rooms, had turned it into a hospital for wounded and disabled American soldiers. He was sending out a plea to American women and girls to nurse them.

Upon hearing this, Virginia immediately decided to go to Richmond. It was a fine chance to serve her country, and besides she might learn something of her father and Ralph.

Colonel Pendleton, chivalrous old gentleman that he was, accompanied Virginia to Richmond even though he didn't approve of her plan. They stayed at the inn where he and Virginia had stayed a month before.

A battle had just taken place at Fredericksburg, and the nurses were kept busy, dressing the wounds of the injured and patiently soothing the last moments of the dying.

Virginia had never thought war could be so terrible until she was in the midst of its horrors. She had served Doctor Grantland well, and, being young and willing to learn, had taken many serious cases.

One day, while she was off duty, a nurse came hurrying to her and told her that Doctor Grantland wished to see her immediately. Virginia went to him, and, when she arrived, the Doctor seemed to be greatly agitated about something.

"Please be seated, Miss Virginia. A serious case has been brought to us. The man, a captain, is delirious and keeps talking incoherently. His mind seems to be greatly upset about some soldier who was in his regiment during the battle. We want you to go on double duty and give him the best care."

Having received her orders, Virginia went directly to the room where the sick man lay. He was even worse than she had thought. As the days passed, he did not cease to talk. His words were unintelligible, but on the fourth day he said very plainly and distinctly, "Ralph, you'll be killed." This was all that Virginia could understand, but it was enough to make her send for Doctor Grantland.



She told him what her patient had said and what it meant to her.

"Send for Colonel Pendleton," she begged. "He may be able to identify this man."

"Why, I can tell you who the man is. He is Captain Renwald of Regiment 32. I was just looking over the names of the soldiers in his regiment when you sent for me."

"May I see the list of soldiers, Doctor?"

She glanced over the column and her face paled when she saw the name of Ralph Pendleton checked as one of the missing soldiers of Regiment 32.

"May I go to Colonel Pendleton?" she asked.

"Certainly. Send Miss Morrison to me, and you may take leave for the rest of the day."

She went directly to Colonel Pendleton and showed him the list.

"May I see Captain Renwald?"

"No," Virginia replied, "he cannot have visitors as he is still delirious."

"Then, Virginia, I must tell you that the patient you are nursing is your father. Forgive me if I have been unkind to you. I am sorry, my child."

"My—my father?"

"Yes, you didn't know his name. This is undoubtedly he."

Virginia hurried as fast as she could to the hospital. The Colonel's information had put new purpose into her.

From that very night her patient grew

steadily better, and on the third night he was able to learn about his daughter and to tell what he could about Ralph who, he believed, had died fighting.

"I had just been wounded," he said, "and Ralph, thinking me dead, vowed to avenge my death. He left me and I called to him that he would be killed, but he didn't hear me."

Here the Captain's voice broke, and a sob escaped Virginia's lips as she rushed from the room. She got no farther than the door, however, for, unnoticed, a visitor had entered and sat there beside it.

"I say, Virg, why all the sobs?" asked the visitor.

"Ralph! Is it really you?" cried Virginia.

"Why, yes, is there anything surprising about that?"

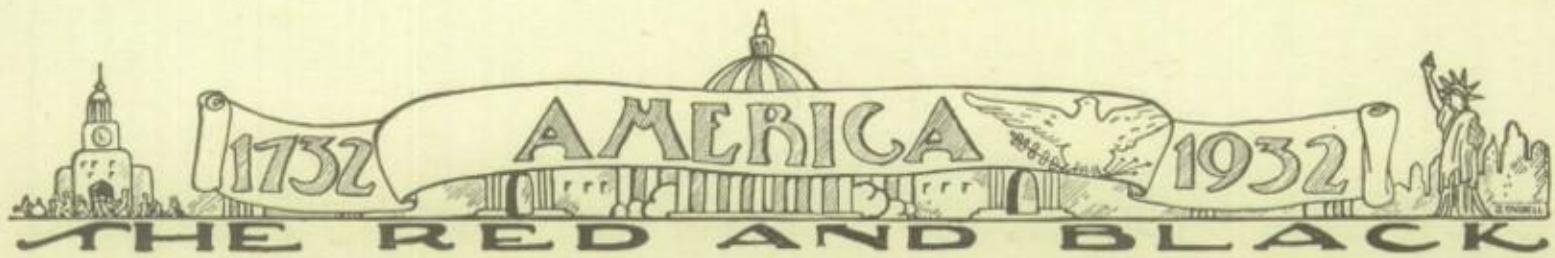
"We thought you were dead. Your name was on the list of the missing," Colonel Pendleton said.

"No, I wasn't killed but—. Why Captain Renwald! I thought you killed as I left the battlefield that night—"

"No, lad, no, but I thought surely that you were gone," replied the happy captain.

At this point Doctor Grantland entered the room and told Virginia that she could go off duty, as she needed the rest.

Ralph left the room with Virginia and, as the door closed behind them, Colonel Pendleton remarked, "Well, well, Captain Renwald, it looks as if we shall make a Pendleton of Virginia yet."



MY GRANDFATHER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CIVIL WAR

By Kermit Klump, '34

IT WAS in the year 1861 that President Lincoln issued his memorable proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers. At this time, on a little farm in Missouri, my grandfather was preparing to leave his home and enlist in the Union army as one of the seventy-five thousand. He was twenty-one years of age when he enlisted, and was with General Sherman in Company E, Thirty-second Regiment. He was sent to a training camp where he spent a month of hard training. At this time, the demand for men was so great that they were assigned immediately to their positions in battle. This kind of life being new to the soldiers, it took quite a while before they became accustomed to it.

One of the battles in which my grandfather participated was the Battle of Lookout Mountain. The company that he was with had marched all day that day and had prepared camp for the night. The men being tired, they immediately rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. The next morning they were awokened by the blare of a bugle that meant that they would be marching on. They marched until about one o'clock that afternoon, when they were taken by a surprise attack of the Confederates. They immediately drew up their troops and prepared for battle. Many of their men had been killed before they had time to arrange a defensive position. They fought

very furiously against a heavy barrage of Confederate fire until their commander gave orders to advance. They had not gone far before the Confederate fire ceased as quickly as it had started. The men of the Union army were ordered to stop firing and immediately prepare to charge the Confederates, who held an advantageous position on a hill with a very dense forest as protection. They were then given orders to charge as the battle raged, and the losses on both sides were increasing rapidly. Many men had been killed or wounded as the result of heavy chains flying through the air, chains that had been placed in cannon and shot after their ammunition had been exhausted. The battle raged on until about eight o'clock that night, when the Union troops were successful in overcoming the Confederate army. After the battle, it was a pitiful sight to see the men who had given their lives for what they thought was a just cause.

Another famous incident related by my grandfather, was General Sherman's immortal march to the sea. Starting from Chattanooga, General Sherman set out on his famous expedition. He and his troops defeated General Hood at Atlanta on this famous march. As they marched along, they destroyed bridges, railroads, and property along a belt sixty miles wide. When they reached the city of Savannah, Georgia, they were successful in taking it. In this battle, they captured many



guns, ammunition, and food supplies. They kept what they needed, and then they destroyed the rest so that it would not fall into the hands of the Confederates. After a few similar blows, the Con-

federate army was in no position to carry on the futile struggle, and surrendered. The armies were disbanded and my grandfather, like many other young men, returned home to civilian life.

LET'S TAKE A TOUR

By William Gould, '34

TOURING seems to be an ideal diversion for that species of human being who derives a great deal of pleasure from changing auto tires, swearing, and generally being miserable. Some wives just love to give driving instructions to drivers of twenty years' experience at intervals of about every five minutes; and a small child simply delights in smearing sticky candy over windshields, windows, and upholstery.

Touring is especially delightful when the road is so dusty that your throat seems ready to crack open, or when it is raining so hard and the road is so wet that you get cramps in your hands and arms trying to keep the car on the pavement. The singing of two or three small children to the accompaniment of the rain, especially when each sings a different song, is an added enjoyment.

The decision about the place to go is an important one and is the topic of discussion for weeks preceding the trip. Mamma must go where the Joneses are going, while Papa wants to fish. The children spend all their time asking how late they can stay up and what they can eat. Big Brother and Big Sister aren't

interested except that Brother must have his golf, swimming, and tennis, and Sister must dance every night.

Next comes the all-important question of what to take along. Mamma and Sister must have new evening clothes, and Papa is forced to buy new clothes for himself, which he neither wants nor can afford. Big Brother doesn't seem to care how he looks and neither do the children, but Little Sister insists on taking half of her doll family and Little Brother makes an awful fuss when told that his new bicycle must stay at home.

The eating problem is another hard one, for Mamma must stay on her diet and stop in the most exclusive hotels, although these seldom fit Papa's pocket-book. Another difficulty is that the younger children are never ready to eat at meal time, and the older ones want to eat all the time.

When we reach home again, there is seldom more than one who has enjoyed himself, and the family unanimously agrees that the car should be sold and a new radio bought. At least you don't have to crawl under a radio to repair it.



WAR AND PEACE

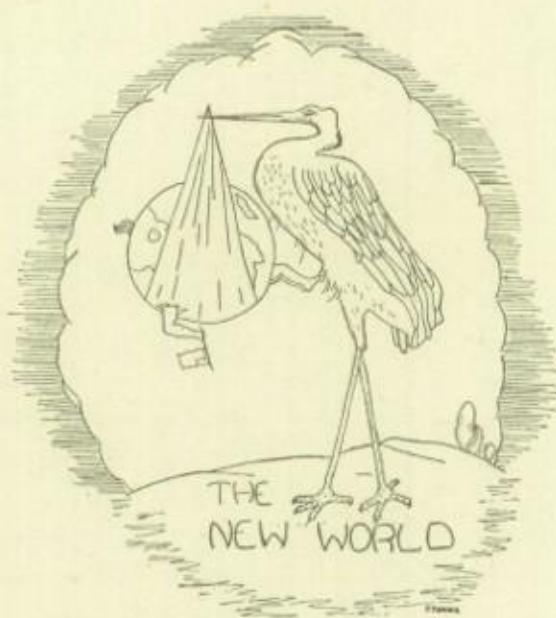
By Joe Tanaka, '33

*Man, wilt thou bring on thy own downfall?
Will commerce, industry, and science be
The very stepping-stones to death? Will all
Progress and invention hasten thee*

*Into a pit dug by a mad schemer?
Will Invention only guide thee
To Death? Or will it be a Redeemer
Opening a way for peaceful life to see?*

*Shall we use science as a tool
To create war and world catastrophe?
Or shall it lift us, peaceful,
Into a world of happiness and luxury?*

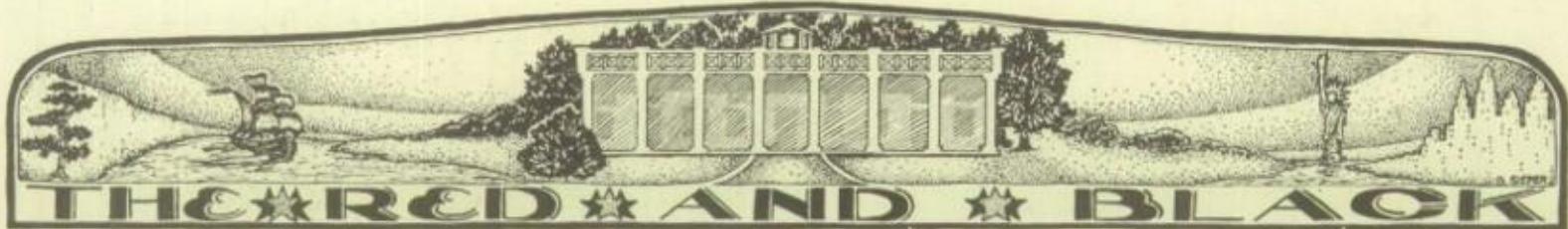
*Only man can answer this:
Shall it be war or bliss?*





KITTIE KIRK

DAYS OF '76



DAYS OF '76

"WE, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United States are, and of Right ought to be *Free and Independent States.*" So declared the immortal Declaration of Independence, "And for the support of this Declaration of Independence, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor," declared the leaders of the colonies, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, Benjamin Franklin, John and Samuel Adams, Francis "Lightfoot" Lee, Richard Henry Lee, Robert Morris, and forty-eight other signers of the Declaration, the thirteen American colonies, George Washington and the Continental Army about Boston, and thousands of other Americans and American sympathizers in other countries. All these pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for the support of their Declaration and all stood ready to fight in the redemption of their pledges.

The Declaration declared "that these United States are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." But "ought to be" is not "are." England wanted to prove that it wasn't, and

George III engaged to fight the American George, George Washington. For six long years, years teeming full of sorrow and suffering, blood and strife, battle raged. This title of ours, "Days of '76," is a glorious one. It echoes all the glory, the honor, the thrill of strife, man against man, but it shows nothing of the hideousness and the ugly, nothing of the detestable that characterizes most wars. This was a bitter war, a war of suffering and pain, but a war fought for the right.

This contest may have been a vacation for the warlike Hessians, brought by the English to America to fight for pay, or to the battle-scarred veterans of England's Napoleonic wars in Europe it might have proved an easy encounter; but there was nothing of a vacation in it for the untrained, starving American soldiers who died by hordes.

What glory was there, indeed, to fight for what seemed a losing cause while friends and neighbors deserted, became Tories, and viewed the war from a spectator's vantage point? There was no glory, but the glory of fighting for the right for victory, and for freedom! The glory of fighting and suffering to lift from themselves forever the bondage of tyranny.

Victory, the victory for peace and freedom, resulted. Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, and Saratoga led to Yorktown. The cause of freedom emerged triumphant, and the grey dawn of democracy swelled into the glorious day of victory and liberty.

H. W.



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WASHINGTON, THE MAN WHO MADE US

By Leota Meier, '33

*Washington, ah, how well we know him!
Respect him! love him!
A man, great to all people,
Thinking, fighting, for his country, when
it needed him;
Always on the front, never at the rear.
Fighting to the finish.*

*A man, stern, determined, kind,
All in one.
Revered and loved by his men.
One of the greatest generals in history,
Helping to make an independent union of
the country he loved.
As a president, we hail him,
Strong, urging, determined.
The "Father of our Country."*

WIND

By Larry Weir, '33

*Life's a chaos, a whirlwind
Of darkness and light;
A tumult, a turmoil
Of injustice and right.*





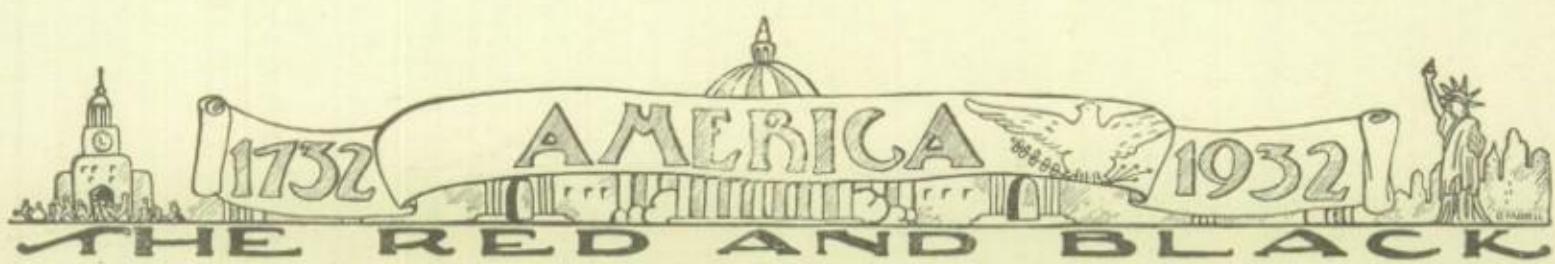
In Freedom's Name

Now they stand! Now they fall!
Victory the goal for all.....
Bleeding on the ground they lie
For their country live — or die
Soldiers fighting staunch and true
For the brave Red, White, and Blue.

R. Detwiler

Duby Detwiler

TOELLE



SUCCESS

By Anna Hossitt, '33

THE sun was just sending its scarlet rays over the cotton fields and the little homely frame house nearby, when Ben stirred sleepily on his bed of straw and at length awoke from his slumber. Hair tousled and face flushed, he rose slowly and gently as if leaden weights held him back. It was then that one saw his poor, useless, left foot and slightly humped back. Ben dragged himself across the barn floor in his usual painful manner, stopping first to brush some straw from his clothes, and then to gaze around at the two cows that were watching him with their meek, trusting eyes. One knew instinctively that they loved Ben.

"'Mornin'," he called cheerfully. "I didn't mean to sleep with you last night, but I—I just did."

He choked on the last words, and for a moment his eyes were blinded with helpless tears.

"Cripple," he muttered furiously, "cripple." The words were tinged with scorn.

"Cause you're crippled you can't fight for your country."

He thought contemptuously of the simple chores his days consisted of—the shelling of peas and picking of cotton—bringing in wood for the fire, feeding the animals. Was there any other lad of seventeen doing these things now during the country's greatest crisis? No. They were all under Washington's command, fighting, giving their life's blood so that

future generations might point with pride to their glorious nation; and he—Ben Sherwood, a hopeless shred of deformity, who heard the call to arms only as an outsider.

"Ben—Ben Sherwood."

It was his mother hurrying toward him, her anxious face looking more haggard in the merciless sunlight.

"Where've you been, lad? I saw your bed wasn't slept in, and I was nearly frantic—"

"Needn't worry so about me, Mother," he chided, more sharply than was his wont. "I just strolled out to the barn last night, and dozed away I guess."

Mrs. Sherwood scrutinized his face carefully. "You've been a' cryin' again," she scolded gently, "'cause you can't be a soldier. Oh, Ben, my boy." As he flushed guiltily, she continued, "Ain't I told you—"

He interrupted her quietly, "Let's go in and eat, Mother. I'm hungry."

Their meal was a simple one but wholesome, and after partaking of it more heartily than he had thought he could, Ben started about his daily work.

"Ben, here's some butter I want you to take to Mis' Hunter. Y'know, I promised her—"

"Yes 'm."

Mrs. Sherwood assisted him in climbing the horse, the only one they owned, and he trotted away slowly to the great Hunter plantation, one of the finest in Virginia.



Ben dismounted at the back door and was greeted by one of the hired hands, a big, gruff fellow who was known for his tactlessness.

"Hollo, Ben," he yelled, "ain't yuh joined the army yet?"

The boy shook his head and hurried into the kitchen, his face red and his mouth set in a grim line.

"Don't mind him," consoled Mrs. Hunter, who had heard all. "Be thankful you can stay at home. My boy just left an hour ago." Her voice faltered suspiciously, but Ben did not notice that. He was thinking of handsome, dapper Roy Hunter who had gone to aid his country and who might never come back. Roy had been kind to him, and had often given him his favorite books to read, or shared nuts and apples with the crippled boy. Ben only wished he might have Roy's straight, soldierly figure.

"Thank you for the butter," the lady was saying, "I'll need more in a day or so. Good-day, Ben."

The passing days were uneventful, and Ben, dragging his foot painfully after him, eagerly devoured any news that came from Washington's camp. Mrs. Sherwood winced whenever she saw him gazing wistfully across the fields, his eyes pained and filled with a yearning that would probably never be satisfied.

"Oh, my son," she murmured fiercely to herself, "my little, patriotic son."

The air was becoming colder and the dull, gray skies seemed to bring threats of snow, or so Ben thought as he brought some pails of milk from the barn. Just then, he heard the sound of hoofs and turning, saw a distinguished-looking gentleman in uniform ride up on horseback.

"Do you mind," asked the newcomer, with a little whimsical smile, "if I stop at your home for shelter tonight?"

"Certainly not, sir." Ben felt as though he were in some great presence. "My mother will be glad to have you."

Mrs. Sherwood, a little flustered, hurried forward with a word of greeting, and Ben led the rider's horse into the stable for the night. Tiny snowflakes were already whirling about in the growing darkness, and the boy shivered as he made his way back to the house. It would be terribly cold before morning, he knew.

Inside, he piled more logs on the fire, brought hot tea into the room for the stranger, who watched him with bright, kind eyes, and then returned to his mother in the quaint, warm kitchen.

"Ben!" Her voice was a sharp whisper. "Ben, I do believe—that gentleman is General Washington!"

The boy stared unbelievingly and then his eyes glowed joyfully.

"Mother! I—do you really think so?" She nodded firmly.

"He'll tell us later on, I'm thinkin'."

After the evening meal, as they sat around the fire, the stranger gently drew out Ben's eager desire to aid in his country's battles, and the boy, usually shy in the presence of others, found himself talking quite freely to this kind, tall gentleman with the soldierly bearing.

"Please, sir," he stammered out at length, "don't think me curious, or—or bold, but Mother thinks you're our General himself and——"

"I am," broke in the other, "and I'm very proud to know a lad like you, Ben." He grasped the astonished boy's hand.



"I admire your patriotism, and I believe I have a mission for you—but no," as if on second thought, "it's very dangerous—"

"Oh, no, not for me, sir," cried Ben eagerly, "please let me do it."

The keen eyes surveyed him intently.

"I want a message delivered to Colonel Greene," said Washington slowly.

"It concerns the sending of his troops to another post, and he must have it by morning. I cannot go on any farther for I have received word that my camp needs me. The Colonel lives about thirty miles from here. My boy, it is asking too much."

Ben was already slipping into a warm jacket and coat with hurried, frenzied movements, while his mother stood looking on silently, her face and lips colorless.

"I'll go," said the boy tensely, "if I pay with my life." His poor, humped back seemed straighter, his eyes burned feverishly. Washington silently applauded his grit.

"Be careful," the great general warned, as he handed an envelope to Ben, "keep your eyes and ears open, and good luck to you."

Mrs. Sherwood had disappeared and as Ben stepped outside, he saw her standing beside the horse, a pathetically brave figure softly pelted by the falling snow.

"Don't worry about me," he said with a little exultant laugh, as she aided him to climb the horse. "My wish is coming true, Mother." Washington gave Ben last instructions. Mrs. Sherwood asked if he

were warmly clothed, and then the lad was off, his heart singing as he hugged the precious message close.

It grew fiercely cold, the wind howled unmercifully, and the snow fell faster as if to hinder the eager wanderer. But he kept on doggedly, urging his faithful horse to go on, although both were very nearly beaten by the storm. His eyes were blurred, and several times he brushed his hand across them; his breath came in gasps through stiff, blue lips, but patriotism was strong within him and he fought on. Once he fell off the horse and lay quiet in the snow, utterly spent, until the horse's soft nose in his face roused him from his lethargy. Several times he thought he heard strange stirrings in the forest—redcoats perhaps!

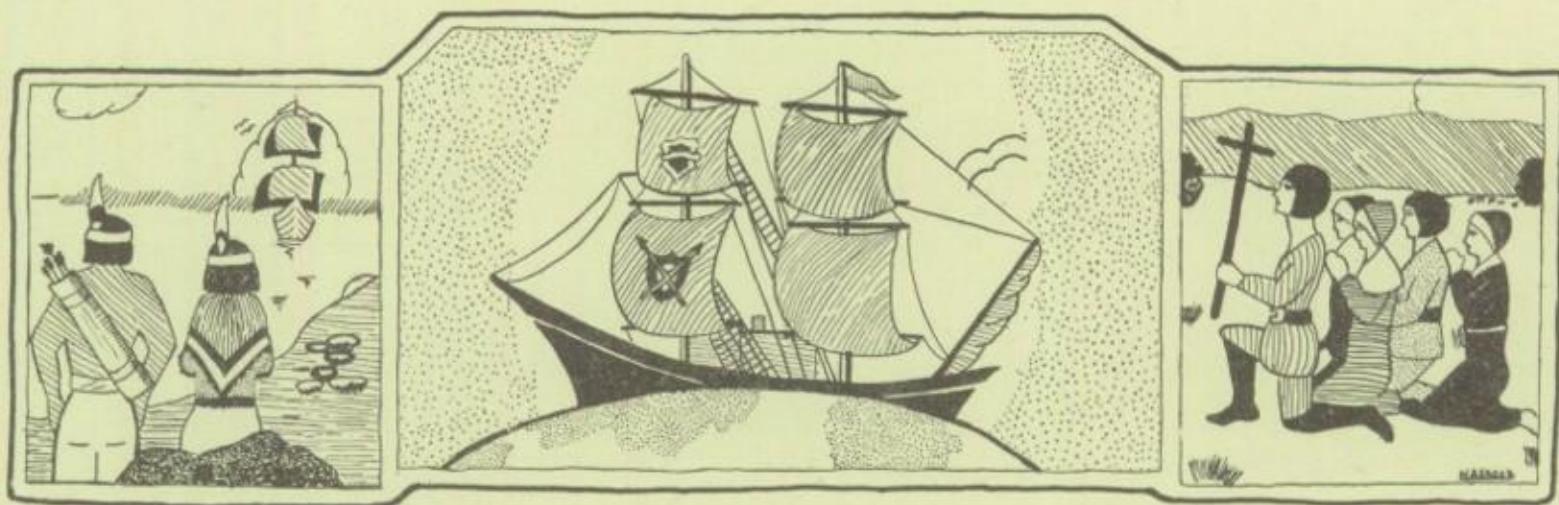
He knew they were rapidly surrounding the countryside, but no figures with drawn swords appeared, and a relieved sigh escaped from him.

The snow had stopped. Through the darkly blue roof overhead, stars began to twinkle brightly, leading the way. Ben smiled up at them with frozen lips.

"I made it," he murmured stiffly, as a large, magnificent house loomed in view, "I—"

But his wonderful strength had gone, and he toppled over into the snow, staring gazedly at the sky, but a contented smile had overspread his features. Several of the Colonel's men were running up, and gentle hands lifted the motionless figure in the snow.

"Poor fellow, he's gone," murmured one, "but somehow, he looks so pleased."



CONQUEST

By Myrtle Prophet, '33

HE HAD started back with a wonderful message on his lips, and his heart was as light as snow.

His progress was slow, but with each step forward, he was nearer his people, the people whose future was on his lips.

For days he walked, undaunted, a deluge of thought constantly flooding his mind: the thoughts of settling in this "fresh, untouched, unbounded, magnificent wilderness," of the felling of trees, and of the erection of the cabins; and impressed upon his mind was the picture of Abigail Johnson as he had seen her at his last backward glance, with the fulfillment of her promise ringing in his ears. Could he not still hear this pioneer maiden demurely answering, "yes" when he had so awkwardly proposed marriage to her?

A large forest closed in about him. He imagined that the massive firs and their strong arms offered him assistance, offered to lead him on safely. He ate, while walking beneath these firs—ate the seasoned deer meat which had been generously bestowed upon him. And then he realized that there was but enough for one more meal.

It was on the ninth day, and, while he walked, the wind was increasing hour by hour, until a blizzard had sprung up. He bent forward, carefully picking the steps of his abated pace. Over him the pines

swayed and bent with the wind. Then he heard a crack, and a tree, unable to withstand the force of the wind, fell across his path. With effort he climbed over, stumbling and struggling. He heard a quick step behind him and swung around. He caught the fleeting glance of a black bear, disturbed from hibernation, but too frightened to attack. A sigh of relief escaped his lips.

He ate the last piece of meat, believing that the settlement could not be far away. This renewed his strength and confidence, for he had never, until now, dared to imagine the distance that lay before him.

The blizzard continued; he could hear many trees crack and crash. Once he saw a deer depart hurriedly from before a disturbed windfall.

He bent farther forward, but it was too late. The snow had blinded him. He could see nothing, nothing but a burning whiteness. His eyes ached; he closed them, but the burning whiteness was marked on his brain.

His snowshoes were large and difficult to manage, but somehow he succeeded in removing his feet from the straps. The relief was momentary, because he would raise a foot, only to step deeper the next time.

He stumbled, swayed, and fell. He



sank into the snow and lay there. The prostrate form of Daniel Larsen did not move.

The wind was finally abated, and a steady snow fell, almost covering the fallen pioneer.

By morning it was over. The air was calm, the sky was a lighter gray, and the snow glistened under the low morning sun. To the itinerant Indian the scene was truly beautiful.

Under the experienced foot of the Indian the miles slipped quickly behind him. He climbed over hills and through woods with seemingly little effort. The sun was higher and he was walking towards it. He came out of the forest and scanned the level space before him. He glanced at the sun, and as he lowered his eyes, he caught a glimpse of a dim spot, marring the smooth whiteness. He started towards it, and as he came close to it, he saw a bare hand extended sideways as if in an attempt to arise.

He knelt down, pushed the snow away, and raised Larsen. Then he shook him violently. With effort he lifted him to his shoulders and carried him in the direction of the rising sun, because he knew that not far away bulky wagons and sturdy people could be seen. He also knew that this man had gone to his people, the Indians, and he knew the message that was frozen on his lips.

Late that night, they neared the ring of wagons. Within it a huge fire glowed and many people were standing about it.

With caution he walked nearer and nearer, until he heard the angry cry of the guard. The cry had been heard by the others and they ran to him, filled with apprehension.

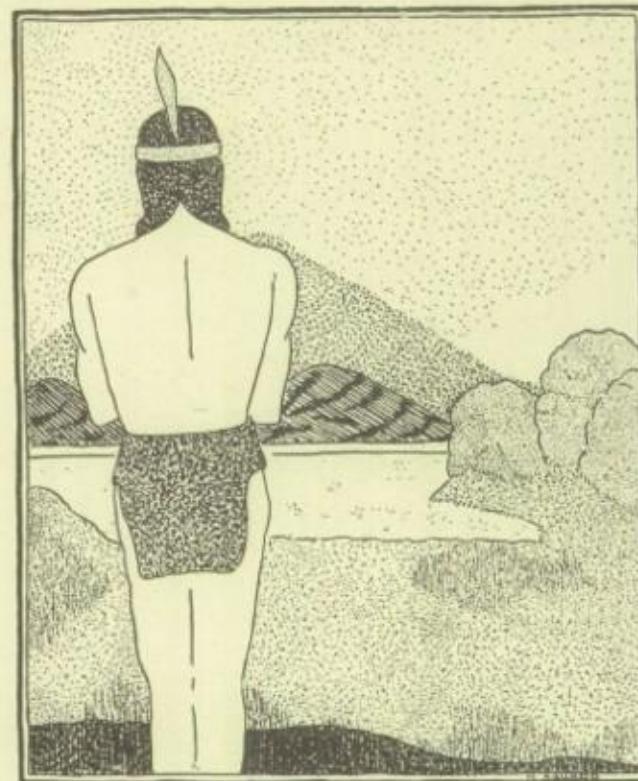
The Indian motioned, laid Larsen

down, and backed away.

For many days, Larsen hovered between life and death. He was given deer broth and a medicinal preparation from herbs left by the Indian.

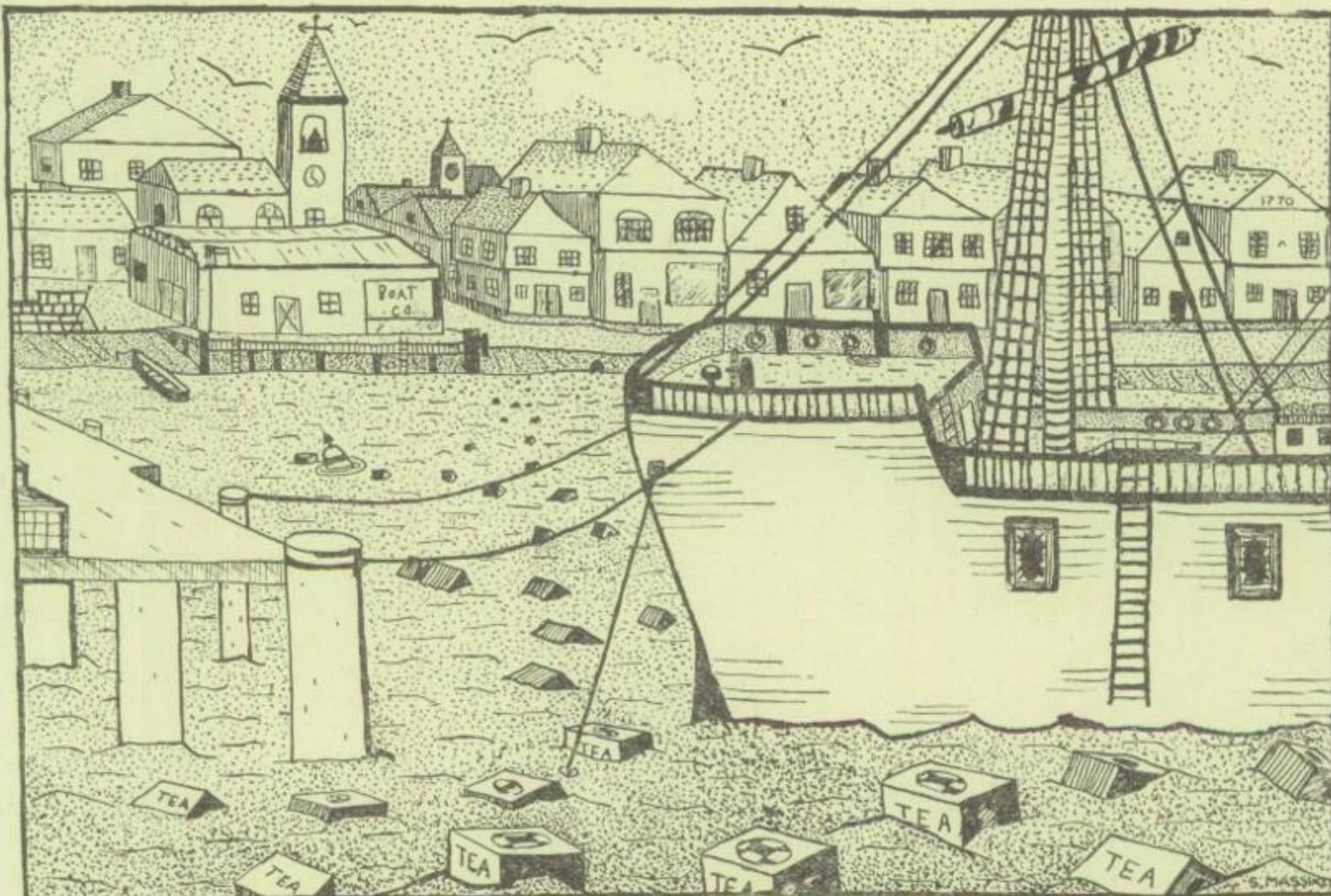
Then after many hours, he moved. Further encouragement was awaited. It came. Larsen's lips moved slowly, and Abigail crept closer and listened. She saw the words "Indians—friends—people—stay" form his lips.

There was a still larger fire that evening and all the settlers (except two) joined



in the dance. Apprehension ceased, and there was a huge feast eaten around the fire that cracked happily. The tune of "Columbia" reached the ears of the Indian and a smile crept upon his face, for he understood.

Amid the rejoicing, tears fell upon the hand of Daniel Larsen, but he did not feel them nor did he hear anything as Abigail Johnson raised her eyes heavenward and murmured, "For God—for America."



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

By Julia Lowell, '33

*Old England tried to saddle tax,
On her states across the sea,
And George, he said, "What my coffer lacks
I'll make on a tax for tea."*

*Now, while old George, he laughed with glee,
And though he'd played a joke,
Our forefathers said, "Yea, verily,
This laugh will make him choke."*

*The colonists were up in arms;
The king had passed a law!
A tax on tea in all its forms,
Was the only one they saw.*

*Another ship was coming in,
The colonists were ready;
The harbor, destitute of din,
Made all the brave men steady.*

*They dressed themselves like warriors bold,
When the first ship hove in sight,
And before that tea was ever sold,
They boarded her at night.*

*The ship was in, the tea went out,
Right out into the sea,
While up and down and roundabout,
Men danced with shouts of glee.*

*Next day the Boston harbor wide
Was floating full of tea,
But quiet reigned on every side.
No one would own 'twas he.*

*George swore he'd whip those rebel knaves,
When he did hear the news;
And now he howls and now he raves,
"We must put on the screws!"*

*They gave a party there that night,
And only furnished tea,
And the king, he thought he'd like to fight
But the rebels didn't flee.*

*The moral of this tale, my friend,
If you must have your joke:
Be sure you're laughing at the end,
Instead of left to choke.*



Play not the mournful sound
of taps nor toll the solemn
chiming knell; Wail not
a plaintive threnody nor
ululate an elegy.....

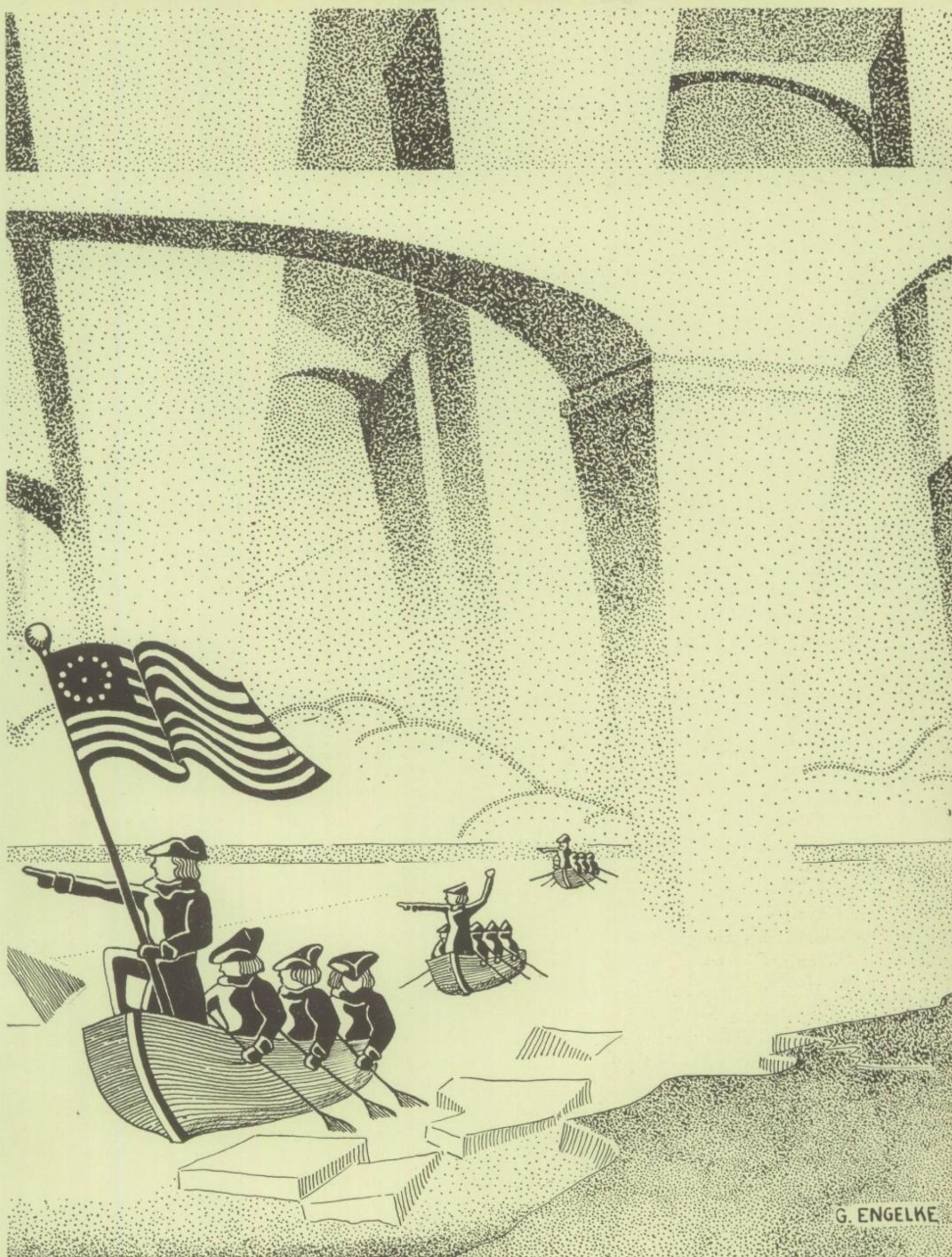
For those who fought, for those
who fell...Mourn them not.

But at the dawn, at break of
day, o'er their cold and
slumbering clay, softly
sound the reveille.....

Softly call their shadowy
forms from out their tombs
and let them see majestic
cities, airy spans, begun
by them with fearless hands.

The sacred fruits of Liberty.

LARRY WEIR



G. ENGELKE



THE ENCHANTED BELFRY

By William Kirchner, '33

ON ONE of those phenomenally bright nights which country people always maintain bring troops of departed beings from their graves, I set forth to explore the mysterious old belfry, long disused, that is, for any mortal purpose, and, as the neighbors said, haunted by witches, devils, gargoyles, and ghouls.

Flinging out my defiance to any Spirit lurking within, I diligently began wriggling, feet first, through one of the tower's tiny round lower windows only to become hopelessly wedged in the frame.

Ha! You should have seen me dangling there, half in and half out. How I regretted that I had calculated my abdominal circumference so carelessly. A dreadful problem — what contortions could I use to free myself from the unforgiving clutch of that window frame?

I believe hours passed; and just as I was beginning to have visions that I should be found dead there, from out of another realm of thought a ray of hope pervaded my senses; and I recalled the whimsical teachings of dear old Professor Wrogley: Wrogley, my life!

With the sun beaming down on his merry face, he would say over and over, as many times as there were hours, "Now, boys!" Then he would pause and smile, and with a rhythmic shake of the finger continue, "Never forget that genuine human embarrassment not only turns the

countenance rosy, but actually tends to shrink in size the abdominal girdle from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch—"

I thought in a flash of my present physical environs. Directly before me in the moonlit street, threatening to pass within an inch of my nose, walking with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter, was a beautiful blonde maiden clad in a bewitching coat which dragged unceremoniously along the stone, making a noise not unlike that which I fancy a giant would make by a gentle snoring. I, in so ungallant a position, in insufferable terror, fearing that I should be spied, shrank at least three inches in the middle and should have been able to slip easily through the aperture unnoticed. My abnormality—that I should shrink fully two and three quarters of an inch under my allotted quota of inches—troubled me, but, before I could resolve anything definite about it, I was expanding, and before I could have mumbled, "Professor Wrogley" three times, I reached my normal size.

At that moment a ghastly voice, reminding me of everything but euphony, bawled out from somewhere in the dark chamber a phrase which I accepted as meaning, WHO'S THERE?, followed by a far from harmonious something which sounded like a question asking me whence I hailed.



"Sir," said I, perplexed but inwardly undaunted, "ain't youse had no bringin's up? Talk decent to strangers!"

I listened with utmost care for my host to answer; he did not; and I imagined I had frightened him by such stark informality. Not wishing for silence to continue, I pleased myself (and hoped I pleased him) by pouring forth an unwavering flow of my colorful variation of the English language.

"Aints" and "donts" flowed profusely. So irresistible and undeviating was my proud line of prattle that I thought he stood aghast at me.

As there yet existed no discourse, I chose to pelt him with a barrage of interrogations. I fired question after question upon him until I felt certain he could never remain silent.

Presently he began to answer in perfect English, and could I help feeling incapacitated for conversation? He spoke with incredible rapidity, and, from the passionate manner in which the pretty words welled up from his very soul, I assumed that he was fearlessly speaking his mind, revealing to me his character, telling me of his loves, hopes, and, I believed, forlorn existence. So marvelous was his command of language and so impeccable his enunciation that I could only catch the faintest drift of what he said; and now, to hurry on toward the climax (as I am growing tired) I ask you why he spoke the word "ghoul" in a softer tone, apart from all the others.

I was startled.

"Ghoul!" I repeated, and was not at all pleased by the way fear seemed to manifest its power in the pitch of my

voice when I falteringly sputtered out, "Mister, youse ain't no ghoul, is youse?"

He flew into something—I think it was a rage—bellowed and thundered; and I heard him make a mad dash to grab, as I supposed, and devour me. With one bound I was able to plunge through the window—and struck. Struck! Alas! I was resigned to my fate, when suddenly I viewed my "sainted maiden" coming once again toward me. Her orbs so burned into mine that I melted before her gaze and slumped to the pavement just in time to avoid my flesh-eating assailant whose hideous grinning visage appeared for a moment at the window and was gone like the wind.

I turned to where I thought my beautiful lass had stood, but she, too, had vanished. I sat on the pavement feeling very, very lonely and a little dazed. At length I arose and cogitated. What would be more useless than to rest on the pavement in solving the mystery of the disappearing woman? After a lengthy period of mental toil in that horizontal position, I smiled from ear to ear; I had discovered something.

I flung my hat in the air and yelled, "Eureka! Eureka!" at the top of my voice.

The echo flung back a tempestuous sound that took the form of "Eureka! Eureka!" Thousands of heads were poked out of windows in the moonlight. Their mandibles wiggled furiously at me. I was so surprised at myself, and at all those babbling forms, that I completely forgot what I had discovered and till this day have never recalled.



THE CHANGING SEASONS

By Larry Weir, '33

SPRING

*Life is gay, chromatic, vernal;
Life is youth and joy eternal.*

SUMMER

*Life's a rose in all its splendor,
Fragile, beautiful, and tender.*

AUTUMN

*Life is contentment of maturity
Reaping the ripened fruit of security.*

WINTER

*Life's the congealing of a flowing stream,
The end of the song, the prelude to the dream.*

AUTUMN NIGHT

By Ruth Oliver, '33

*The pale moon shines down
On the forest trees;
The leaves, red and brown,
Are stirred by the breeze.*

*Over the moonlit path
Of the rippling stream,
A leaf boat, like a wraith,
Glides on, serene.*

*The stars gleam bright
O'er a lonely glade;
The wild geese in flight
Sail on, unafeard.*

*The pale stars grow dim,
Then fade away;
Above the poplars slim,
Steals the day.*

*The quiet night ends
With morning's birth;
Softly her way she wends
O'er the sleepy earth.*



THE FIRST SIGN OF SPRING

By Larry Weir, '33

*To the woods my wandering fancy fled,
Through the woods did my roving footsteps tread,
And in a small glade just ahead,
I saw the first sign of spring.*

*'Twas not a solitary robin, there,
Singing in a tree, stripped bare,
Nor yet a flower in blossom fair
That made my light heart sing.*

*And now the world seemed bright and gay,
Ecstatic as an airy fay,
That wildly revels the night away,
Until the dawning hour.*

*For 'twas a drowsy bee I chanced to meet,
(Morpheus's spell being not quite complete)
Awake and searching for the nectar sweet
Of some early flower.*

THE WIND

By Cecilia Altman, '33

*I am a giant strong and bold,
I play jokes on young and old,
I work hard from sun to sun,
Then again I must have fun;
So, when a boy I chance to meet,
I blow his hat across the street,
Then toss his kite up to the sky,
And help his mother's clothes to dry.*



TO ATROPOS

By Larry Weir, '33

*When the Spring arrives and I remain unthrilled,
And see the sun arising and turn my head,
And listen not when the thrush's song is trilled,
O Atropos, then you shall clip the thread.*

*When I run from the kiss of sun or wind or gale
And turn deaf ear to the woodland's haunting song—
When I heed not the call of the rising trail,
O Atropos, the skein is overlong.*

*When I no longer gaze at stars or sky
And miss the radiance of a budding flower,
And cease to wonder as the breeze goes by
O Atropos, 'tis time to wield your power.*

*For when I and nature are no longer kin
Then shall I cross the Acheron to Proserpine.*

ON THE ROOF AT MIDNIGHT

By Emil Brock, '33

*The tall, black roofs of buildings there
Rear starkly in nocturnal air:
The slowly weaving mists of grey
Glide softly o'er the inland bay.*

*The gleaming lights wink through the night;
Like myriad stars they gaze at me,
Then smile aloft in gayety.*

*I hear faint roars of city life,
Telling of its endless strife;
Yet it is good, it should be so,
As the eternal winds do blow,
As the eternal winds do blow.*



JOY

By Emil Brock, '33

*Faint, elusive little sprite,
Dancing in the firelight,
You bring peace and cheer to me
As you leap so vividly!*

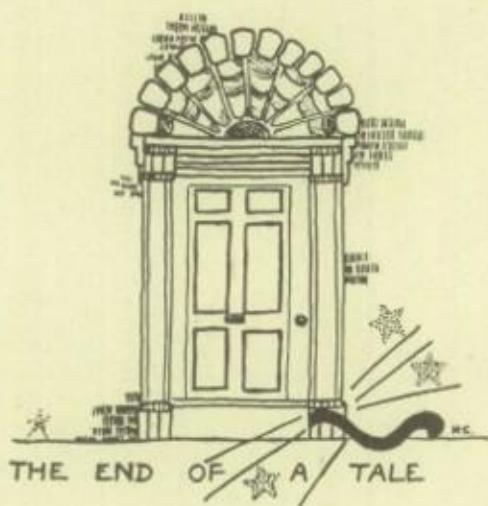
*People know, but see you not,
But I with insight greater yet
See you smile beside my cot.
You are Joy of Life and Love,
Pure as the stars that shine above;
In my moments sad and drear,
I'd love to have you ever near.*

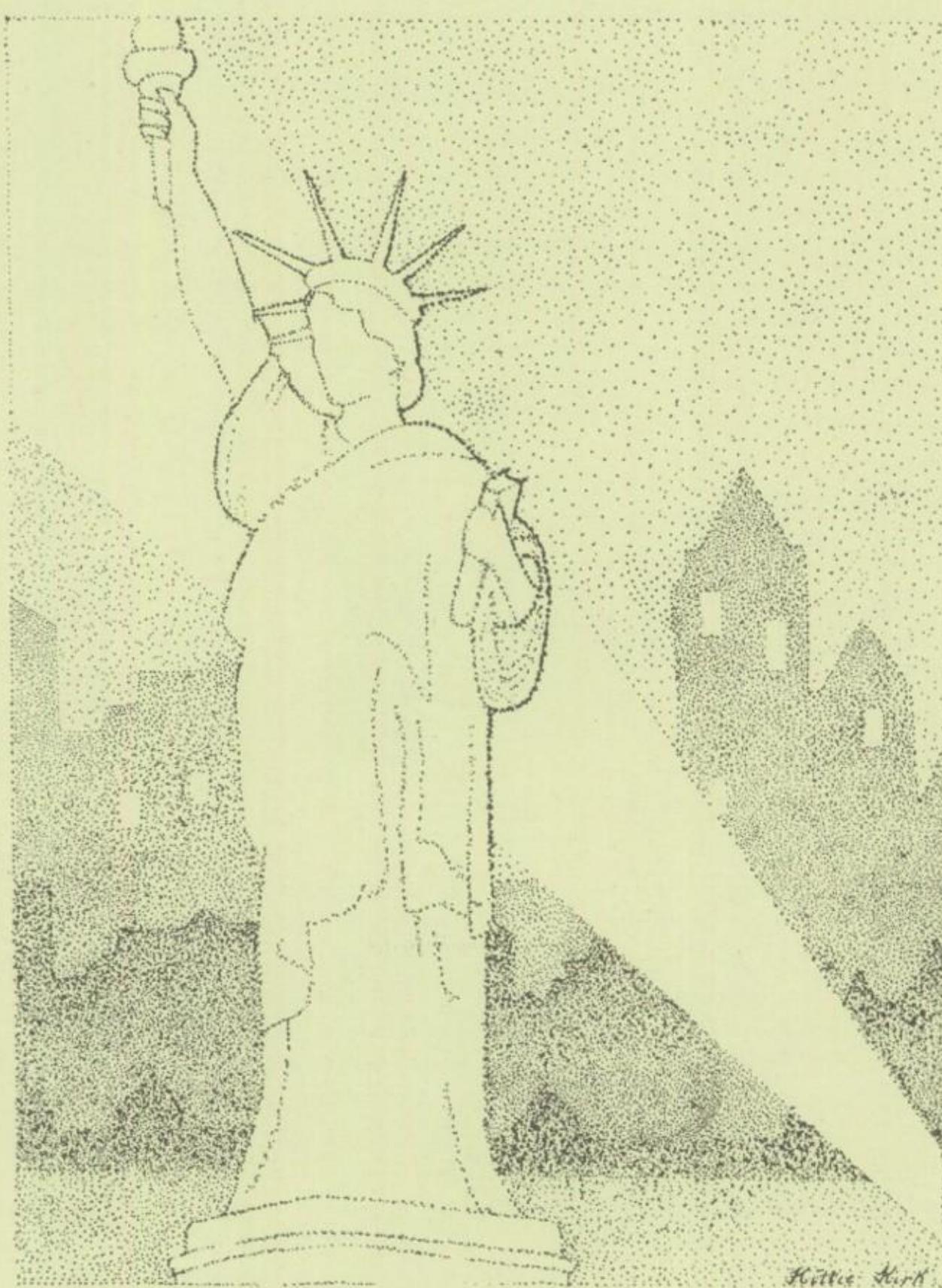


A NOCTURNAL INCIDENT

By Alice Jameton, '33

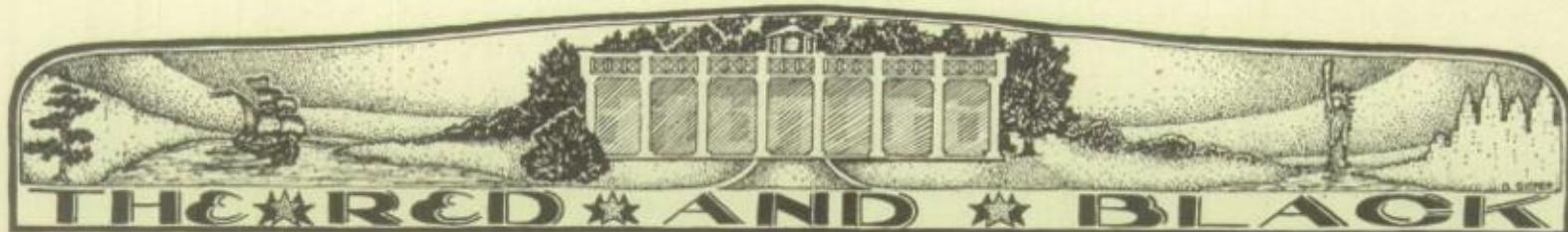
As doth the jagged lightning cleave
The darkness with its light,
So that loud shriek did rend the awful
Stillness of the night.
Silence reigned,
Until new shrieks a victory
Over silence gained.
As deer doth hear the panther's cry
Within the woodlands darkened,
So I, astartled from my sleep,
To that strange noise harkened.
All was still
Except a creaking on the stairs.
Now, against my will,
As doth the cat that stealthily
Creeps upon the mouse,
I, trembling, stole along the hall
And through the hushed house.
I saw a light—
A gleaming light—an open door!
And there I saw—that sight!
Then hastening to spread alarm
I quickly turned to go,
But something there did grasp my arm,
And spoke in accent low.
And with such forceful argument
He bade me silence hold,
That never did my tongue relent.
And never will unfold!





Hattie Kirk

THE NEW REPUBLIC



THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE victory of Yorktown but led to another battle, another strife, this time one of rivalry. The government of the new country was the center of the struggle. "Should the new government be a republic or a monarchy? Should it have one ruler or a body of representatives elected to run the government? Who should be the leading official of this new land, and what should his status be?"

These were some of the questions confronting the people of this new-born country. There was only one man in the hearts of the people, however. There was only one person who, notwithstanding the malice of foes, still stood highest in the esteem of his compatriots. This man, George Washington, had refused the chance to become king of all America. There remained no one even to share a rivalry for this high place. But, reluctant to surrender any of their hard-earned rights to any one person, the colonies stood, each a separate state, without any central government to bind them together.

Jealous of each other, envious of the trade, the commerce, the population, or the wealth of the other states, hatred was stirred up between the various sections and all that was needed was a spark to cause men who had fought shoulder to shoulder in '76 for a common cause, to fight now among themselves. Only a

spark was needed to have state fight state and brother fight brother. Only a spark was needed to make America the prey of any strong and covetous European power, such as England, France, or Spain.

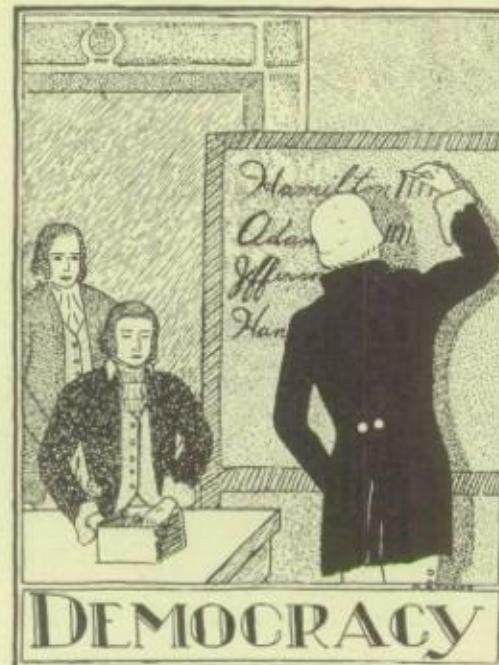
A great need existed. Some force had to be found to prevent the upheaval and ruin of government in America. The Articles of Confederation, ratified in 1781, had filled an existing need, but they were inadequate. The Articles were too weak, the ratifying states had been afraid of relinquishing any of their state's rights. Great leaders realized the need of a new form of government, but

the formation was a real problem.

All things must have a beginning, however insignificant. A commission appointed to settle a dispute over the navigation of the Potomac River was the origin of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. This convention drew up a constitution and presented it to the states for ratification. The new constitution met with much opposition, but it was finally ratified by the required nine states, and the new government was set in motion. A president, a senate, and a house were elected and the New Republic was firmly established.

A century and a half has gone by. The New Republic has buffeted all storms, strifes, and wars, and today stands firmly, reflecting honor on its immortal founders.

H. W.





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THE SENIOR PROJECT

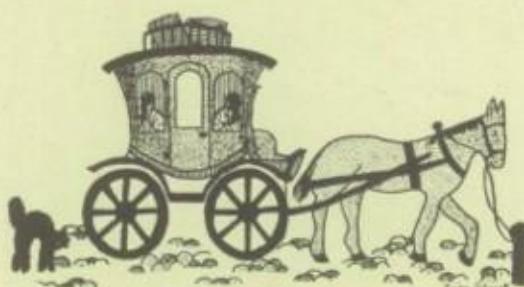
IF a group of tourists were to assemble in St. Louis, and you were a writer for one of the Sunday magazines, what would you do? You'd be almost certain to interview them for a story, wouldn't you?

That is the idea of the senior section of this issue of the RED AND BLACK. A group of tourists has assembled in a tourist camp near Washington, D. C. There is an unusually large band of travelers, for it is May, 1932, and the whole nation

is celebrating the two-hundredth birthday of George Washington. A reporter for a Washington paper has been assigned to prepare a special Sunday feature. He decides to interview members of this camp and tries to obtain stories from them. Then, becoming ambitious, he writes a description of each person who told him a story.

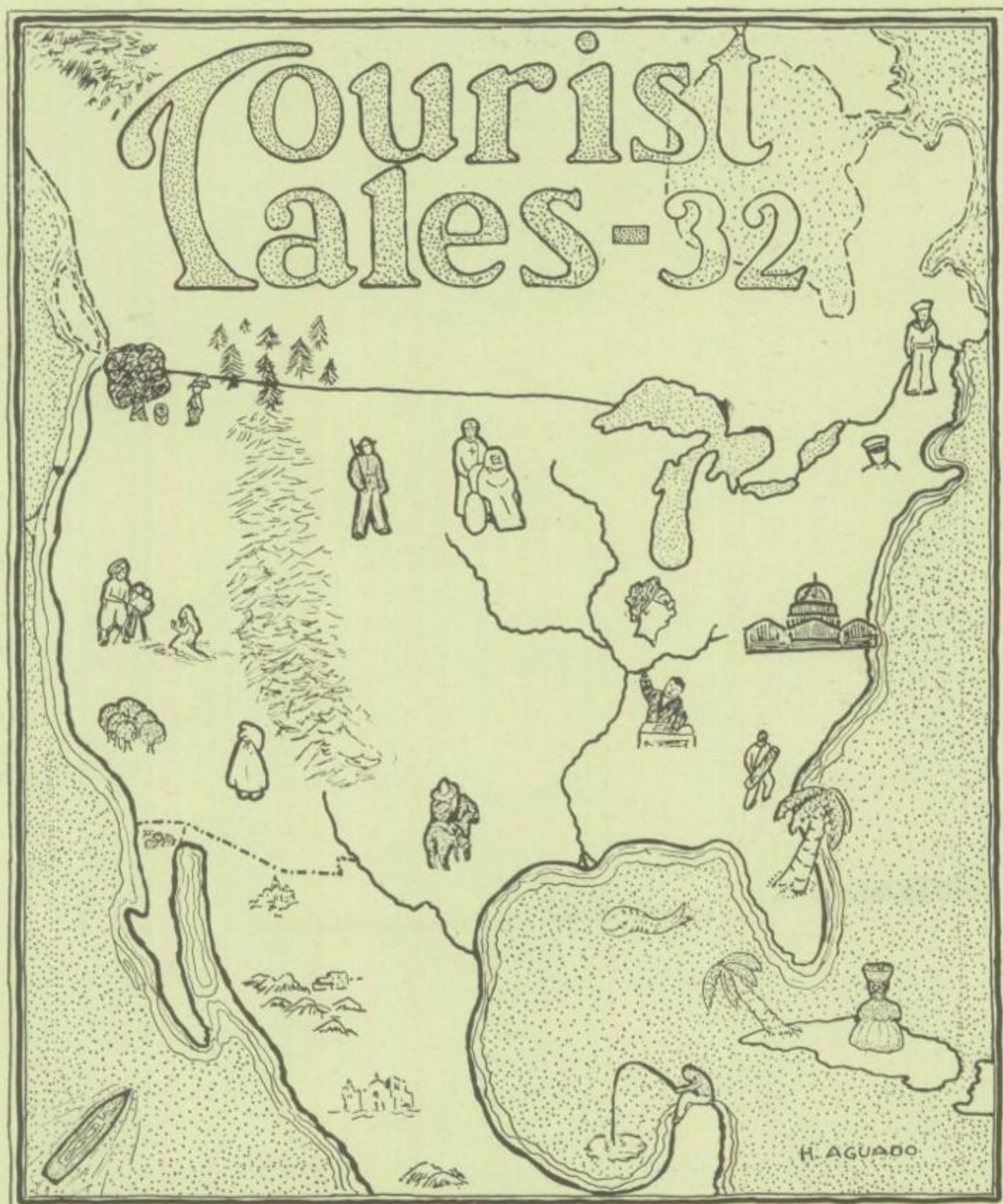
The feature that he turned into his editor has been printed for the RED AND BLACK.

G. S.



THE CLASS OF JANUARY, 1932





WISDOM OF THE PAST

We have an immensity of land. Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God. While we have land to labor, then, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at the work-bench or twisting the distaff.

—Jefferson.



THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1932



TOURIST TALES OF 1932

THE PROLOGUE

By Genevieve Shelton, '32

When summer comes with her bewitching smiles
And no one can resist her tempting wiles.
Each one of us would like to take his car
And travel to new places, near and far.
'Twas in the spring of 'thirty-two, in May,
In celebration of a famous day:
The words of every man did loudly ring
With praises of George Washington, and sing
About the many glories of his life
And how he led in peace as well as strife.
Each woman, child, and man in all the land
Desired most eagerly to join the band
That to our capital did wend its way,
Much homage to their leader, great, to pay.
For 'twas two hundred years past that event
When Washington, our leader—Heaven-sent—
To steer the nation's ship through stormy seas,
Was born—to live fore'er in memories.
A tourist camp was near the city's site
Where weary travellers often stayed o'ernight
To rest; then start again in early day
To old Mt. Vernon where in death he lay.
At this large camp once met a group quite late
In May, that represented every state.
As special writer I was in that band
Which came from every corner of the land.
And for a feature of the Sunday page
To symbolize the nation of this age,
Determined to obtain from every mind
A story or a tale of any kind,
A narrative, a poem, or essay—
And these I quickly gathered on that day.



THE LAWYER

*There was a lawyer from the Quaker town
Whose clever mind had won him much renown;
He was the well-dressed, pompous, portly type,
With glasses, bald head, brief case, and a pipe.
He had an autocratic mouth and chin,
And could assume a most sardonic grin.
His voice had deep and penetrating tones
That could convince a jury's very bones.
His dignified appearance and all that,
When coupled with the way he wore his hat
Made everyone who saw him bound to know
He was a man whose fame would spread and grow.
When asked to tell a story, he began
A tale of olden days and fighting men.*

SPY

By Virginia Hammerstein, '32

IT was Monday, June 9, in the year 1777, that an eighteen-year-old girl, disregarding skirts and mud puddles in her haste, hurried down Arch Street, one of the narrow little lanes in Philadelphia that, more through courtesy than anything else, was called a street.

Cynthia Crandall, as she scurried down Arch Street on her way to the home of her friend, Betsy Ross, the seamstress, presented a quaint but pleasing picture. Her pretty face seemed to be a mirror for her vivacious, clever self, but in spite of that, whatever she was thinking, no one could guess.

It was her custom to visit the seamstress almost daily to help with the exquisite lace and embroideries which Betsy made to trim the garments of famous Philadelphians. It is rumored that General George Washington himself was

proud of the fancy stitches Betsy Ross had embroidered on his coat.

Sometimes while at Betsy's, Cynthia encountered one or more of the seamstress's many suitors, for Betsy, widowed at twenty-five, was quite popular, especially with the soldiers. Perhaps Captain George Shelley and some of his cronies from the infantry, or Captain Joseph Ashburn of the navy would drop in while she was there. The people who lived near Betsy would often wonder if the attractive young widow would ever marry again, and, if she did, who would be her choice for a husband.

Cynthia's father, a Tory at heart and out of sympathy with the war, strongly objected to Cynthia's "traipsing off to the rendezvous of Yankee ragtails;" however, when he learned that she could bring him bits of information about the Continental



army, he no longer objected, but encouraged her visits.

It was on this very day when Cynthia hurried down Arch Street, that Captain Shelley brought the message that a committee from Congress planned to visit Betsy at four o'clock the next day to consult her about some very important matter.

Cynthia, curious beyond words at Betsy's mysterious meeting with these important officials, could hardly wait for the coming day.

Just before tea time on June 10, she slipped away from home and hurried to Arch Street. She crept along the side of Betsy's house until she came to the window of the very room in which the party was seated. There she listened to all that was being said, even venturing a little glance now and then through the window. She knew that the short, stout little man was George Ross, a relative of Betsy. She decided that the richly dressed gentleman was Robert Morris of whom she had heard a great deal, and that the tall gentleman dressed in the Continental Blue must be the famous General Washington.

Once she thought the eye of the general caught sight of her at the window, but she hoped that he thought nothing of it, which seemed to be true, for he was absorbed in a rather heated discussion with his companions, as to whether the five or six-pointed star should be used on the new flag they were designing. The general, intimating that he planned some important movement of his troops said the matter had to be settled at once, since he wanted a number of the new flags within a few days.

All this discussion came to Cynthia as clearly as if she had been in the very same room. She wondered what her parents would say when they learned that she had seen the leader of the Blue Coats and had overheard some of his important plans.



Since the general was very determined, it was finally decided that the six-point star should be used, and the general and his party rose to leave.

Piqued by her curiosity, Cynthia entered by the back door, as was her custom, just as the General was about to leave at the front of the house. Betsy, returning to the room where Cynthia was, found her examining the materials for the flag. Though a generous soul, the seamstress resented having Cynthia eavesdropping at her window; for, after all, was not John Crandall, a British Royalist, long suspected as a spy? At times, in fact, she had wondered if Cynthia could be gathering information for him.



With these apprehensions in mind, Betsy turned upon Cynthia and began to question her. In the midst of this examination, Cynthia's frightened eyes turned to the door opening into the front parlor, and there stood General Washington, who had returned to say that perhaps the five-point star would be better after all since Betsy had had more experience in such matters than he had. Having taken in the situation at a glance, he asked the identity of the young lady who had caused Mrs. Ross so much trouble. When he learned she was the daughter of John Crandall, he frowned as if the name brought to his mind some unpleasant thought or memory.

Many fears filled Cynthia's mind as the general spoke sternly to her. To be caught spying, she knew, was an unpardonable offense to the patriots, and the punishment was always severe. Cynthia was now terrified, and very near tears when a knock at the door brought to her mind still more dreadful thoughts. Betsy went to the door and admitted Captain Shelley.

He it was who had told Cynthia about the proposed visit of the committee, and now she was struck with the added fear that she might endanger his honor and perhaps his life itself by her eavesdropping.

"Well, young gentleman," said the general, surprised at the interruption, "what is it?"

"Sir, if you please," replied George, "I fear you have made a mistake; Miss Crandall is certainly not a Tory spy. We are engaged to be married. Since I am an officer in the Continental army, I cannot now visit her father's home. In fact, we do not meet at all now except here at the home of Mrs. Ross and in a most formal manner, as she can testify."

The stern face of the General relaxed, and that of Betsy lightened with happy relief as she came and put her arm around Cynthia's waist.

"Bless you, child, forgive me," she whispered, for she herself was sympathetic, and rejoiced to have unwittingly aided this pair of lovers. Then she confided, "Captain Ashburn and I are going to be married Sunday. I have been so busy with my own affairs that I didn't even notice that you and Captain Shelley were so interested in each other."

Needless to say, General Washington gave his blessing to Cynthia and her fiance. As a matter of fact (perhaps you have guessed it) the general was the guest of honor at the double wedding at which Cynthia and George, and Betsy and Captain Ashburn were married.





THE DETECTIVE

*Round any corner one was apt to bump
Into a man whose first glance made you jump;
His steel-gray eyes could look one through and through,
And quickly tell if he were false or true.
He was the great detective from Utah;
In gems he could detect the slightest flaw.
From hidden clues he solved full many a crime
And his solution was correct each time.
His tuneless whistle had a modern lilt;
His hat was set at just the proper tilt.
On learning all about my modest scheme,
He did narrate a true tale, so 'twould seem.*

MR. MARTIN PLAYS SHERLOCK HOLMES

By Arthur Kuhnert, '32

EDDIE MARTIN stood with his hands on his hips while his best friend and roommate read the following letter:

Dear Mr. Martin:

Congratulations.—We are happy and at the same time sorry to inform you that the lesson inclosed is the last you will receive from United Correspondence Schools.

If you have studied faithfully the lessons we have sent you in the past, we feel sure that you are now fully prepared to cope successfully with any type of work you will encounter in this field.

Under separate cover we are sending you your badge and diploma which will make you a full-fledged member of our detective staff. Wishing you the best of luck in your new career, we remain,

Very truly yours,
United Correspondence Schools
H. J. Green, President.

"Well, what do you think of that, Bob?" asked Eddie Martin, proudly, as he replaced the letter in its envelope and returned it to his pocket.

"Oh, it sounds great, but it doesn't put

any butter on your bread," replied his bosom friend, cynically.

For an answer to this Eddie brought forth another envelope and handed it to his friend.

"What does this mean?" asked Bob.

"Read it and see," replied Eddie.

Interested, Bob opened the envelope and, to his surprise, a heavily engraved card dropped out. Picking it up, he read:

Mr. and Mrs. Percival De Puyter request
the pleasure of Mr. Edward Martin's
presence at a reception in honor of the
twenty-fifth anniversary
of Mr. and Mrs. De Puyter's marriage
June the twenty-seventh at eight o'clock
238 Morningside Court

"How in the world did you ever 'rate'
an invitation to that exclusive affair, and
what has that to do with bread and but-



ter?" asked Bob with a quizzical smile as he returned invitation and envelope to their owner.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Conroy, you astound me. I'm a member of the Four Hundred, don'tcha know," tittered Eddie and then ducked a sofa pillow thrown by the now exasperated Bob.

After Eddie had regained sobriety enough to continue, he explained that this was to be his first employment in the capacity of a detective and that he had been hired by the DePuyster butler to watch the numerous valuable gifts which would undoubtedly be there.

Bob shook his head and smiled, but could not discourage the jubilant Eddie who classed Bob as one of those ignorant people who laugh when one mails coupons from a magazine.

At five-thirty P. M. the same evening, we find Mr. Martin arraying himself in his rented dress suit and at the same time perusing the adventures of an amateur sleuth who solves the mystery the police have given up and receives his just reward.

"Mr. Martin did not think the hero applied United Correspondence School's Lesson No. 27 as it should have been applied."

At six-thirty Mr. Martin, giving a last affectionate pat to his bulging shirt and securing the correct angle desired for the precious silk hat, strolled off to the reception with that indifferent air so earnestly required by lesson No. 3.

After presenting himself to the host and hostess, Eddie strolled about with worldly air and mentally catalogued all possible exits in his mind (Lesson No. 18). When

this source of occupation had been exhausted, he took up a position which enabled him to view all new arrivals without himself being seen (Lesson No. 20). None of these newcomers appeared at first sight to be of a suspicious nature and Eddie was about to walk on into the ballroom when his eye was attracted by the feet of a portly gentleman who had just entered with his wife. They were exceptionally large feet. Such feet were not those of a member of the Four Hundred, Eddie assured himself. From the feet Eddie's gaze traveled to the face of the corpulent gentleman. He resolved that this was one "palooka" he'd have to watch.

Leaving his vigil at this advantageous spot, Eddie strolled into the lobby where the gifts were being displayed. With the arrival of all the guests, they had mounted into quite a lavish display and Eddie, striving to keep his disinterested attitude, strolled by to scan them closely.

From where he was now standing, Eddie could see the dancers in the ballroom and was tempted to leave his post for a minute to join them, but remembered that a good detective never relaxes vigilance (Lesson No. 2).

Eddie soon congratulated himself for his strict adherence to lesson No. 2, for, just then, the elegant Mrs. De Puyster strolled into the lobby upon the arm of that suspicious individual with the large feet.

After this "individual" and the hostess had partaken of refreshments, they returned to the gorgeous display of silver on the table. Eddie, maintaining that bored attitude, headed for the refresh-



ment table and stopped where he could view proceedings from a mirror. Nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. The hostess, pointing to a particular object, seemed to be thanking "Big Feet" for something. He, in turn, was nodding and smiling, and everything seemed natural. The corpulent gentleman, after asking Mrs. De Puyster a question, had reached into his pocket and extracted something which Eddie could not see. Meanwhile Mrs. De Puyster had return to the ballroom.

Suddenly Eddie jumped; he could have sworn he saw the glint of silver as Mr. "Big Feet" left the table and headed for the smoking room. Knowing there was no exit to the smoking room other than the one the portly gentleman had just entered, Eddie bided his time as he did not wish to create a scene. The De Puysters detested scenes; and, furthermore, he was not sure.

Eddie had to wait for some time, and the De Puysters were bidding individual good-evenings to their guests before Mr. "Big Feet" emerged.

Seeing that the guests were leaving, he walked rapidly toward the hall where his supposed wife (or accomplice) was waiting for him. Before reaching there, however, he halted at the gift table and stooped down to pick up something. This

time Eddie was sure beyond a doubt that he saw a small silver object in the pudgy hands of the suspicious individual. Mr. "Big Feet" quickly placed the article in his pocket and walked rapidly toward his accomplice.

Mr. Martin was in hot pursuit. He could not quite catch up with the wrong-doers and they were out of the door before he could obtain his wraps. Not bothering to put on his coat, but simply throwing it over his arm, Mr. Martin dashed out of the door in time to see Mr. "Big Feet" step into a large red car which drew away smoothly as he closed the door.

Eddie, remembering Lesson No. 18, tried to get the license number. He gave one look and then sank weakly down to the pavement and scratched his head. There was no license number, but a sign painted in small black letters read: "J. L. O'Toole, Chief of Police." "No wonder he had such big feet," murmured Eddie to himself.

Perhaps Eddie would not have been so mystified by the chief's actions had he heard the chief explain to his wife how fortunate he had been to find his diamond studded cigar-lighter where he had dropped it in the lobby of the De Puyster mansion.

THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST

*From Oregon there was a surgeon great
Who helped the ladies overcome their fate.
If they were old or ugly they sought him.
And he their faces "lifted" with a vim.
This story he was very glad to tell
Though you may not agree it ended well.*



OVER-SPECULATION

By Julius Hecht, '32

THIS thing happened when I had been in practice only about two years. That was when people were still telling me that I ought to make a customer out of myself. You see, it took them some time to get used to me. Well, it was in a town in Oregon with a population of about five hundred, including pigs and donkeys. There were lots of donkeys. Everybody had one with him all the time. Even the mayor rode one to the conventions he held every week and kept it with him even there. But donkeys at conventions aren't very novel; you can find at least one in every convention. It was summer, and all the flowers were blooming, and the birds singing, and the mosquitoes and cure-all remedy salesmen pestering the lives out of people when the girl came to see me in my office.

When I asked her what I could do for her, she said she wanted her face remodeled. I feigned astonishment, although her skin was about as clear as the products of some of our modernistic artists, and her eyes seemed to be in the habit of looking at both sides of a fly perched on her nose. Not counting these deficiencies, she was beautiful. Her hair was as soft and fleecy as trolley wire and was fixed in little frizzles all over her head.

After I got over my pretended astonishment, I asked in my best French manner, "But why does mademoiselle want her face changed?"

"Waal," she drawled, drawing her gum out (I spotted her for a stenographer right away), "It's like this. The boss's son is here on his vacation from college,

and I want to marry him before he leaves. That much money just can't stand idle. He seems to like me now, but I think I'm not pretty enough, and he might stray. He's going to be here a little over three months; so I want to be back in time. How long will it take to change me?"

"But, mademoiselle," I said, "it will take at least three months if I start tomorrow."

"Good, and how much will it be? I have only a little over five hundred dollars saved."

"My fee for an operation of this kind is five hundred dollars."

Next day she entered the hospital, and in two days I made my first operation on her face. After she had been in the hospital three weeks and no one had come to see her, I asked her why. She told me that she was an orphan and that she had not told anyone of her decision. She had said she was going on a visit to her sister.

A week later I operated on her again. She had been in the hospital a little over a month and during my visits to her she told me all about the boss's son. He was about twenty-five years old and was taking a special course in college. He had plenty of money in his own right and expected to get more by inheritance. It wasn't hard to guess why she wanted to marry him.

A month after the last operation, I deposited five hundred dollars to my account, and she left the hospital a different woman—a really beautiful one—five hundred dollars poorer.



One day, several months later, I was walking in the shopping district of the town when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around. A pretty girl was standing there. For a few moments I didn't recognize her; then I remembered my handiwork. I greeted her, and we talked awhile. I invited her to lunch, and we started toward a little restaurant on the main street. While assisting her over and around pigs and mules stuck in the mud, I was wondering if she were married. After we had given our order for lunch, I asked her how her husband was and whether she had plenty of money.

After a moment's pause she said, "I'm

not married, and I'm not any too prosperous; I'm looking for a job. When I got back to the office, nobody knew me. The boss got a new girl in my place, and his son married her a month after she came. I was almost put into the asylum when I insisted I was 'me.' They thought I was crazy."

I didn't sympathize with the girl at all. I just said it was too bad, and let it go at that.

When I left her, I was wondering what she had gained. She had a new and beautiful face, but she had lost a husband, a job, and five hundred dollars. Well, these women will have their little fancies.

THE CO-ED

*A young co-ed there was with face bright painted
And who with many a swain did seem acquainted.
This lady fair was free and unrestrained,
Her golden-painted mesh handbag contained
A compact and a bathing suit of red.
Suspended from a silver chain she led
A doggie with a bow of blue, quite ritz—
His fondling mistress named the dog Sir Spitz.
A student at Wellsmar she had once been:
(Her father, with his money, got her in.)
But she was trained a lady for to be
And spoke her French full fair and fetishly
With accents none; accomplishments all sorts
She had, and most of all she loved the sports.
A tennis racket could she 'droitly wield,
And hit a golf ball far across the field.
In swimming she did always win the race
And thus her friends did nickname her the "Ace."
Her "shiek" oft took her in his aéroplane
And when she landed back on earth again,
She always got a sundae, maybe two,
And sported 'round the way most young things do.
When she had done with powdering her nose
She looked up with a smile and said, "Here goes."*



LOST AND FOUND

By Genevieve Shelton, '32

"MOTHER, mother! Something else is gone. It's my diary now," cried seventeen-year-old Janet as she ran down the steps.

"Just a minute, dear," quietly interrupted her mother. "Are you sure it's gone?"

"Of course I am. It's gone. This is the fourth time that something has walked out of my room. First it was a scarf, then some gloves, then a letter, and now my diary. I'd like to get my hands on the person who is taking them. If it's Jimmy, I'll—." Then spying Jimmy, her mischievous ten-year-old brother, as he sat near a window, she rushed at him exclaiming, "Let me see that book you're reading. That's my diary."

"Oh, no it isn't." And Jimmy scrambled away from her, his brown eyes dancing with mischief as he held his book behind him. "This is my book, and you can't see it."

"Mother, I just know it's mine. Make him give it to me. He'll read it to every kid in town, and I'll just die if he does."

"Now, dear, don't be so upset. I'll get it for you! Jimmy—" but he was gone, glad to escape while he could. "Well, never mind, Janet, he'll give it to you at dinner."

Janet flung herself on a couch near the window, looking out into the distance and vowing to "fix that boy if she ever caught him."

"Where was your diary, Janet? I thought you always kept it locked in that chest you got last year."

"I do. But this morning when I was writing in it, Father called me. I left it on my chair and forgot about it. Now it's gone. Oh, I'll shake the stuffing out of that boy when I get him. I'll die if he reads it to those kids." And she subsided into tears.

"Never mind; we'll get it somehow. Now get up and comb your hair, for I think that's Tom I see at the gate."

Janet jumped up and ran up the stairs, drying her eyes at the same time. Upstairs, she rushed about the room, grabbing her racket with one hand and her shoes with the other. As she hurried toward the door, she stumbled over Topsy, a small, black dog, the only personage besides her mother who was allowed in the room. Contritely she stooped to pat him, then ran on. Topsy jumped into a chair and settled down for a nap.

As she walked down the street with Tom, Janet was watching a group of small boys, one of whom was Jimmy. He seemed to be reading something to them, but when he saw his sister, he stopped short, called "Come on, fellows," and ran away.

"I'll bet he's reading my diary to those kids. What wouldn't I like to do to him," she thought angrily, even as she laughingly answered Tom.

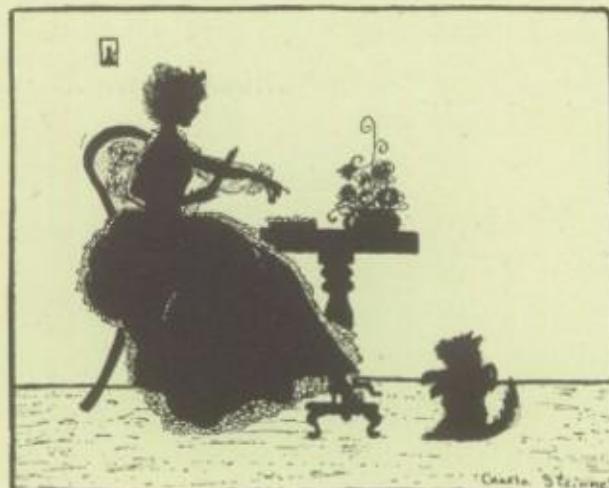


It was a poor game of tennis that Janet, usually adept, played that afternoon, and she was glad when she was at home again. At dinner she appealed to her father, but much to her surprise, he sided with Jimmy.

Very sulky and cross, she went out to the porch and sat in a hammock. Topsy ran up to her and begged to be lifted up. Janet raised him, for he seemed to be the only friend she had in the house. For

awhile she sat swinging idly; then suddenly Topsy leaped down, picked up a handkerchief Janet had just dropped, and scampered from the porch. Just for curiosity's sake Janet followed the dog.

In a vacant lot almost a block away Topsy stopped, sniffed a few times, and at last began to dig. In a few moments there lay uncovered a scarf, a pair of gloves, a letter and a diary, all stolen and hidden by Topsy.





THE COMMISSION MAN

*Casey from old St. Louie was self-made;
He left school ere he reached the second grade.
His face was red; his hair was sparse and thin;
And, being Irish, he knew how to grin;
So that, whoe'er you are, he'd win your heart
And confidence and friendship from the start.
Though he had travelled far, 'twas not by guile
But through hard work and power of his smile.*

READING AND WRITING

By La Rue Camfield, '32

BILL CASEY, a man of medium build, with unruly black hair, and eyes that danced when he looked at you, was one of the oldest janitors of the Gwen Apartments. He was very energetic and faithful and had done his various assignments so well that everyone who came in contact with him liked and respected him.

Jim Blake, the supervising janitor, was going to retire, and his position was open. Bill Casey, because of his fine work and seniority, was the first to be called. He entered the manager's office full of hope, for the position of supervising janitor paid twenty dollars more a month than he received at present. When Bill was seated, the manager explained:

"The position of supervising janitor is a fine one, and one which only an intelligent and trustworthy man can fill. We have watched your work since you entered our service and we believe that you are fitted for this position. You will be required to make out many reports and

charts and these must be made out very carefully."

"But sir," said Bill, "to make out these reports and charts, one must be able to read and write, and I can do neither."

The manager was very surprised. Then he said:

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you have been working here all this time and you can neither read nor write?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you do it?"

"I don't know, sir. Of course janitors are not required to do much reading or writing."

"Well, I can't use you for this position. Furthermore you are dismissed from further service entirely."

Poor Bill was downhearted and very sad, for not only had he lost the position that he coveted, but he had lost his job and this was hard, for he was not a rich man. However, he soon brightened up and decided to go into business for himself with the little capital he did have. He bought



himself a small pushcart and went about selling fruits and vegetables. This business became so large that he had to get a truck. The business prospered so greatly that, at the end of five years, he turned it over into capable management and decided to try his hand at the commission business. He had troubles at first but soon he was very successful in this line also and soon became wealthy and prominent in his community.

One day an old friend came into his office and they chatted a long while over old times. Suddenly the friend turned to Bill and said:

"Bill, the reason I came here today, was to ask you to finance an invention of mine which I believe to be very fine, and I think it will bring in quite a lot of money."

Bill thought awhile and then asked:

"Just how much money do you need?"

"Well," replied the friend, "I figure that ten thousand dollars would be sufficient."

Bill turned the proposition over in his mind; then he said:

"You helped me when I was poor and I would like to help you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You meet me at the South End Bank and Trust Company at eleven tomorrow morning and we'll have it arranged."

They met at the bank at the appointed time and Bill explained to the banker just what he wanted. The banker drew up a paper pertaining to the loan and asked Bill to sign it, but Bill replied:

"I cannot sign that paper because I cannot read nor write and I wouldn't know what I was signing."

The banker was astonished and he said to Bill:

"Do you mean to tell me, that as successful and as prominent as you are you can neither read nor write?"

"That's a fact," replied Bill, laughing. If I could read and write I would still be working for fifty dollars a month."

THE PRIEST

*'Long with the soldier rode a worthy priest
Whose noble brow was with deep furrows creased.
He did not care for food or clothing fine
But spent his time in doing deeds so kind
That he was loved and reverenced everyplace;
His noble character showed right in his face.
With simple tastes and worthy ideals high,
The teachings of his Master in the sky
He followed strictly, so that he some day
Might to the Heavenly Kingdom lead the stray.
This story of his life I chanced to find,
And so I'll write it, for he wouldn't mind.'*



CARRY ON

By Edward Garstang, '32

THE blazing African sun was obscured for the moment by a few straggly clouds which swept across the tropical skies, and the perspiring and exhausted trekkers dropped to the ground to enjoy those rare minutes of heatless bliss. The trekkers, a Jesuit priest and his guide, bent on a mission to a native village hidden in the fastness of the jungle, had followed the African trail for eighteen days now—terrible scorching days spent in hacking their way through the matted undergrowth or in tramping across hard-baked plains.

Anders, the guide, remembered with regret the day he had succumbed, during a lapse of horse-sense, as he put it, to Father Halley's proposition. In his capacity as guide, it was his duty to locate the distant village, where lived one of the few peaceful Christianized tribes of Africa; this village was located on one of the more remote tributaries of the Congo. The Jesuit had learned that the tribe was stricken with a serious epidemic of a fatal disease, and undertook to get the necessary medical supplies to them. As a matter of fact, Father Halley was the only one who would trouble to aid the suffering natives—the only one with courage enough to attempt such an undertaking—for such a purpose. Besides, he was bringing them something infinitely greater than antitoxin. His faith was their faith, and their suffering was his suffering. He could not—he would not—fail them.

Anders, of course, had been promised a good round sum as reward for his services; and Halley could not have secured a more capable guide. Strong of physique and tanned by many suns on the African veldt, he prided himself on his powers of endurance and his knowledge of the Dark Continent. Twenty years he had spent in Africa; twenty years which had failed to reconcile him to society; twenty years in which he had found only a very bitter philosophy. Leaning, exhausted, against the trunk of a stubby tree, Anders mused over his strange companion; this priest, this religious fool, whose fanaticism caused him to take all the hardships of this *safari* so lightly, and so willingly, all to serve his God. God? Anders smiled. The spirit of Africa was the only God he had ever understood. In Africa one soon learns to deal with grim, hard realities. God! Anders laughed. Whatever he had learned about such things in his unfortunate youth, had long been forgotten—gladly forgotten. Those early teachings had impressed him as a sort of hypocritical sham. Faith? Just a word. He had faith of a kind, faith in his own ability. And, as he lay there, it suddenly came to him that he no longer had that faith in himself; he felt those hitherto unfailing powers, which had gained for him a separate, distinctive place among the followers of his profession, slowly receding from his grasp. Things had gone wrong from the very beginning. The native boy who had car-



ried their supplies had deserted out of cowardice, out of fear, but justifiable fear, perhaps. With him had gone their canoe and most of their food and water. They had been forced to travel on foot across the dusty veldt and through the wildest jungle, beset by all manner of perils.

For the first time in his life, Anders felt beaten. He was puzzled, confused. It all seemed so uncanny—as though it were all part of a plan to undo him. How had it happened? Why? But turn back? He would never even contemplate it.

The thought that Father Halley was quietly enduring that which he himself thought unendurable, was humiliating, to say the least; and in the face of this, he could not even consider admitting defeat. At any rate, wearily reasoned Anders, the Jesuit couldn't possibly last much longer. His sullen stupor was suddenly disturbed by an admonition from Father Halley, who was once more ready to move on.

"Only a crazed fanatic would attempt to continue!" snarled Anders in a bitterly sarcastic tone. He was unable longer to contain the bitterness which gripped his heart and mind.

Unshaken by this fiery retort, Father Halley answered in his calm and gentle manner. "I have no objection to your turning back if you desire to do so," said he. "All I ask is that you direct me as to how I can best reach the village from here."

"You'll never make it, you poor worshiping fool. You lack food, water, and cartridges."

He could say no more. Turning abruptly, he strode out into the blazing sun,

vowing again that he would never succumb while this tormenting fanatic was able to stand up under his own weight.

For two more days they journeyed on without speaking; for two more nights they tossed restlessly without sleeping.

At daylight on the third day, the guide found himself on the verge of physical and mental collapse. A dash of the preciously cool liquid from the flask revived him. He found it horribly difficult to keep from draining the container. Upon struggling to his feet, he found that his head throbbed painfully. He knew that the end was near—for one or both of them. As he regained possession of his senses, he became aware of the fact that Father Halley had already arisen, and was engaged in preparing their scanty breakfast with his customary vigor.

After all, there was nothing to do but continue the trek. And already the sun was becoming dangerously warm. Anders knew it was the last day. Even now his mind was filled with strange unearthly thoughts. Madness! The sun gave no mercy. It simply bored through his helmet—his clothing. His footsteps were slow and uncertain. And all the time, it seemed to Anders that this Jesuit was laughing—glorying in his suffering, enjoying his slow consumption by fire. It was the breaking point. The physical agony and mental distortion had fused, literally, at white heat.

He would strangle this fiend! Yes! Fiend! Crush him and beat him into a lifeless pulp. He turned, knowing that no power on earth could turn him from his unholy deed. Suddenly an inhuman glee possessed him; he laughed aloud—



laughed hysterically. The Jesuit was down! Broken! Cracked! Anders had outlasted him—him and his God! His God! Oh, how Anders laughed.

He felt no pangs of remorse as he sipped a few drops of the priceless water—he would save as much as possible. Now he might be able to save himself, to reach civilization.

The water had made him capable of reasoning sanely, and many thoughts filled his mind. First he must make certain of his present location, and he must obtain, if possible, more water and food. He realized, though, on second thought, that there was little chance of his discovering more water. The thought decided him to take another glance at the flask to determine precisely the amount left. Much to his amazement, he found that he had apparently underestimated the supply of water. The more he thought of it, the more astonished he became. It had been practically full at the time when they had last spoken together in a civil manner. It was not more than half depleted now. But he himself had surely accounted for at least that much, and he had been very careful about how much he drank, too! Could it be possible that Father Halley—? But no! It was utterly impossible! No man, least of all an old and frail one, could go for two days without even a sip of water—not in Africa! Not while trekking across the sun-baked veldt of Africa! But how else explain the amount of water left in the flask? And now that he came to think of it, he had, in truth, never seen the priest drinking water.

But was it possible, mused Anders—and he was such a weakly old man! He

must have suffered tortures defying the mediaeval descriptions of Hell! Why had the old priest—and how had he—endured such agony? Could it be that he had wished to make it easier for him—for Anders?

Suddenly it struck Anders that here was a man infinitely stronger than he was! Yes *stronger* was the word.

A peculiar expression fixed itself on the guide's face. Was it consternation? No, rather illumination! He found himself admiring, worshiping this man! A strange revelation occurred to Anders.

With a peculiar mechanical abruptness, he turned and raced back down the trail. Shortly afterwards, but with some effort, he made his way to the spot where lay the prone Jesuit. Strangely in contrast with his previous emotions, a great fear that he was too late possessed him. Gently raising the old priest's head, he forced some water between the parched lips. The result was gratifying for the moment. Slowly the eyes were opened and a barely perceptible smile crossed the Jesuit's face as he recognized Anders. Slowly, he whispered, "I knew—you'd return. I prayed. Carry—on—for them—for God."

He collapsed in Anders's arms. The priest had spoken his last words. But Anders had seen the light. He understood this man now. He understood many things, now.

Gently he removed the medicine pack from the limp shoulders. There would be no time wasted for a burial. He knew his job. No more doubt lingered in his mind. His old-time cunning had returned. Nothing on earth could keep him from reaching the stricken village.



THE SOLDIER

*There was a soldier, great of size and might,
Who was a man attractive to one's sight.
Although Nebraska was the home he claimed,
From coast to coast his deeds were justly famed.
What tales of death and ghastly army raids
Could he recall from his past escapades;
What scenes, what sights had come before his eyes
Of dying men, emitting groans and sighs!
In Flanders Field his courage brought him fame;
Each man in all the army praised his name.
To me he told the sorrow in his heart
Imbedded deep, and never to depart.*

ROADS OF DESTINY

By Jim Hadgicostas, '32

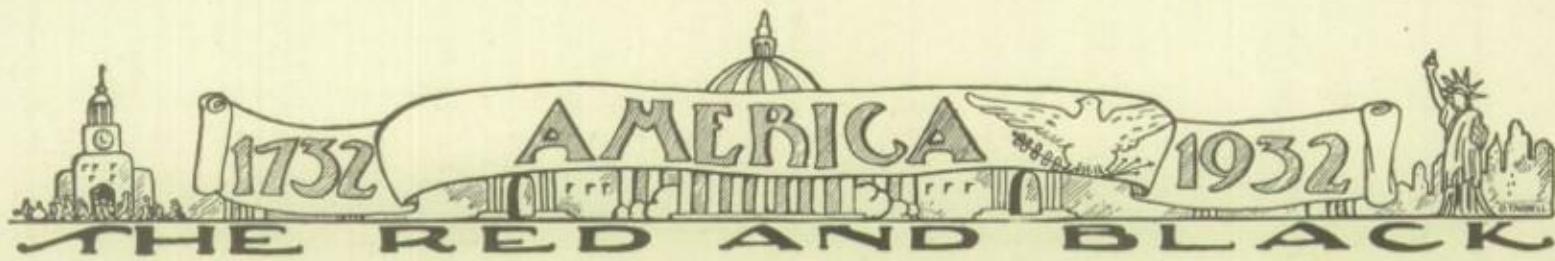
THE rain, mingled with hail, beat heavily against the window panes, and the wind blew so terrifically that young Mr. Bennett feared that the old English tavern in which he was staying on that stormy June night would be blown down any minute. It was a typical English tavern in a town in Virginia, and its keeper was an old, bent man, with a continuous scowl on his face.

From the time he entered the tavern, his clothes dripping with rain, Bill Bennett's attention was not centered on the four business men playing poker and discussing problems of the day, or on the four elderly ladies playing bridge and gossiping, but rather on the strange soldier sitting in the far corner of the spacious living room, smoking a pipe and gazing into the fireplace, in which logs were

burning to offset the sudden cold spell brought on by the June thunderstorm.

"That's Captain John Willoughby of the United States Army, and that's all I know about him," the tavern keeper would mutter in response to Bill, each time he endeavored to learn something of the strange soldier's life.

Feeling that it was not proper to force a conversation with the captain, Bill tried to smother his curiosity by indulging in the reading of war and adventure stories, which had held a strange fascination for him ever since he was a bashful high-school freshman. Often had Bill dreamt of the romance, adventure, and glory that the life of a soldier must hold. Handsome, with his clear blue eyes and chestnut hair, he was prominent in college, both in athletics and scholarship, and was



well liked by his companions and professors, but his foolish love for the life of a soldier grew more each day.

"Dinner is served," announced the tavern keeper importantly, everyone rising almost simultaneously and walking into the dining room, with Bill managing by his quickness to obtain a seat next to Captain Willoughby.

During the course of the dinner, Bill succeeded in opening a conversation with the captain, discussing the weather, the events of the day, and the celebration at Mount Vernon in honor of the 200'th anniversary of the birth of our first president, George Washington. Bill could not help admiring, as others at the table did, the commanding profile, clean-cut features, wavy, black hair turning grey at the temples, and the healthily tanned face of Captain Willoughby. His eyes, however, cold, grey, and piercing, were unusually attractive, and they made Bill feel as helpless as a babe in the woods when they looked at him.

When the appetizing dinner was completed, everyone returned to the living room where the business men and elderly women resumed their card playing and gossiping. As Bill walked into the room with the captain, he was so impressed by his great height and fine physique that he felt like a pygmy in comparison, even though he himself was rather tall and well-built. Captain Willoughby resumed his seat by the fireplace and Bill drew up a chair beside him. Soon, without actually realizing it, Bill had related his whole life history to Captain Willoughby and then he curiously asked, "Captain, is it not true that the life of a soldier is brimful of romance and adventure?"

The captain seemed to pale and stiffen as he heard this, and turning his eyes toward the fireplace where the flames were blazing high, he remained silent for a moment and then began, "That is only what many writers who have not experienced the hardships of war say. They cannot see the dark, horrid side of it. War, a devastating, merciless fiend, killing millions, maiming more, destroying homes, ruining young men, not raised with care by loving mothers for the purpose of dying a horrid death on glory battle fields or being ruined for life. Even those who return appearing fit, bear the scars of war on their bodies and they are mental and nervous wrecks. I, too, am one of these men, healthy outwardly, broken inwardly."

"Far different," he continued in a low, mysterious voice, "were my feelings when I was a promising young lawyer in Lincoln, Nebraska, just twenty-five years of age, with a little two-year-old boy, and a loving wife, living in a beautiful cottage. What more could I have of life, then?" He paused, seeming to recollect those golden memories of bygone years.

"Then came the draft, which I feared would tear me apart from my happiness that seemed to be too wonderful to be true. The parting was hard; never shall I forget it, but I had to go. All of the men drafted from our city were sent at once to training camps in the East, where most of us were assigned to different companies.

In training camp I met a splendid young fellow, Bob Carter, several years younger than I and a graduate of college. I can see him now, tall, handsome, with blond hair and laughing blue eyes. Socially



prominent, still he, too, was hit by the draft, and amidst the vain protests of his parents he was sent to training camp.

After several weeks of intense training, we started across the ocean, foolish fellows, all somewhat anxious to reach the front and become heroes. That much-desired opportunity soon came to us, and it left us disillusioned. The twinkle in Bob's eyes was gone and they had hardened, as all of our eyes did at the grotesque and horrible sights that we saw and the cries and the groans we heard. One day we would be playing cards, laughing and joking, and the next day several of our buddies would be gone, lying mangled on the battle field, suffering in a hospital, or slaving in prison camps. Who would go next? That was the question that we dared not utter, but which continually mocked our minds. One by one, all our old buddies left us, and Bob and I alone remained.

One night our captain said to the company, "Boys, we are stopped in our advance by a large machine-gun nest, posted approximately two hundred and fifty yards from here. We need two men to go out on this detail. Let me warn you that chances for returning are against you. Well, boys, who will volunteer?"

Practically all of the soldiers were mere youths in their teens sent to the front for wholesale slaughter. They looked fearfully at each other, hesitating to volunteer.

"I will go, sir," Bob's voice rang out from the hushed silence.

"I, too, am willing, Captain," I followed up almost instantaneously, wanting to go with my buddy no matter how great the danger was.

"No John, don't! The chances are too great. You have a wife and child dependent on you. Let someone else go," protested Bob in vain.

"No, I've made up my mind," I insisted, "Captain, we are ready for instruction."

Captain Smith looked at us admiringly and then he motioned us into his dugout. The machine-gun nest, strongly fortified, was somewhat over two hundred yards away, and a hundred yards back of it were the trenches of the German troops, which could be easily overpowered by our large company if the nest was disposed of. If we destroyed the machine-gun nest, our troops would advance at once in a surprise attack. If we succeeded, promotion and glory awaited us; if we did not, death or worse would come upon us.

Shortly before dawn the next day, after a sleepless night, we met the captain for final instructions and bade farewell to our comrades. Loaded with grenades and each carrying an army revolver, we silently went over the top, crawling northward toward the nest. Slowly, silently, we progressed and soon we were about twenty-five yards from it. Suddenly the mist cleared and a sharp shot whistled through the air.

"Snipers," I cursed, turning to Bob. Bob, however, was lying on his back, dead, shot through the back. He lay still, his eyes, once so gay, now cold and staring horribly towards the sky.

"Bob, Bob," I cried in despair, cursing war and mankind until the words of the captain flashed in my mind. "The success of our company depends on you two boys. Carry on to the last, no matter what happens."



"What cared I about anything then. The last of my buddies was gone. Revenge was what I craved, no matter what it would cost. Machine guns were now in action, snipers were busy, but I rushed on madly; taking out two grenades, pausing, and throwing them at the hated machine-gun nest. Then all was blank.

Bill Bennett, grasping the arms of his chair tightly, listened intently to Captain Willoughby, who was still staring into the fireplace where the flames were slowly dying out.

"Days later," he continued, "I woke up, feeling sharp pains in my chest." Where was I, I wondered? Looking about I saw that I was in a hospital, an enemy one, in fact. Then I recalled my mad rush on the machine-gun nest and being drowned by merciless bullets tearing my chest. What would happen to me, I mused, still in a daze. That remained a mystery to me, not to be explained until a few more days passed. After I was able to walk and had gained strength, I was given a shabby suit which I put on, and then I was led to a large room, where a stone-faced officer sat at a desk, with an interpreter by his side.

"I stood in silence, knowing that I was in a prison camp, and then the interpreter began in a sharp, crisp voice, 'Private Willoughby, through your destruction of our machine-gun nest, thus enabling your comrades to advance in a surprise attack and drive out our troops from a cherished position, we have suffered a great loss. You were severely wounded, but our Red Cross Brigade found you, bringing you here and restoring you to life from the shadows of death. We consider a sudden

death too good for you. You may rest assured that as a prisoner of war, you will suffer many hardships and endure a thousand deaths before you pass away,' he ended.

"Not a sudden death; no, that was too pleasant, but a slow cruel, torturous death. So that was what they planned? So that was why they had snatched me from death, only to torture me for serving my fatherland, I cried in anguish to myself. Why hadn't I died with Bob?

With the harsh words of the interpreter and the mocking smile of the officer still in my mind, I was ushered from the room and taken to one of the many bondhouses of the prisoners. Month after month I labored in the filthy coal mines, lashed by unmerciful guards, and falling down in exhaustion, time after time. Still plans of escape revolved continuously in my mind, and, after six months of torture, my chance came.

Each week, trains would pull into the prison camp, load up with coal, and go south towards the Austrian boundary with the precious mineral. However, these cars were watched closely, and I always waited for a chance to come when I might jump into one of the cars and ride out, free again to breath clean air and forget the horrible memories of the past months.

One day, just as the coal trains had finished loading, the attention of the guard who was watching me, was attracted by the sight of a poor prisoner, who had gone insane, and was about to crash a large stone on his hated guard's head. Aiming quickly, my guard fired, bringing the prisoner down. Then he rushed over and kicked the poor fellow, now dead and



out of his misery, mercilessly. How I longed to kill the heartless fiend, but now my chance for escape was awaiting. No one saw me as I leaped into a coal car, covering myself with coal dust and pieces of coal—anything to escape—and with the guard still deep in conversation with the guard who had almost lost his life, the train started out, the gates having been opened.

Hours passed (but it seemed an eternity) and then darkness came. Shifting from my cramped position, I looked out cautiously and saw that we were coming to a large town. A sign informed me that we were entering Innsbruck, Austria. The train slowed down as it came into the outskirts of the city, and I jumped off, landing among the weeds, where I remained for a few minutes.

My objective now was to wend my way westward about seventy-five miles to Switzerland, which was a neutral country, and where I could easily get in touch with American officials. Night after night I wended my way through the dense forests, sleeping in trees during the day and raiding the smokehouses and gardens of the farmers to satisfy my terrific hunger.

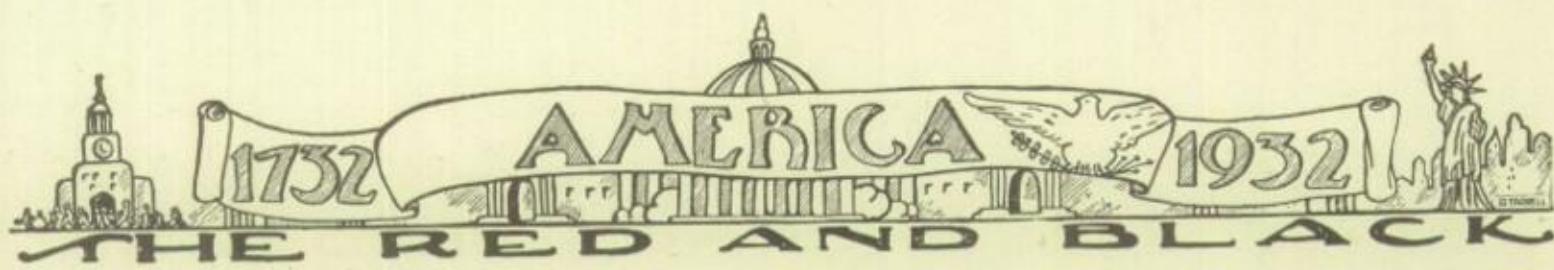
Within a week and a half, I crossed the line to a Switzerland town, near the border, where I was able to receive new clothes in place of my shredded garments, and transportation to Geneva, where I got into touch with the British consul at once. However, a few days after I arrived in Geneva, the Armistice was signed and joy reigned throughout the world, even among the defeated, who prayed that this would mean the end of all wars.

I took a train to Paris immediately, and

reported to the American consul, who had heard of my capture by the Germans, and he heartily congratulated me on my escape. During the next few days I attended many ceremonies and received several medals of honor, deeply regretting that my old buddy was not with me to receive the medals that he deserved. I received information that I would be able to reach America by March 1, 1919, on one of the first steamers to go across with soldiers. In the three months that intervened before my steamer would start across the ocean, I joined with the entire population of Paris and France, all trying to forget the horrible memories of the war.

Soon, however, I was on the boat to America. Pandemonium reigned on the steamer as the Statue of Liberty came to our sight. After participation in the joyous celebration in New York City, I caught a train going to Lincoln, Nebraska, my home town. I sent a telegram to my wife stating the train I was coming on, and telling her to meet me at the depot. My heart felt light and free. Surely I could forget the horrors and memories of the war and resume my law practice with the help of my loving wife and child. I wondered whether my wife would notice any change in my appearance, and I tried to picture my little boy as he would look now.

After a five-day train trip I arrived in Lincoln, expecting my wife and child to be at the depot. Not seeing them there, I wondered where they were. "Most certain," I thought, "they must have gone home, for my train was several hours late.



"Extra! Paper here," yelled a boy at the top of his voice.

"What could it be," I pondered, buying a paper.

"Three People Killed in Auto Accident,"—"Cab driver, Mrs. John Willoughby, and child killed enroute to depot." That is all I remembered reading. I had collapsed, a mental and physical wreck. Gone—wife, child, buddy, happiness, ambition, everything! It was

too much for me. Yes, my lad, war is brimful of romance and adventure, writers still profess——"

The clock struck twelve. All the people had gone to their room. The storm was over, the flames in the fireplace had died out, and calm prevailed. Tears welled up in the eyes of young Bill Bennett, and Captain Willoughby still gazed with his cold, grey expressionless eyes, into nothingness, thinking of the past.

THE NEGRO

*There was a Darky from a Georgia town
Whose smile could always wipe away a frown.
He gaily whistled as he walked along;
No hopelessness was in that whistled song.
A dog rushed in between his coal black legs
And spilled him, as a ball bowls o'er the pegs.
No reason why he should be living here;
His place is in a sunny atmosphere,
Where evening brings the Southern lullabies,
Where Rastus smokes, and slaps away the flies.
He told me why he left that pleasing clime—
His tale was rhymed, and he smiled all the time.*



WHY DIS DARKY LEF' HOME

By Sam Krem, '32

1

*One day dis' little darky lad
Got to bein' very bad,
An' wid an axe inside mah han'
Ah mopped up all in chicken lan';
Made sure dat all dem chickens died—
Ah knew we'd have 'em all week, fried.
An' sho enough dat's what we had;
Umm—dat was not so awful bad.
An' nex' week nothin' much was wrong;
A handy train come runnin' long.
De bouncin' cars come roun' de track
An' smack de ol' cow frum de back.
De mattah was, ol' Boss was deef,
An' frum dat smack she turned to beef.
For dat whole week we et de cow;
Suppah, dinnah, brekfus—wow!*

2

*Foh mah po soul de thud week came,
Good Lawd! It was de very same.
But 'stead o' cow de livelong day,
A fat ol' pig done had its say.
Dat good-foh-nothin' porky swine
Done got his snoot caught in a vine.
You see, de vine grew on a shed,
An' Bang! De wall fell on his head.
De pig had pulled wid all his might,
But dat ol' vine, she hold too tight.
Foh many days we all et po'k
Until we thought we sho' would choke.*

*Monday, Tuesday, ebery day,
"Heah's mah po'k," dat's all dey say.
An', if you really cares to know
Ah thought 'twould be pig evahmoh.*

3

*But golly, man, dat's not so bad.
First week was chicken dat I had.
Den de ol' cow had to back,
No place but on dat railroad track.
An' den come on dat corn-fed swine,
Dat thought his lives must number nine;
Forgot he weren't no cat a'tall.
Den, Blooie! On him come dat wall.
It stopped dat squarely mouth up mum.
An' sent him home to Kingdom Come.*

4

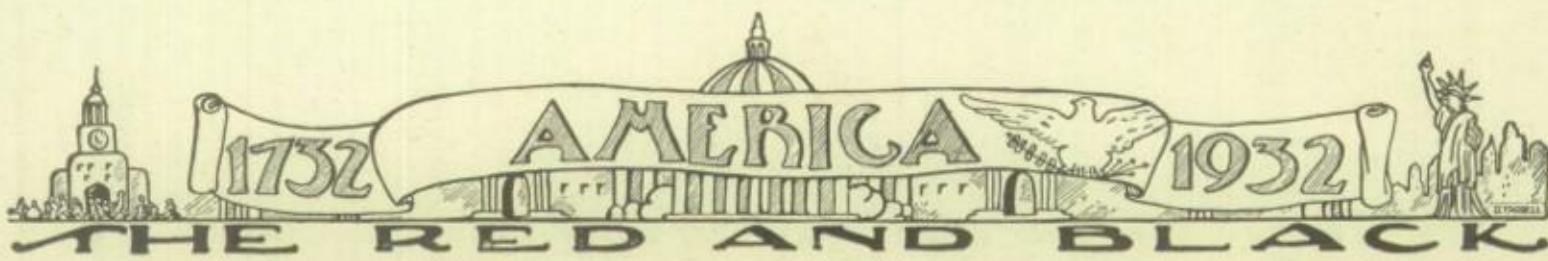
*Now like ah said a while befo',
Ah could have stood dis one week mo'.
But, Phew! When Aunt Malindah died,
Ah jest let loose mah pent-up pride.
Ah looked right down at mah two feet
An' said, "Boy! She be one dark meat."*

5

*Ah made straight for de Northen sho;
An' ah ain't ne'er been South no mo;
Now, only Duke he cares 'bout me;
An' his lone frien' is one pet flea.*

THE RAILROAD MAGNATE

*A railroad magnate on whose thoughtful face
One could detect, of tragedy, a trace,
Said, "All who've ever suffered are my kin.
To you I tell my story. I'll begin."*



HE THOUGHT HE RULED

By Dorothy Burmeister, '32

HE was young—barely twenty-five, but there was an infinite wisdom deep in her eyes, an infinite tenderness, as she paused in her work to watch her small son struggling to pull a wagon up the walk. It was hard work for the little man, yet when she went to help him his small features registered hurt and indignation, and a surprising touch of anger, while his tiny mouth screwed itself up into a formidable and uncompromising knot.

"Do away," he shrieked. "Me do it myself."

And, in time, he did it himself.

* * *

The toddling youngster grew into a lad, and the father, watching him pore over his lessons, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Want a lift, Son?"

But the shoulder stiffened beneath the gentle hand.

"Thanks, Dad, but I'm doing my job alone. No one will ever have to help me."

* * *

Time sped on, and a young man stood on the spot where long ago a toddler had struggled with a wagon. High school and college were behind him; all life lay before. And he vowed, looking off to the western peaks, to wrest from Life all that he wanted of it. He loved the thrill of combat; the heady joy of mastering some-

thing greater than a human spirit. Now, as he looked into the future, he resolved to let nothing stop him till he had made his dreams come true.

Something of this he conveyed to his mother that evening, as they sat in the deepening dusk on the veranda of their mountain home. Far below twinkled the lights of the town, like gems scattered on black velvet. To the west the snowy peaks of the Rockies were turned to silver beneath the moonlight. Scented night winds whispered softly through the trees, and birds twittered sleepily high in their nests; a young man clenched his fists, and said:

"Some day I'm going to own that town down there; own the whole valley, and make it into a commercial center that will make my name famous. Some day I'm going to bridge the rushing river down below, and band the valley with steel rails, and turn these timber lands into factories. And I'll be master of it all."

To the mother these words were not an empty boast. She knew, as mothers do, that some day he would do this. So well she knew her son that she saw, as in a dream, the picture so proudly painted. Once she had loved that indomitable spirit of him. Now she feared it. It had become an obsession with him; a ruthless greed. Knowing that, and loving him, she was afraid.

"There is a higher Power who rules our destinies, Son. He lets us go on and on,



higher and higher, till he decrees that we should stop. And even you cannot combat Him."

The young man laughed.

"Bosh, Mother," he said good-naturedly. "Tommy-rot! With science, with modern inventions, with all the devices of the ages on my side, nothing can stop me, and nothing will. Some day you'll see, mother. I'll start at the bottom, yes, but when I've reached the top, when I've made myself the power behind all this (the sweep of his hand took in the whole picturesque valley), I'll come back to you, mother. You'll see."

She took his face between her two hands, and said:

"Yes, Son, I'm afraid I shall see. You can't fight Him, up there. You can fight man, and the world, and mechanical power, but you can't fight Him."

Yet she knew he had a lesson to learn; so she let him go to make his way in the world, knowing that when he'd return, he'd have learned that lesson.

* * *

So the years sped by, and a great change came over the peaceful valley. The twittering of the birds and the call of the night winds gave way to the sirens of the modern new factories, and the hum of industry. Black smoke swept up to the blue heavens, and a perpetual haze dimmed the view of the Rockies. Steel bridges spanned the rushing river, and the sparkle of the sun was reflected from the gleaming rails that crossed mountains and ravines. Wires were strung across the valley, and homes for the workers sprang up where once had stood majestic monarchs of the forest. Only one spot re-

mained as of old; an oasis of beauty in a mechanical desert. High up in the mountains an old lady stood on the veranda and looked down into the commercial center that had made her son's name famous. He had done what he had set out to do; he had made his dreams come true, as she had known he would. But he hadn't learned his lesson, and so she must wait. He was master of it all, now; but he must yet bow to the greatest Power. So she bided her time.

Winter came, the cold winter of the Rocky Mountain region, a winter of storms and blizzards as had never been known before. Down in the valley great snowplows labored daily to clear away the steadily increasing snowdrifts. And in his sumptuous office a man stood, watching, from his vantage point, his men and his machines cutting their way through ice and snow.

"Even the elements must bow to man," he exulted. "And I am at the top of it all. Now at last I can return to mother and show her what I have done."

The summons of the telephone interrupted his reverie. Fate was playing her first card. His mother was dying, a flustered secretary announced, and wanted to see him once more. For a moment he was dazed; then he quickly recovered. He must reach his mother if it was to be the last thing he would do. A plane. He'd take a plane. But at the flying field, he, the mighty commercial king, ruler of the valley, was told that it would be sheer suicide to attempt to reach the mountain home by plane, in the increasing storm, and with no vestige of a landing place up there.



So! They'd refuse him a plane, would they. All right! He'd take a train. He'd take a special train. Didn't he control this valley railroad system? He boarded a special train, and so they roared out of the city, and up into the mountains. The storm grew worse. Telegraph poles and wires were borne to the ground by the fury of the wind and the burden of sleet and snow. The train thundered on, up, up; across gorges, across ravines; faster and faster, till the snow and the storm became a gray blur. And the man inside settled back with a sigh of self-satisfaction. He'd show them. Then suddenly, with a great roaring, like nothing else on earth, and a tremendous crash, Fate played another card. The train thundered to a stop, its illustrious passenger dazed into silence. Then he awoke to grim reality. Surely they had not reached their destination. What was it? What had dared to stop them? And even as he rushed to investigate, another tremendous booming broke the uncanny stillness, this time from behind. Mistress Fate had played her last card.

* * *

The Eastern papers carried an account, next day, of a roaring snowslide which had plunged down the mountain-side, taking rocks and trees before it, hurtling over a gorge and onto the railroad tracks. Then, the papers said, a second slide blocked the tracks from the rear, trapping a special train high on the mountain pass, and forming a solid wall of rocks, snow, and ice fifteen feet high and two miles thick. The paper went on to say that the swirling steel blades of giant rotary snowplows were hacking away futilely at the great ice wall. Luckily, the train was

stacked with provisions, in preparation for such an emergency.

But the papers said nothing of a wild-eyed, disheveled man who paced his drawing-room, raging at the fates who had dared to oppose his wishes. His mother was dying, and he was trapped here on a mountain pass, powerless. He, the king of the valley, helpless before the fury of nature, and the decree of a righteous God. At the end of the first day he was worn out mentally and physically. No news came from beyond those icy walls. There was no way to get through. How long would it be? Was his mother still alive? Question upon question tortured his tired brain. Very slowly he began to realize, as he became calmer, that this was what his mother had predicted. He had believed, in his folly, that no power could withstand him. Yet here he was, a tiny atom in a great universe, moved about at will by a greater Power who directs all. At the end of the second day he was resigned and humble. The end of the third day found him on his knees in prayer. So they found him, too, when at last they broke through. Pride had vanished; and when relief came at last he offered a silent prayer of gratitude. He was passive as the journey to his boyhood mountain home was completed. His mother was still alive. He thanked God for that. He wanted so much to tell her that he had learned his lesson, as she had predicted, long ago. But when at last he stood before her, there was no need for words. She knew, and when he buried his head in the pillow beside her she said, with her last breath.

"Now, my Son, you are truly successful. I'm not afraid, any more."



THE EVANGELIST

*Most reverent and most patient was the soul
Of the evangelist who from his goal
(Of leading sinners into God's great fold
And teaching men that they their lives might mold
Into an off'ring fit to show their God
When trumpets call them from beneath the sod.)
Was still most distant—or 'twas so he thought.
But those rough men for whose brave souls he'd fought
By standing at their sides through thick and thin
Were lead through his example from their sin.
'Twas such a one who did to me once tell
Of when this man conducted himself well.*

THE GREATEST GIFT

By Gladys Ansley, '32

THEY called him "Poor Preachin' Jim." Perhaps he was to be pitied, but who are we to judge, after all? So many of us are "second rate."

Most people wouldn't call him successful. He never made the big cities, and only occasionally in the muddy, poverty stricken, small towns of the country did he help some poor soul to peacefulness.

But he felt that in nothing else could he do his duty; so he continued renting small, poorly heated rooms in the various towns, and ate cheap food in order to buy hymnals or kerosene lamps for the tent.

One winter he had been preaching in the foothills of Tennessee all during November and December, but with little success, and on Christmas Eve it was with a heavy heart that he knelt to pray before sleeping.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I'd be better at something else. Maybe even a day

laborer could help his fellows more than I."

Kneeling there with distress in his conscientious soul, he did not feel the growing cold and did not heed the increasing wind as it piled great drifts of snow against the thin walls. Neither did he hear footsteps on the path, nor the first loud knocks on the flimsy door.

At last a loud, gruff voice cried, "Hey! Reverend, open up."

And the surprised man rose, cold and numb, to admit the midnight caller, the town's ne'er-do-well and drunkard. He was a man reputed to be tyrannously cruel and neglectful of his emaciated wife and brood of undernourished children.

However he said his mission was urgent and he seemed to forget his guilt as he looked straight at the preacher and asked him to ride to his home.

The youngest baby was ill, dying, and his wife had decided that it should be



baptized before it breathed its last.

The preacher, remembering the poor woman's face at the last meeting, did not take time for a lengthy reply, but slipped at once into his inadequate clothing, and the two set out.

The drive in the rickety wagon was long and cold and the little conversation was strained and limited to the minister's side.

They halted at last before a tiny weather-beaten shack and the two men, evangelist and drunkard, hurried inside.

There, on a ragged, saggy cot, lay the baby, fighting for breath with the worried, helpless mother by its side.

After a few words of greeting, the brief ritual of baptism was administered, the silence broken only by the gasps of the child.

A few minutes afterwards the little hands were folded forever by the preacher, who, after calling the neighbor

woman to help the mother, started on his long walk home.

Strangely enough, his mind was rested, the turmoil was over. The wind had stopped and the snow was no longer falling.

Far above, the stars were shining, one by one. The preacher, gazing up, saw the "Star of Bethlehem" lighting the heavens and shedding radiant light across the snow.

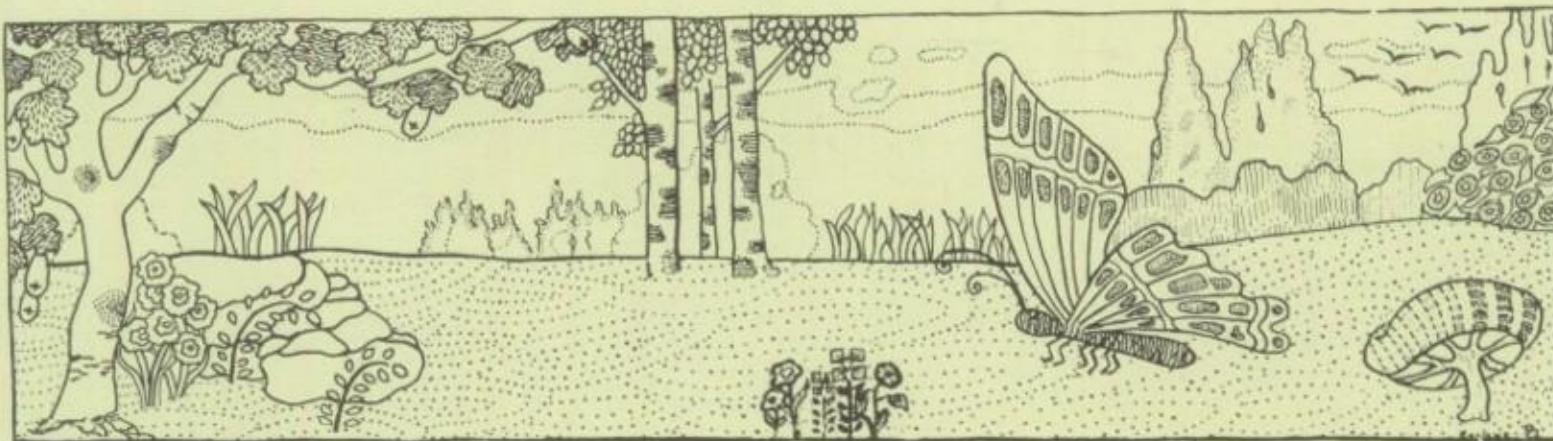
He remembered then with tears raining down his face, the immortal story of Christ's birth and the beautiful story of His life.

"After all," he thought, "the numbers don't count; one is as important as a hundred. I am not a wise man but I've laid at His feet tonight the Greatest Gift, a soul for Paradise."

For was it not Christ who commanded, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?"

THE POET

*A gentle poet I found in this band
Whose poems celebrated our fair land.
Light lyrics and fierce epics did he write,
But ne'er a line of envy or of spite.
To other poets he gave eager aid
And never lost a friend he once had made.
When asked to choose a poem for my book,
He thanked me with a truly modest look;
Then gave me many clever skits and rimes
Adapted to our modern thoughts and times.*



*He said that I might choose those I thought best
And at my leisure send him back the rest.
He even gave me some by others, too,
A most unusual thing for bard to do.
I like them, too, and so we both agreed
To print them here for all who wish to read.*

SPRING

By Jim Hadgicostas, '32

*When spring arrives and perfume fills the air,
Then do I always wander in the hills
And lie among the golden daffodills,
Enchanted by the beauty everywhere.
The birds soon drive away my every care
With songs of love that bring to me strange thrills.
And oft I hear the notes of whippoorwills
As though they called the birds to solemn prayer.
Oh, mighty Spring, who can your charms surpass?
Your beauty soft, more precious than all gold
Enchants our hearts. We care not where we go.
O'er all the earth sweet love does come to pass.
We joy to hear of tales of romance old
And hear the larks a-singing soft and low.*





A MODERN "COMPLEYNT TO HIS PURSE"

By Rilda Handy, '32

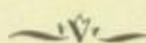
*My purse, dear purse, on you alone I call;
Complain I in behalf of you, gold pot;
I am so sorry now that you are small.
You've heard of the depression, have you not?
So please be now contented with your lot.
Since winter's now arrived, and in full force,
My gold must go for mufflers, warm, of course.*

*Come, save me quickly from this dreadful plight
So I of you that blissful sound might hear,
Or see your color like the sun, so bright.
May yellow gold be always to me near
That of my life and heart I need not fear;
But I can't even pay my income tax
Or grocery bills: these are the very facts.*

*Now, purse, thou art to me my life's own light
And only savior while I'm parking here.
From this depression, help me with your might;
I'm terribly hard pinched at Christmas, dear,
Can you not help me make some profit clear?
In case you can't, a check I must indorse
And later meet the payment from some source.*

L'ENVOYE DE HANDY

*Fol'wer of Alexander Hamilton,
Secretary of Treasury Mellon,
With mind so wise, this song to you I send,
To you who can my troubles all amend,
Have mind upon my supplication!*



NATIONAL DEBT

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing. It will be a powerful cement to our Union. It will also create a necessity for keeping up taxation to a degree which, without being oppressive, will be a spur to industry.

—Hamilton.



I AM HONEST WORK

By Jeannette Beard, '32

*I am honest work.
I bring to men success
And amply reward their efforts.
I cause callouses to rise
On blistered palms;
Tired eyes to burn
And backs to ache.*

*Men strive to gain things
By graft and fraud.
But find on'y too late
That nothing is accomplished,
Ever, without working
Hand in hand with me.
I am honest work.*

TARDINESS

By Arthur Kuhnert, '32

*A thing which I could never understand
Is why we are subjected to the fate
Of making up excuses when we're late.
Must those in charge our lateness reprimand?
Have they no other subject to command?
Do they not know how tardy students hate
To be awakened from their dreamy state
With lengthy sermons on the case at hand?
Do teachers never go to bed at all
That they can rise and come to school so soon?
What joy if they were once from grace to fall
And come to school a short time after noon.
If to these pedagogues this might befall,
'Twould be to tardy students all, a boon.*

KINDNESS

By Mary Wilson, '32

*Kindness is as useful as
Small change in a pocketbook,
Helpful act, or kindly word,
Even friendly look.*

*Do not keep it in a bill
Folded carefully away;
Spend it like a millionaire,
Carelessly each day.*

*Do not fear to spend it all;
There's a magic thing about it.
The more you spend, the more you've left;
Try it once, and you'll never doubt it.*



I AM FINAL EXAMINATIONS

By Sol Margolin, '32

*I am final examinations.
I come near the end of each school term.
I bring much fret and sorrow;
But I really am not so troublesome.
Students who study never fear me,
Although I do make them nervous.
I don't know why, but none like me.
I am compulsory to but very few.
For some I am indeed a benefit
But, as the cynic says, "You can't please all."
So, friends, here I am again
To rush and anger you all,
So take your testing quietly,
And faithfully try to reflect your knowledge.
I last only two periods
And then I go.
I am final examinations.*

ELATION

By Doris Scofield, '32

*Once more the Spring is here,
And birds are on the wing.
They chirp with mirth and cheer,
And make my glad heart sing.*

*It is great joy to me
To greet a springtime morn,
To walk out o'er the lea
And see the planted corn.*

*Then God I needs must praise
With many a cheerful song.
And joyfully I gaze
At heaven, still and long.*





IMAGINATION

By Julius Hecht, '32

*What wonders would a mortal see
Upon a quiet night,
If he on wings of Fancy flew
Into the cosmos bright?*

*Perhaps around the moon he'd go
And solve that mystery,
Of what that hidden face is like,
Turned out so stubbornly.*

*Past bloody Mars with his "cana's,"
Into the Asteroids;
Where once a mighty planet was,
Huge rocks now fill the voids.*

*To Jupiter he'd wend his way,
The reddish spot to see,
And then to mighty Saturn's rings
Which whirl so rapidly.*

*From thence past Uranus he'd fly,
And then past Neptune, too,
And finally to Pluto go,
The planet that's so new.*

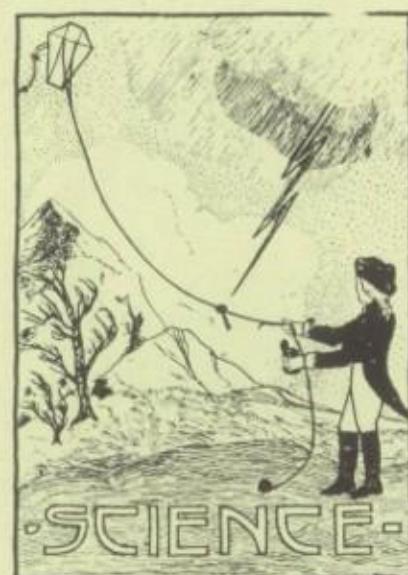
*Or maybe sunward he would face
And visit the Morning Star,
The savage, dipping, cloudy world,
Where jungles him would bar.*

*Where mighty beasts wade heavily
Through marshes and through slush,
Where boas hide up in the trees,
And under dripping brush.*

*And next, to tiny Mercury
A-whirling 'round the sun,
A tiny, sun-baked, desert world;
Away from there, he'd run.*

*To wander out among the stars
And in the emptiness,
Is not for just astronomers,
As anyone might guess.*

*A person with a fancy free
May any time go out
And see more wonders in the sky
Than science thinks about.*



MINIATURES

By Dorothy Burmeister, '32

*Fair maids wore ruff'ed skirts,
And boys wore powdered wigs,
And gallant swords were lifted high
Above the quaint old jigs
When Washington was young.*

*Young men with hats in hands
And hands on loyal hearts
Would bow, while maids would curtsey, too,
Playing romantic parts
When Washington was young.*

*And though the outside differed much,
Their hearts were just the same;
The spirits of those boys and girls
Who made colonial fame
When Washington was young.*

*Still linger in our hearts today.
We feel the selfsame joys;
The selfsame sorrows touch us now
As touched the girls and boys
When Washington was young.*

*So in these pages following,
Encircled by old frames,
New faces shine, like those once shown
Above Colonial names
When Washington was young.*





ISABEL S. DOLCH
Sponsor, the Class of January, 1932



WILLIAM THEODORE DILLAS

*As Washington led us through storm and
through strife,
So "Bill" led us on through our staid
senior life.*

President, Senior Class, '32; Biology Club, '29, '30, '31, President, '29, '30; Engineering Club, '28; Boys' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31; Debating Team, '30; Gym Club, '29, '30.

JEANNE IRENE BAGNALL

*In everything she did excel.
This girl who did her work so well.
Secretary, Senior Class, '32; Secretary, New Senior Class, '31; Co-C-Hi, '29, '30, '31; Treasurer '31, Secretary '31; Freshman Sponsor, '29, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Hockey, Tennis, Baseball, Golf, Hiking, Swimming.*

IDA LORETTA BISCHOFF

*In deeds, a gracious leader,
In sports, none could exceed her.*

Vice-President, Senior Class, '32; Vice-President, New Senior Class, '31; La Castilla, '28, '29, '30, '31, Honorary Member; Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, Girls' Sports Reporter, '31, Contributing Artist, '31; Girls' Athletic Association; Captain, Champion Baseball Team, '30, Winner Swimming Meet, '31, Hockey, Golf, Tennis, Captain ball, Hiking.

CLEO VAUGHAN BARNHART

*This boy was gay, and oh, so tall.
He followed none—he led in all.*

President, New Seniors, '31; Chemistry Club, '31, '32; Boys' Literary Society, '30, '31; Committee of Twenty, '30, '31; Student Council, '28, '29.

SAM SCHNEIDER

*Sam's our doughty treasurer
Who takes our hard-earned dues.
Yet such a pleasant lad is he,
He cannot give us blues.*

Treasurer, Senior Class, '32; Treasurer, New Senior Class; Track, '29, '30; Library Assistant.

GENEVIEVE ALICE SHELTON

*Let us praise our editor
Who studies hard each day;
Though in her lessons she excels,
She's not averse to play.*

Co-C-Hi, '29, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, Typist, '31, Editor-in-Chief, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Golf, Hockey, Baseball, Captain ball.

RUTH LILIAN BURNETT

*To every good purpose
She was a slave.
The best within her
To Central she gave.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; La Castilla,
'29, '30; Co-C-Hi, '30; School Play,
'32; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking,
Tennis, Baseball, Captain ball.
School Play, '32*

JAMES PROSSER

*He is not of the type that claims honor,
But of the class that Honor claims.
Athletic Council, '30, '31, President,
'31; Tennis, '29, '30, '31; Baseball,
30, '31.*

JEANETTE RUDMAN

*Hers was the honor of hard tasks well
done;
Worth her weight in gold in more ways
than one.
Athenæum, '30, '31; Treasurer, '30,
Vice-President, '30, Secretary, '31,
Classical Club, '30, '31, Secretary, '30,
'31; Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30,
'31, President, '30, Secretary, '30,
Treasurer, '31; Co-C-Hi, '28, '29, '30,
'31, Freshman Sponsor, '29, '30, '31,
Chairman, '30; News Staff, '31, Associate
Editor, '31, RED AND BLACK
Staff, '31; Commencement Program, '31;
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Captain ball, Hiking, Golf; Student
Council, '29; Washington University
Scholarship.*

CHARLOTTE V. ROBINSON

*In every lesson and phase she excels;
Yes, even in jokes which she cheerfully
tells.*

Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, President, '31; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31, Secretary '31, President '31, Freshman Sponsor, '31, Chairman '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, Joke Editor, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Swimming, Captain ball.
School Play, '32

SIDNEY H. ROSENSTROCH

*His voice roared through old Central's
halls,
It stirred us all; it shook the walls.
Glee Club, '29, '30; La Castilla, '31;
Boys' Literary Society, '30, '31.*

EDNA CHRISTINE WEINMANN

*Always willing to lend a hand
Whene'er her help was in demand.
RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, Typist;
Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking,
Swimming, Baseball,
School Play, '32*





ELMER WILLIAM GLOER

*With fun and frolic all day long,
He liked to follow the happy throng.
Chemistry Club, '30, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31; Gym Club, '29, '30, '31, Co-Sponsor, '30.
School Play, '32*

MARIE LOUISE HENKE

*Marie plays golf;
She plays quite well;
She may beat Jones—
You never can tell.*

Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, President '31; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31; Freshman Sponsor, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Tennis, Golf, Baseball, Captain ball; Class Play, '31, School Play, '32.

MAXINE PEMBERTON

*I did my duty;
I did not sleep.
In Youth, I sowed;
In Age, I'll reap.*

Art Appreciation Club, '28, '29, '30, '31, Vice-President, '30; Athenæum, '29; Co-C-Hi, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Swimming, Hockey, Hiking, Golf, Tennis, Baseball, Captain ball; Student Council, '29.

PETE STEVE KELEMEN

*On the gridiron this husky was a star
For his work was high above par.
Athletic Council, '30, '31; Baseball, '29, '30, '31, Captain; Football, '29, '30, '31.*

LOUIS REICHENBACH

*Another Patrick Henry in the making;
Of that man's fiery eloquence partaking.
Orchestra, '30, '31, Librarian, '31; Band, '31; Chemistry Club, '30, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '30, '31; Debating Team, '31; Gym Club, '31; School Play, '32.*

DOLORES GREGORY WENTZ

*"Dee" edits the News.
We owe her a toast;
Soon she will be
Editor of the Post.*

Biology Club, '30; News Staff, '31, Editor-in-Chief, '31; Class Play, '29, '30, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Baseball, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Captain ball; School Play, '32.

CATHERINE ROSALINE
GAROFALO

*As pretty and lovely
As the first rose of Spring;
And quite as much pleasure
To us did she bring.*

La Castilla, '31; Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31; Vice-President, '31; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31; Freshman Sponsor, '30, '31; News Staff, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Golf, Baseball; Student Council, '29; School Play, '32.

ISADORE S. WEINSTEIN

*His days are never dark as night,
His skies are always clear and bright.
Glee Club, '31, '32; La Castilla, '29,
'30, '31, '32; Baseball, '29, '31.*

ALBERT CARL RAU

*"Do a good deed every day;
Be prepared in every way."
Is what this Boy Scout would say.
Glee Club, '30, '31, Treasurer, '31;
Basketball, '30, '31.
School Play, '32*

RUTH ELIZABETH YADON

*A nickname ne'er did fit so well,
As "Sweetie" suits this fair young belle.
Biology Club, '30; News Staff, '31;
Girls' Athletic Association, Swimming,
Tennis, Hockey, Hiking, Captain ball,
Baseball, Class Winner in Swimming;
School Play, '32.*

MILDRED LEE WEIGLE

*Sewing was her greatest dream;
Like Betsy Ross she sewed each seam.
Chemistry Club, '30, '31; Girls' Ath-
letic Association, Hiking, Baseball, Golf.*

VINCENT MERRIL SCHMIDT

*In every field this lad will progress;
An attempt by him will mean Success.*





ROBERT B. BLUMBERG

*Bob Blumberg always seems to me
Without a care and fancy free.*

Gym Club, '28, '29, Secretary, '29; La Castilla, '29; Track, '31; Basketball, '29, '31 Football, '29, '31.

DOROTHY JUNGE FIGART

*Although she's quiet and reserved,
Much praise this maiden has deserved.
La Castilla, '29, '31; Girls' Athletic
Association, Golf, Hockey, Hiking, Base-
ball, Captain ball.*

DORIS ROSENTHAL

*Singing was her chief delight,
Like an actor she would pose.
We could not help but give applause
Whene'er her song came to a close.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Hiking.*

NATHAN BERMAN

*With a football this man played the
game,
Gaining for himself a well-earned fame.
Football, '30, '31; Basketball, '31.*

LOUIS PECHERSKY

*Much praise he won as an athlete;
Let us also praise his dancing feet.
La Castilla, '30; Baseball, '31.*

ELIZABETH ANN GAAL

*From crown of head to tip of toe,
This Senior always looks just so.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.*

WILMA I. ASELmann

*Her tasks are many,
Her shirkings few;
She was always asking
For more to do.*

Orchestra, '28, '29; Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, '32; Art Appreciation Club, '29, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hockey, Baseball, Hiking, Swimming, School Play, '32

RUBIN RICHARD WOLLACH

*Rubin wins many trophies;
It's just his luck it seems.
In baseball and in other games
He's on the winning teams.*

Glee Club, '30, '31; Chemistry Club, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '29; Intramural Volley ball Champions, '31; Intramural Baseball Champions, '31; Intramural Basketball Champions, '30.

JOHN SCHWARTZ

*In this lad of noble mien we find,
Gentleness and intelligence combined.
Glee Club, '29, '30, '31, Librarian, '31.*

LUCILLE E. MATTHEWS

*With rhythm, grace, and perfect poise.
Her dancing feet made a tapping noise.
Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Golf, Baseball.*

ALENE K. RICHARDSON

*Fair of form and fair of face,
Full of charm and full of grace.*

Art Appreciation Club, '28, '29, '30; Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, Secretary, '30; La Castilla, '30, '31, Honorary Member; Girls' Athletic Association; School Play, '32.

EDWARD BENJAMIN WALTERS

*If Edward had been Washington, instead,
I know that he would truthfully have
said,
"Father, 'twas I who cut that cherry
tree."*

Biology Club, '29, '30; Boys' Literary Society, '31.





GEORGE JOHN SPAHN

*No task was too difficult for him to face.
There is much character in this little space.*

Glee Club, '30, '31; Student Council, '29.

LEAH VIRGINIA CRANDELL

*Full of mirth and always gay,
Her smile chased the gloom away.*

Art Appreciation Club, '28, '29, '30, '31; Biology Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hockey, Swimming, Baseball, Hiking.

BERNICE CATHRYN POLLIHAN

*Quiet, kind, and always jolly
Is this lass whom we call "Polly."*

Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.

ROBERT GRIBLING

*Quiet and very friendly,
Liked by one and all;
But when he's in the classroom
You should hear him stall.*

Indian Archaeology Club, '28; Engineering Club, '29, '30; Biology Club, '29; Gym Club, '28.

JACK SILK

*Jack's hair is "Silk"; it has a wave;
'Tis hair that makes the lassies rave.
La Castilla, '30, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '31.*

BERNICE SCHULZ

*Simple and kind,
Quiet and coy—
Being polite
Was to her a joy.*

Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Baseball.

MELBA RUPP

*As dainty as a lily of the valley;
Her merits would be difficult to tally.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.*

HUBERT JOHN TURNER

*With the skill and technique of a great
musician;
To compose music is his greatest ambi-
tion.
Glee Club, '29, '30, 31, News Rep-
resentative, '30, '31.
School Play, '32.*

SAM SALVADORE CUSUMANO, JR.

*Quiet, yet on learning bent;
Earnestly on his quest he went.
Chemistry Club, '31, '32, News Rep-
resentative.*

SOPHIE RACHUBKA

*She's like a maid of long ago;
She's quiet and graceful and likes to sew.
La Castilla, '31; Girls' Athletic Asso-
ciation, Baseball, Hockey.*

LOUISE RUTH RUNYAN

*Quiet, gentle, and kind,
Also lofty in mind.
Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Tennis,
Hiking, Baseball.
School Play, '32*

IRVING G. GALLER

*Missing a question was one of his fears;
In the classroom he was all "Ears".
La Castilla, '31; Boys' Literary Society,
'29, '30, '31; Intramural Volley ball
Champions, '30, '31.*





HAROLD A. SIEMSEN

*Although he's not been with us long,
He has shown a character strong.
Chemistry Club, '30, '31, Vice-President, '31; La Castilla, '31.*

LEAH DUGGAN

*A birdie whispered in my ear
That he heard Leah say
She'd like to sing o'er the microphone
When she grows up some day.
School Play, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball.*

ROSE TANNENBAUM

*It would take a year or more
To name her graces o'er.
Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31;
Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Baseball, School Play, '32.*

OSCAR A. FELDMAN

*Oscar plays tennis
With grace and with ease.
If it were a subject,
He'd surely get "E's."
Orchestra, '28, '29, '30, '31; Chemistry Club, '31; Aeronautical Club, '31; La Castilla, '31; Track, '28; Tennis, '30, '31, Doubles Champion, '31.*

HYMAN MORRISS KOENIG

*In every task this lad held his own;
Thus are the seeds of industry sown.
Boys' Literary Society, '31.*

ROSE L. RACOWSKY

*Brilliant rays came from her auburn hair;
But her presence sent out rays more fair.
Biology Club, '28; Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31, Secretary, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking, Baseball, Captain ball.*

CORA BERNICE SNELSON

*Always ready to help all.
Be the task large or small.
Girls' Athletic Association.
School Play, '32.*



HARRY KRUVAND

*Mischievous, jovial, also spry;
Four years he played at Central High.
Chemistry Club, '31.*

BEN J. NEWLAND

*Don't be surprised if you see
The faculty submerged in tears,
Ben Newland is leaving them
And he's been at Central for years.
Chemistry Club, '31; Indian Archaeology
Club, '28; Engineering Club, '29, 30;
Biology Club, '29; Gym Club, '28.*

MARIE VIOLET DIERBERGER

*On the diamond "Lefty" showed her
best;
In the classroom, too, she led the rest.
Co-C-Hi, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation, Swimming, Hockey, Golf, Ten-
nis, Hiking, Baseball, Captain ball;
School Play, '32.*

LUCILE GLADYS WEIGLE

*Had she lived in days of old,
Undoubtedly our Lucile
Could have danced with grace and ease
The old Virginia Reel.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, Librarian, '30,
Vice-President, '31; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation, Golf, Tennis, Hockey, Swim-
ming, Baseball, Hiking.
School Play, '32.*

JAMES WALTER SHIRLEY

*This bashful lad called "Jimmie" Shirley
Is always known by hair that's curly.*



KENNETH OTIS HANSON

*The Beau-Brummel
Of Central High,
The envy of boys
Who are gawky and shy.*

Committee of Twenty, '30, '31; News Staff, '31, Assistant Business Manager, '31; Engineering Club, '28, '29, '30, '31; President, '29, '30; Student Council, '29; Cheer leader, '30, '31; Baseball, '30, Manager, '31.

BESSIE SHECTMAN

*Priscilla's grace
And lovely form
Were her assets;
And also charm.*

Classical Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Tennis, Hiking, Baseball.

LUCILLE MARIAN KETTLES

*Wherever Jeanne Bagnall was seen
"Lou" Kettles certainly had been,
For both were wise and both were true;
They worked as one, though they were
two.*

Co-C-Hi, '29, '30, '31, '32; Freshman Sponsor, '29, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Hockey, Golf, Tennis, Baseball.

WILLIAM EDWARD GUETEBIER

*He had a will this fellow called "Bill.",
And what he will, this fellow will.
Biology Club, '29, '30, Treasurer, '29.*

EDWARD A. LANGLEBEN

*'Tis not the quantity of words that you
say,
'Tis the impression you leave as you
pass that way.
La Castilla, '29.*

ESTHER CAROLYN KASSING

*The light of her smile,
And the blue of her eyes
Prove to be happy
Is always wise.*

La Castilla, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hockey, Baseball.

FLORENCE ROSALIE PROBST

*Her friends are many; her wants are few;
There are many things which she can do;
Best of all, paddle her own canoe.*

ISADORE DARISH

*Life for him is a world of joy;
What a happy, lucky boy.
Chemistry Club, '31.*

WILSON WILLIAM HOUSE

*Although he's shy as he can be,
His virtues exceed his modesty.
Committee of Twenty, '30, '31; Engi-
neering Club, '28, '29, '30.*

MARY ELIZABETH STARKE

*Today I'll smile and laugh and play;
Tomorrow is another day.
La Castilla, '29, '31; Girls' Athletic
Association, Tennis, Hockey, Dulcimer,
'31.
School Play, '32*

VIRGINIA ROSE NAGEL

*The smallest girl in the Senior Class,
But still, believe me, she's quite a lass.
Dulcimer, '32; Biology Club, '30; Girls'
Athletic Association, Swimming, Hiking,
Baseball.
School Play, '32*

LEON JAMETON

*Deftly skilled and versatile;
With a modest mien and kindly smile.
Band, '30, '31; Chemistry Club, '29,
'30, '31; President, '31; Boys' Literary
Society, '29, '30, '31; Committee of
Twenty, '30, '31; Secretary, '30, '31;
Engineering Club, '29; Track, '31;
School Play, '32.*





RENE DAVID LANG

*With the manliness of Lafayette
He attained the height that he had set.
School Play, '32.*

RUTH BERNICE HASSEMER

*This is Ruth,
"Mutzie" for "short",
Good in mind.
Tender at heart.*

Dulcimer, '30, '31; Treasurer, '31;
La Castilla, '31; Girls' Literary Society,
'30, '31; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31; Girls'
Athletic Association, Swimming, Hockey,
Tennis, Golf, Baseball, Hiking, Captain
ball.

School Play, '32

GENEVA FERN STEVENSON

*Toiling and spinning
'Till her task was done;
Faithful was she
As Martha Washington.*

Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hockey.
School Play, '32

HARRY G. FIGLER

*May his gentleness with him remain;
For gentle words are always gain.
Chemistry Club, '31.*

ESPER ROMETO

*An Italian grande full of romance;
Charm and grace he brings to each
dance.*

Boys' Literary Society, '31.
School Play, '32

SUSAN MARY WAGNER

*In the classroom she was quiet;
On the diamond she was a "riot."*

Girls' Athletic Association, Hockey,
Baseball, Captain ball, Swimming.
School Play, '32



LILLIAN EDITH INSKEEP

*Talented, yet sedate and serene;
Highly each friend did this lass esteem.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Swimming, Hiking.*

JOE J. DETTLING

*The best remedy known
For an attack of the blues
Is Joe Dettling in person
Or his strip in the News.
News Staff, '30, '31. Art Editor, Car-
toonist; Baseball, '30.*

JACK W. KYMPTON

*This lad didn't ask much of life;
Just a high-school diploma to face its
strife.*

VINCENT JAMES VENTIMIGLIA

*One so earnest in his quest
Will find what is denied the rest.*

CHARLES DICRISPINO

*Dark-eyed Charles, with raven hair,
Had a talent for music, passing fair.
Orchestra, '30, '31.*

DONALD ECTON HUEY

*His rosy cheeks and gentle smile
Win for him much affection;
Yet all the lassies envy him
For his "school girl complexion."
Engineering Club, '28, '29, '30. Vice-
President, '30; Football, '31.*

HARRY BASS

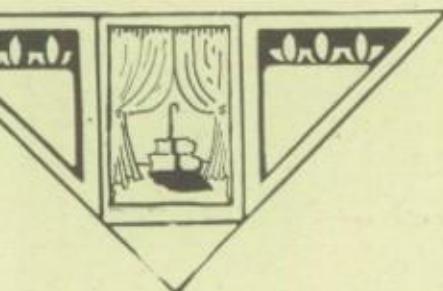
*Always jolly and likes to play;
Mischief his merry eyes portray.
Orchestra, '30, '31; Biology Club, '31.*

SAMUEL LANDE

*Merry, and his humor was the best;
He led us all in joking and in jest.
La Castilla, '29, '30.*

MELVIN WILLIAM GRAWE

*Each person's friendship I retain;
My tongue within my lips I rein.*



HYMAN FISHMAN

*Sometimes he was a naughty boy
And little pranks he would enjoy.*

I AM YOUTH

By John Kuich, '32

*I am Youth.
My mother is Time;
My father is grim Death;
But I am Youth.
I am impatient;
I wait only for time.
The hope of the future world rests upon me.
I may pass;
I may fail;
I may lose;
I may win;
My associates may be good;
My associates may be bad;
But nevertheless the world watches
And stops for the passing of Youth.*





LORRAINE LOWRY
Sponsor, the Class of June, 1932



JOHN PERL

Though seldom men have names describing them,

No one can e'er deny that Perl's a gem.
President of Senior Class, '32; Boys' Literary Society, '31, '32; Committee of Twenty, '30, '31, '32; Vice-President, '31; President, '31; Geography Club, '31; President, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, '32; Business Manager, '31, '32; Harvard Book Award, '31; School Play, '32.

DOROTHY BURMEISTER

I can't write much about this "Dot"
For I haven't space to write a lot.

Secretary, Senior Class, '32; Committee of Sixes, '31; Athenæum, '31, '32; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32; Oratorical Contest, '31; News Staff, Associate Editor, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, '32; Art and Literary Assistant, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Hockey, Tennis; School Play, '32.

LETHA HUGHES

First in work and sports and play
Letha's busy all the day.

Vice-President, New Seniors, '31; Vice-President, Seniors, '32; Committee of Sixes, '31; Dulcimer, '29; Athenæum, '30, '32; Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31, '32; Vice-President, '31; President, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, School Varsity Hockey Squad, Baseball, Swimming, Tennis, Captain ball, Golf, Hiking, School Play, '32.

JIM HADGICOSTAS

If you should ever seek a synonym
For vim and vigor, all you need is
"Jim."

President, New Senior Class, '31; La Castilla, '31, '32; Classical Club, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '29, '30, '32; Interscholastic Debating Team, '31, '32; Committee of Twenty, '31, '32; Vice-President, '31; Co-editor of the school Times, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31; Track manager, '31; Football manager, '30, '31; Interscholastic League Board Representative, '31, '32.

ARTHUR KUHNERT

It is his job,
But it's a bore
To take our cash
And leave us poor.

Treasurer, Senior Class, '32; Treasurer, New Senior Class, '31; La Castilla, '30, '31, '32; Secretary, '32; Committee of Twenty, '30, '31, '32; Treasurer, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '30, '31, '32; Advertising Manager, '31, '32; Inter-class Baseball Champions, '31.

RUTH ECOFF

A ready smile for everyone
Brings her love and lots of fun.

New Senior Class, Secretary; Biology Club, '30, '31; La Castilla, '31, '32; Aeronautical Club, '30; Classical Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Hockey, Swimming, Tennis, Hiking.

OPAL ROBINSON

*The beauties that your name implies
We see reflected in your eyes.*

Orchestra, '28, '29, '30; Art Appreciation Club, '29, '30; Biology Club, '29, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hiking, Tennis. Summer School Graduate

HYLDA CROFTS

*A winning smile, a ready wit;
Describing Hylda Crofts—that's it!*

Committee of Sixes, '31; Biology Club, '31, '32; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32; Athenaeum, '29, '30, '31, '32. Secretary, '31; News Representative, '31; RED AND BLACK Staff, '29-'32. Assistant Poetry Editor, '30; Club Editor, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association; Baseball, Hockey, Golf, Hiking. Captain ball; French Club, '32; School Play, '32.

JOHN ALEXANDER

*Ready to answer any call
Or any question, great or small.*

Boys' Literary Society, '31, '32; News Staff, '32; RED AND BLACK Staff, '32. Advertising Manager, '32.

SOL MARGOLIN

*He plans to go to college if he can,
And then become a high-class business man.*

Glee Club, '29, '30, '31; Committee of Twenty, '31, '32; Boys' Literary Society, '31, '32; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, '32. Assistant Business Manager, '31, '32; Geography Club, '31.

MINNIE LEONA JENNINGS

*She is so quiet and demure
She's like a Quaker maiden pure.*

Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31, '32; RED AND BLACK Staff, '32. Typist, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, School Varsity Hockey Squad, Baseball, Swimming, Golf, Hiking. Captain ball.

JEANNETTE E. BEARD

*In gladness great, in wisdom mighty,
None ever called this person flighty.*

Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31, '32. News Representative, '30. President, '31. Treasurer, '32; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32. Treasurer, '31, '32; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, '32; Joke Editor, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.





VIRGINIA HERSCHEL

*If Alden's Priscilla was shy and demure,
Our quiet Virginia's her counterpart,
sure.*

RED AND BLACK Staff, '32, Typist,
'32; Girls' Athletic Association, Captain
ball.

HELEN WILKINSON

*Her piquant face and charming way
Could surely grace the minuet.
Girls' Athletic Association.*

JOHN KUICH

*He can turn each care into a joy.
For he's a jesting, laughing boy.
Glee Club, '28, '29, '30; La Castilla,
31, '32; Football Letter, '31.*

JOHN GRIBLING

*Always gay and frivolous,
So polite and chivalrous.*

RAE LONDE

*Calm and untroubled, hers was the joy
Of those who usefully their time enjoy.
Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31; La
Castilla, '29; Girls' Athletic Associa-
tion, Volley Ball, Swimming, Tennis.
Summer School Graduate.*

RUTH LUTZ

*Her fingers fly about the keys;
She types a perfect page with ease.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; La Castilla,
'30; RED AND BLACK Staff, '31, Typ-
ist, '31; Girls' Athletic Association,
Baseball, Captain ball; School Play, '32.*

SOPHIE NACHOWIAK

*When pupils study after fun,
Sophie's work is surely done.*
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Golf, Captain ball.

LOUISE STIFEL

*A charming maiden quite serene,
Held by all in high esteem.*
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, '32; Girls'
Athletic Association, Golf; School Play,
'32.

OLIVER LUETTEKE

*Bill and Ollie—very shy—
Will be together till they die.*
Football, '31.
Summer School Graduate.

FRED ARNOLD

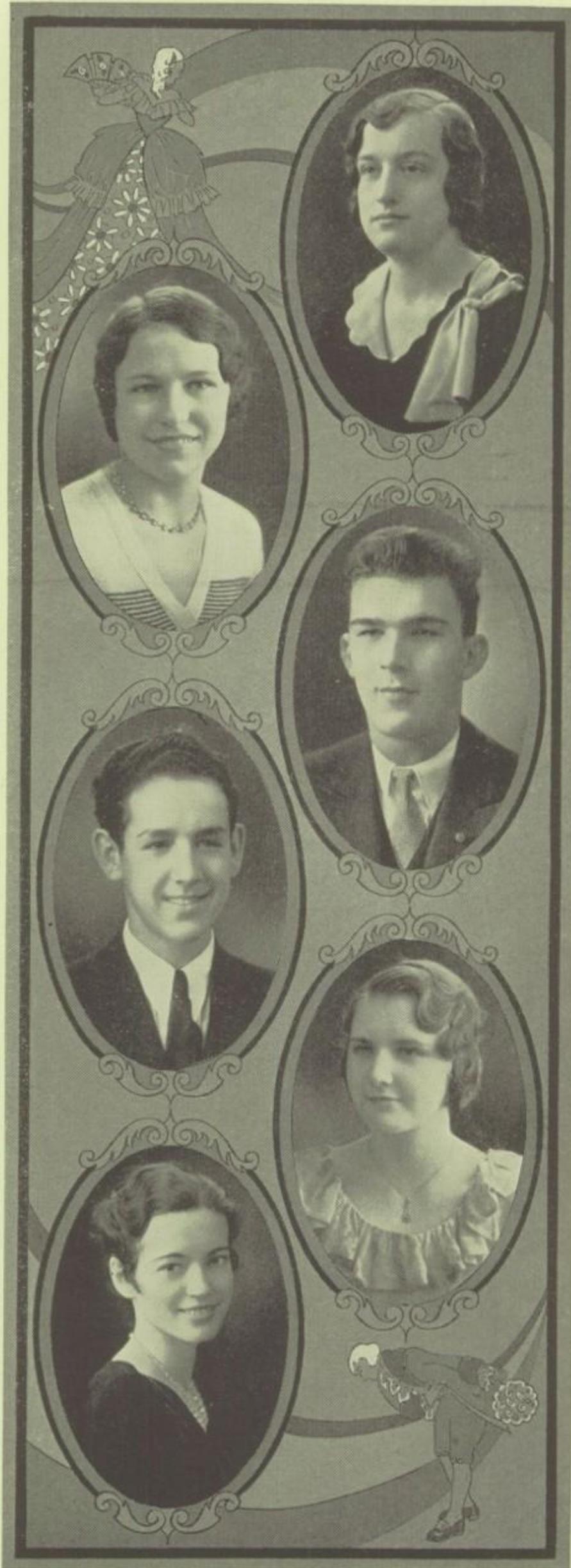
*A bit of good, a bit of bad,
And all the rest that makes a lad.*
Summer School Graduate.

LA RUE CAMFIELD

*How we laugh at the jokes
This lassie can tell;
That's one of the reasons
We like her so well.*
Dulcimer, '29; Athenæum, '29, '30,
'31, '32; Vice-President '31, Secretary,
'32; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32; RED AND
BLACK Staff, '32, Advertising Composi-
tor, '32, Associate Editor, '32; Girls'
Athletic Association, School Varsity
Hockey Squad, Baseball, Captain ball,
Swimming, Tennis, Golf, Hiking;
School Play, '32.

WILMA WRIGHT

*To see her dance is quite a sight
In everything Miss Wilma's "Wright."*
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; Biology Club,
'28, '29; Girls' Athletic Association,
Baseball, Tennis.





HAROLD THOMPSON

*He has a brilliant smile, a fatal charm,
That causes many Central maids alarm.
La Castilla, '32; News Staff, '31, '32;
Class Play, '31; School Play, '32;
Interclass Basketball Champions, '32.*

OMEGA COURTWRIGHT

*Clever at anything under the sun.
As a student in Latin, she's A-number-1.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, '32; Classical Club,
'29, '30, '31, '32, President, '30, '31.
Vice-President, '31; News Representative,
'29; Girls' Literary Society, '29,
'30; Co-C-Hi, '30, '31, '32; Girls'
Athletic Association, Baseball, Swimming,
Golf, Tennis, Hiking. Captain
ball; School Play, '32.*

VIRGINIA MARIE HAMMERSTEIN

*This girl in mind and spirit bright.
Delights above all else to write.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, '32; News
Representative, '31; News Staff, Associate
Editor, '31, Editor, '32; RED AND BLACK Staff, Senior Representative,
'32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Hockey, Swimming, Hiking; School
Play, '32.*

HUGO MUELLER

*With square set shoulders and level head
The path to great success he'll tread.
Aéronautical Club, '30, '31, President,
'31; La Castilla, '31; Boys' Literary
Society, '31, '32; Interscholastic Debating
Team, '32; School Play, '32.*

EDWARD CANEPA

*To use long words is his delight,
And furthermore, they're mostly right.
Glee Club, '29, '30, '31; La Castilla,
'30, '31; Committee of Twenty, '30,
'31, '32, President, '32, Treasurer, '31;
News Staff, '32; Football, '31; School
Play, '32.*

ERNESTINE FREIBURGHaus

*Like the lass of the pine-tree shilling
In the tale of old,
Ernestine, whom we revere,
Is worth her weight in gold.
Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, '32,
Secretary, '30, '31; Biology Club, '28;
Dulcimer, '28, '31; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32,
Secretary, '32; Girls' Athletic Association,
Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Hiking;
School Play, '32.*

HARRY INGRAM

*Harry had a twin,
Harold was his name;
We can't tell which is which—
They are so much the same.*
Gym Club, '28, '29; Student Council,
'28.
Summer School Graduate.

CLARA BINDER

*When Clara Binder joins the crowd,
We get prepared to laugh out loud.*
Girls' Literary Society, '31, '32; Girls'
Athletic Association, Hockey, Tennis.

EILEEN REITZ

*In self-control Eileen is so fine.
I wish that the poise she possesses were
mine.*
Athenæum, '31, '32; Girls' Literary
Society, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Asso-
ciation, Hockey, Swimming, Golf, Cap-
tain ball, Baseball, Hiking; School Play,
'32.

JAKE MATHES

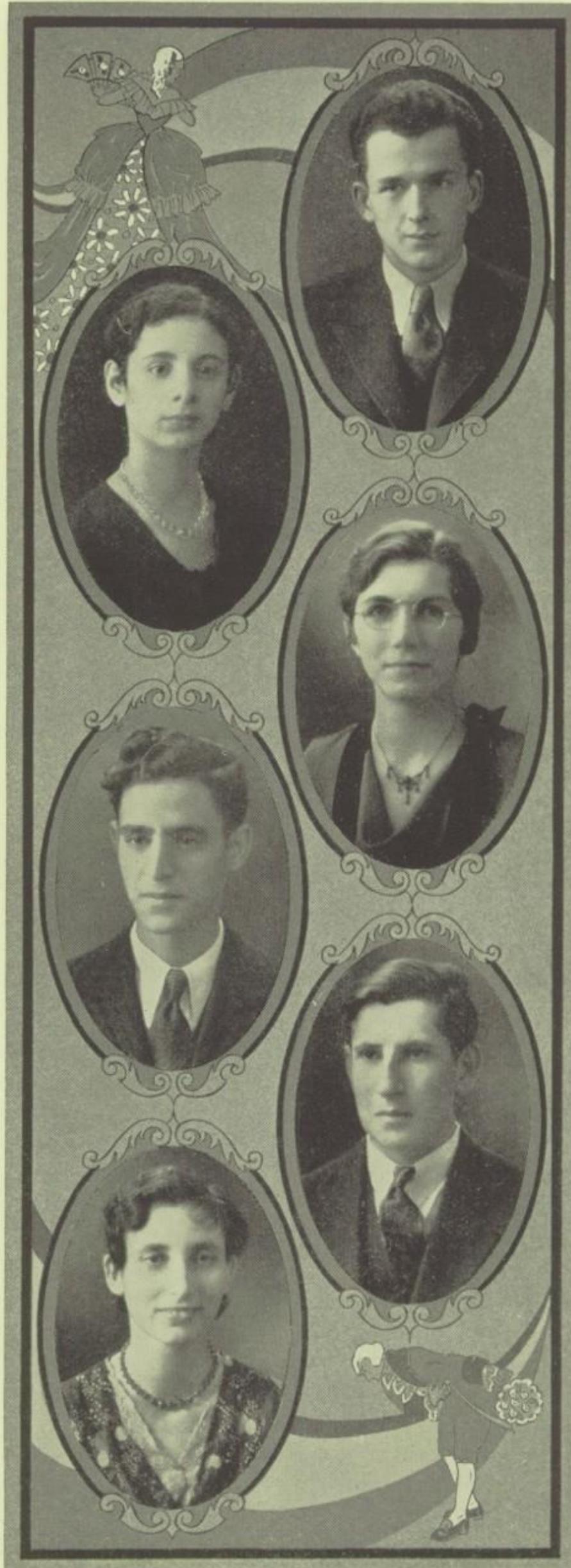
*Quite the minuteman is he—
Just a minute late you see.*
Chemistry Club, '31, '32.

MORRIS PADRATZIK

*This boy so saving with his words and
cash
The gates of wealth and fame some day
may crash.*

SABENA GIANNINI

*When she stepped smiling up to bat,
Each player promptly doffed her hat.*
Athenæum, '29, '30; RED AND BLACK
Staff, Typist, '31; Girls' Athletic Asso-
ciation, School Varsity Hockey Squad,
Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Captain ball;
School Play, '32.





RICHARD WARNER

*Charm flashed through the room each time he smiled;
His hair drove Central's lassies fairly wild.*

Gym Club, '28, '29; Interclass Baseball Champions, '31; Football Numeral, '31; First Place, Physical Efficiency Test, '28, Third Place, '30.

DOROTHY BRATTON

*Very amiable and eager to please,
She wins our friendship with laughing ease.*

Biology Club, '31, '32; Classical Club, '30, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Hockey, Golf, Captain ball, Baseball.

ANITA PITZER

*Within her heart lies kindness true;
Her words and deeds bespeak it, too.
Chemistry Club, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.*

WILLIAM EBBINGHAUS

*He ranked with the best in every way.
For he didn't mind working every day.
Band, '30, '31, '32; Committee of Twenty, '30, '31, '32; Co-Business Manager of News, '31, '32; School Play, '32. Co-Business Manager.*

ROBERT HOLLEY

*With swift feet many races
For Central won Holley:
Above and beyond that,
This boy is quite jolly.*

Gym Club, '31; Track, '29; Third Place, Physical Efficiency Test, '28.

KATHERINE SCHWARTZ

*Modest and retiring as can be,
But full of kindly deeds is she.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Swimming, Hiking.*

JANICE THIERAUF

*In everything she had a part
And did her best with all her heart.*
Dulcimer, '30, '31, '32; Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, '32; Treasurer, '31, Secretary, '32; Co-C-Hi, '31, '32; Athenaeum, '29, '30, '31, '32; President, '31; Vice-President, '31; Classical Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, School Varsity Hockey Squad, Baseball, Tennis, Captain ball, Golf, Hiking, School Play, '32.

HARRY RUNETZKY

*His twinkling eyes to you declare
A merry heart is surely there.*
Glee Club, '29, '30; La Castilla, '30, '31; Boys' Literary Society, '30, '31; School Play, '32.

JULIUS JOURET

*A famous athlete he should be,
Highly renowned from sea to sea.*
Glee Club, '29; Football, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32, Captain, '31; Basketball, '30, '31, '32; Track, '29, '30, '31.

ELIZABETH GLAUSER

*A quite sophisticated miss
Who thinks "when ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."*
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31, '32; Treasurer, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain, School Varsity Hockey Squad, Golf Champion, '31, Tennis, Hiking, Captain ball; School Play, '32.

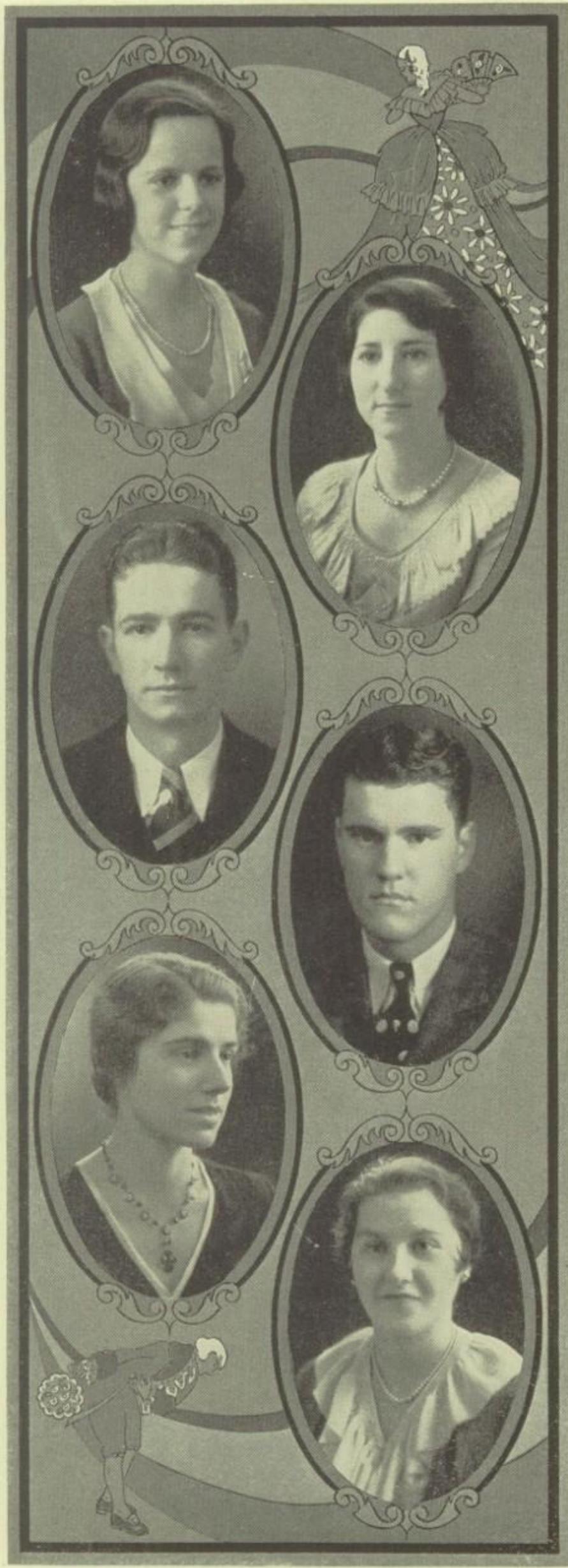
VIRGINIA WEBB

*She laughed her way through life and school
And yet this girl was wise;
She made a host of friends where'er
She cast those sweet blue eyes.*
Art Appreciation Club, '31, '32; La Castilla, '31; Girls' Athletic Association; School Play, '32.

EDWARD GARSTANG

*I do not boast of worthy deeds,
Of virtues rare and true;
I simply do my best each day
And let others the boasting do.*
Chemistry Club, '31, '32, News Representative, '31, President, '32; Boys' Literary Society, '30, '31, '32, Vice-President, '31, President, '32; Interscholastic Debating Team, '31, '32; Committee of Twenty, '31, '32; School Play, '32.





TWILA MARGUERITE ODELL

*We're positive this smiling lass
Won't be forgotten by her class.*

Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Hockey, Swimming, Golf, Hiking, Captain ball.

FLORENCE RABANOVITZ

*In a game of tennis she's really a shark.
The rest of life to her is a lark.*

Chemistry Club, '31, '32, News Representative, '32; Girls' Literary Society, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Doubles Tennis Champion, '31, Baseball, Swimming, Golf.

TOM DUFFY

*In the physics class, an experiment he tries,
To take a nap and yet on tests be wise.
Glee Club, '29, '30, '31, '32, President, '31; La Castilla, '31, '32; Gym Club, '31, '32; School Play, '32.*

ED LONG

*Ed Long is not so tall,
Ed Long is not so short,
But after all, and all in a'l.
He's one of the finest sort.*

Baseball, '31.

MARIE V. POLLACK

*The fair young ladies of the olden days
Ne'er rivaled our Marie in stately ways.*

Dulcimer, '32; La Castilla, '28, '29;
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Hiking; Summer School Graduate.

HELEN ROSSMAN

*She's rather proud of her shining hair,
And it's a crown one might gladly wear.
Dulcimer, '29; La Castilla, '31, '32;
Girls' Athletic Association; School Play,
'32.*

GENE WELSH

*His gentleness and kindness blend,
'Twould not be wrong to call him friend.*

DOROTHY MEYER

*Her face reflects her heart's content,
Her quiet ways and cheery bent.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Hockey, Swimming, Golf, Hiking.*

VERA ATKINSON

*Though quiet, and in stature slight,
She makes her presence felt with might.
Art Appreciation Club, '30; Girls' Ath-
letic Association, Golf, Hiking.*

RUDOLPH AYE

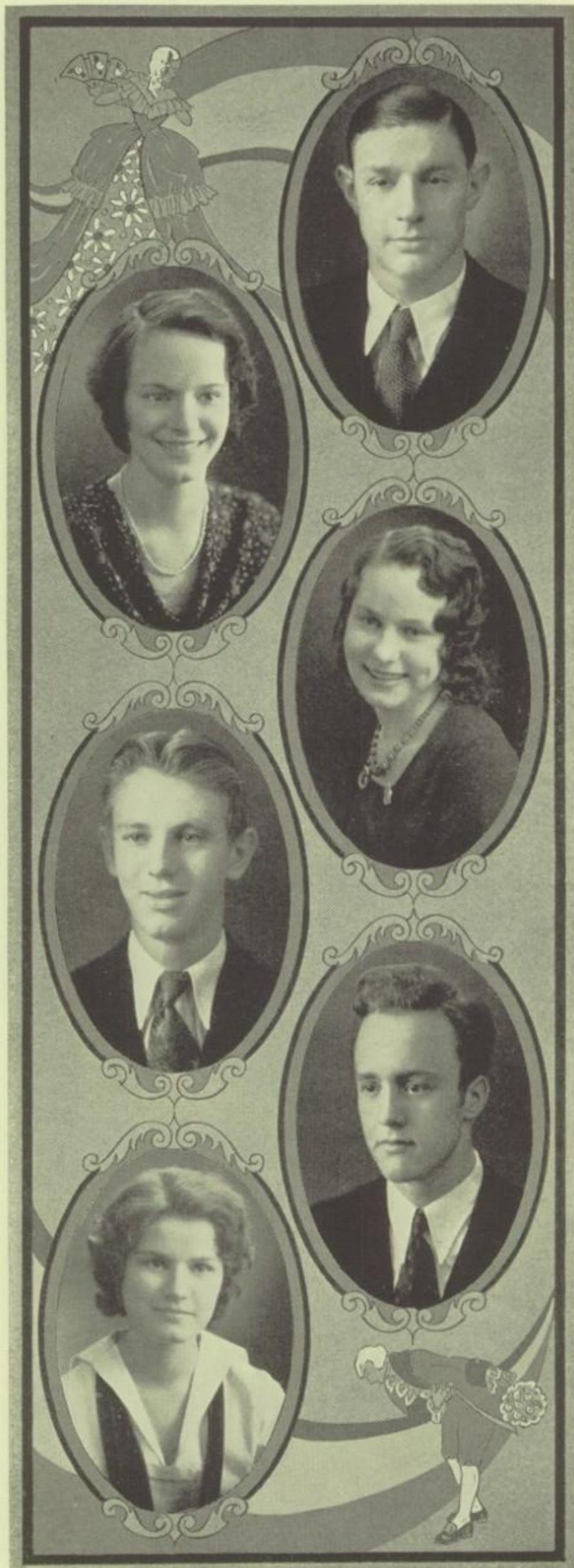
*So very frank and truthful, Aye,
Like Washington, would tell no lie.
Glee Club, '29, '30, '31, '32; Track,
Letter, '31.*

HAROLD YACKEY

*A lad who is not given to noisy ways:
Whose quiet planning much deserves our
praise.*

LOUISE MARLEN

*She's a sweet and happy maid
Ever helping, modest, staid.
Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, '32;
Girls' Athletic Association, School Vars-
ity Hockey Squad, Baseball, Swimming,
Hiking, Captain ball.*





RAY PARKER

*A gentleman in all respects,
One that has but few defects.
Glee Club, '31, '32; La Castilla, '31,
'32.
Summer School Graduate.*

JESSIE FINKLESTEIN

*For any cause she'll gladly fight,
Especially if she thinks it's right.
Dulcimer, '30, '31; Girls' Literary So-
ciety, '29, '30, '31, '32, President, '31,
News Representative, '32; Girls' Athletic
Association, School Varsity Hockey
Squad, Baseball, Swimming, Golf, School
Tennis Champion, '31; Captain ball,
Hiking; School Play, '32.*

MILDRED NANCE

*A worthy member of our class,
She is a fine and lovely lass.
Art Appreciation Club, '29; La Castilla,
'30; Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31;
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,
Captain ball, Golf; School Play, '32.*

DAVE NAX

*Nothing is gained by being shy—
And am I shy? Oh, no, not I!
Glee Club, '29, '30; Biology Club, '28,
'29, '30; Athletic Council, '30, '31,
'32, Vice-President, '31, '32; Interclass
Basketball Champions, '31.*

RICHARD JORDAN

*He has the talent if only he'd use it,
But often this boy does forget and
abuse it.*

HILDA PRICHARD

*She liked to talk
And talk she would,
Not only when she shouldn't
But also when she should.
News Staff, '32; Girls' Athletic Associa-
tion; School Play, '32.*

SELMA BEISNER

*Here's Selma clad in the height of style,
Whose infectious laugh oft made us
smile.*

Art Appreciation Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Swimming, Golf, Hiking, Captain ball; School Play, '32.

MYRTLE DURNING

*Glowing hair and lovely face—
She has beauty as well as grace.*

La Castilla, '30; Girls' Athletic Association.

THOMAS WILLIAM POWERS

*Above all the rest of us
Tall Tom truly towers;
In singing and football
He uses his "Powers".*

Glee Club, '31, '32; Athletic Council, '31, '32; Football, Numeral, '31, Letter, '32; School Play, '32.

HAROLD KARR

*Life to me is balanced measure:
Part is work and part is pleasure.
Summer School Graduate*

MARY SCHLAGER

*A bit of fun, a bit of thought;
A lot of pleasure from life she sought.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.
Summer School Graduate.*

RUTH E. CAMBRON

*Gayly and simply this carefree lass
Brings joy and mirth into our class.
Dulcimer, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Hockey, Swimming, Golf, Tennis, Captain ball, Hiking.*





EUGENE KNOST

Tried and trusty, smiling through;

He's tall and slim; a blondy, too.

Interclass Baseball, '30; Summer School Graduate.

MARY LAZER

With eyes as deep as the proverbial well,

She's even as sweet as a Colonial belle.

Dulcimer, '30, '31; La Castilla, '31,

'32; Athenæum, '31, '32; News Staff,

'32; Typist, '32; Girls' Athletic Asso-

ciation, Baseball, Captain ball, Tennis,

Hiking; School Play, '32.

DELLA RILDA HANDY

In everything this girl is handy,

And words with anyone can bandy.

Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31,

'32; News Representative, '31, Vice-

President, '32; Co-C-Hi, '29, '30, '31;

Athenæum, '29, '30, '31, '32; Chem-

istry Club, '31, '32, Vice-President,

'32; RED AND BLACK Staff, '29, '30,

'31; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking,

Baseball, Captain ball, Hockey, Golf

Tennis; Colonial Dame History Award,

'31.

JOHN WIEDKNECHT

He towered high into the air,

And when, with mammoth stride,

He strode into the classroom, all

The girls looked up and sighed.

Band, '30, Captain, '30.

BEN DELAPLAIN

Because he never seems at rest

We think he has some secret quest.

ANNA ALEXSEVITZ

Anna was a loyal friend—

One on whom we could depend.

Girls' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31;

Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball,

Hockey, Swimming, Tennis.

VLADO BOLANOVICH

*His eyes that are so dark and bright
Sparkle with a merry light.*
Gym Club, '31.

NORMA SCHOENEMANN

*In form quite slender and most lithe;
In disposition always blithe.*
Dulcimer, '30, '31, '32; La Castilla, '30, '31, '32; Vice-President, '31; Athenæum, '31, '32; News Staff; Girls' Athletic Association, Golf, Hockey, Captain ball, Baseball, Swimming, Tennis; Typist, '31, '32; School Play, '32.

GRACE MARIE KELLY

*A disposition sweet has she
Plus winning personality.*
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball; School Play, '32.
Summer School Graduate

HERBERT GOETZ

*Herb's biggest worries are English and
"chem";
The midnight oil he burns o'er them.*
Glee Club, '29, '30; Tennis, '31;
Track, '31.

ADOLPH COHEN

*A manly lad with twinkling eye,
And smiling lips that seldom sigh.*
Chemistry Club, '31, '32; Secretary-Treasurer, '32; Geography Club, '31; School Play, '32.

RUTH PETERSON

*Some win their way with coquette wiles
But she with gentle words and smiles.*
Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Hockey, Swimming, Hiking, Captain ball; School Play, '32.
Summer School Graduate.





LILLIAN BILLINGS

*Although 'tis wrong to disobey,
Lil does it in her own sweet way.
Dulcimer, '29, '30, '31; President, '31;
Student Council, '29; Girls' Athletic
Association, Baseball, Hockey, Swimming,
Golf, Hiking; School Play, '32.*

SAM KESSLER

*To his own affairs he always attends;
A fact that wins him many friends.*

HARRY PAPIRNER

*Papirner has a thirst for further knowledge,
And so expects to make his way through college.
Gym Club, '31; Football, Letter, '29,
Basketball Numeral, '30.*

RUTH PIERCE

*A charming maiden so they say;
One who is serious and not too gay.
Dulcimer, '31, '32; School Play, '32.*

ELEANOR WANGER

*Modest and retiring as can be,
And full of serious thoughts is she.
Chemistry Club, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic
Association, Baseball, Captain ball.*

DAVE LOITERSTEIN

*His quiet ways and gentlemanly mien
Are approved by all, 'tis plain to be seen.
La Castilla, '31, '32; Boys' Literary
Society, '29, '30.*

CHRIST EFTHIM

*His ponderous voice adds weight
To each fact that he doth state.
Engineers' Club, '29, '30.*

VIVIAN SCHENCK

*Her manner that charms,
Her voice that's so sweet,
Do readily bring
The world to her feet.*

Art Appreciation Club, '29, '30; Biology Club, '29, '30; Athenæum, '31, '32, President, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Captain ball, Hiking; School Play, '32.

LILLIAN BATHKE

*She tripped through life gayly
On small dancing feet,
Without her bright presence
No party's complete.*

Dulcimer, '30, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball, Hiking, Hockey; School Play, '32.

HENRY FRIEDMAN

*His short, dark hair has such a curl,
"I wish 'twere mine," sighs many a girl.
Chemistry Club, '32.*

VIRGIL NOTTBUSCH

*Serious minded?
Well I don't know—
Although his work
Is done just so.*

Committee of Twenty, '30, '31, '32; Co-Business manager of News, '31, '32; Co-Business manager of School Play, '32.

JULIA STRINNI

*Small Julia is adept in many things;
Her praises each friend readily sings.
Dulcimer, '30, '31; La Castilla, '31, '32; Athenæum, '31, '32; News Staff, '32, Associate Editor, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball, Hiking; School Play, '32.*





JULIUS HECHT

*Though many a thing he does create,
His desire for achievement he never can
state.*

Glee Club, '31, '32; Chemistry Club, '31, '32; School Play, '32.

GLADYS ANSLEY

*A dainty lass who's poised and calm;
For any hurt her smile's a balm.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.*

ALMA RUTLAND

*"I'm always ready for any pleasure;
A task can wait upon my leisure."*

Classical Club, '30; Biology Club, '30, '31; Athenæum, '29; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball, Hiking, Swimming, Golf, Tennis.

VINCENT WIELAND

*They say he has a scientific mind,
And even that a job he's sure to find.*

SIDNEY ROODMAN

*He never could be called a shirker
Because he is a willing worker.
Interclass Basketball Champions, '31, '32.*

DORIS SCOFIELD

*A lass who's travelled near and far
But who's content 'neath any star.
La. Castilla, '30, '32; Athenæum, '30, '32; Writers' Club, '28; Girls' Athletic Association.*

WILLIAM HEMMERSMEIER

*He is earnest and sincere;
'Twould be hard to find his peer.
Summer School Graduate.*



MARGARET EDWARDS

*Always doing a worthy deed,
She deserves to be called a friend in
need.
RED AND BLACK Staff, Typist, '32;
Girls' Athletic Association.
Summer School Graduate.*

WILMA HAYDEN

*Her hair part red but mostly gold,
Her charm increases manifold.
Co-C-Hi, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation, Baseball, Hockey, Swimming,
Golf, Tennis, Captain ball.*

SAM KREM

*To help you work, or help you laugh,
He's one good partner—and a half.
Glee Club, '29, '30; La Castilla, '29;
Boys' Literary Society, '31, '32.*

PHIL BERGSIEKER

*His will in debate we could not bend
An excellent speaker; a better friend.
Glee Club, '30; Boys' Literary Society,
'30, '31, '32, Treasurer, '31; Inter-
scholastic Debating Team, '31, '32.*

RUTH OVERBECK

*"Rufus" is so dark and brown,
They'd call her an Indian, in Salem
town.
Art Appreciation Club, '31, '32; Girls'
Athletic Association, School Varsity
Hockey Squad, Baseball, Captain ball,
Hiking.*



YETTA SUFFIAN

*This maid has eyes that do express.
Each thought she wishes to impress.*
Chemistry Club, '31, '32; Girls' Literary Society, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Captain ball, Swimming, Golf.

THERESA JUHASZ

*Although she is so very small
Her simple presence charms us all.*
Biology Club, '29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball, Tennis, Hiking, Golf.
Summer School Graduate.

ANGELO J. TSENES

*He is a wizard in debate,
His highest joy is to "orate."*
Art Appreciation Club, '28, '29; Boys' Literary Society, '29, '30; Committee of Twenty, '30, '31, '32, Treasurer, '31. Sergeant-at-Arms, '31; Basketball Manager, '32.

JAMES BRENNAN

*"I'm so sweet," says Jimmy Brennan,
"My name is often mixed with Grennan."*
Gym Club, '29, '30; Chemistry Club, '32.

HAZEL JEFFERSON

*Without being bold, she's ever at ease;
Her perfect assurance and manners please.*
La Castilla, '29; Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.

HASSEL MARIE HALE

*She wrings fairy strains
From her bright violin,
Each time that she tucks it
Beneath her soft chin.*
Orchestra, '29, '30, '31, '32; Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic Association, Hiking; School Play, '32.

JOHN PETERS

An actor on the stage he plans to be—
A little bird once whispered this to me.
Engineers' Club, '28; Student Council,
'28; Class Play, '29, '30, '31; School
Play, '32.

HERBERT MORROS

Herbert is a mighty man;
If he would say, "I will," he can.

JOE INUKAI

Because he comes from a foreign shore,
We admire his talents even more.
Baseball, Numeral, '30.



HYMANN BLASS

The quietest, steadiest in the class,
Was always studious Hyman Blass.

ROBERT MCCORMICK

I've often times longed to be smart as he
Who found it so easy to make an "E".
Orchestra, '30, '31, '32; La Castilla,
'31; Chemistry Club, '30, '31, '32.

MEDICO OCCHI

He liked sports, and sports liked him;
He radiated pep and vim.
Gym Club, '31; Aeronautical Club, '29,
'30, '31.

CLAUDINE PAYNE

Red hair, and sunny disposition—
To make life happy was her mission.
Dulcimer, '30, '31; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation, Baseball, Captain ball.

JULIA DESHERLIA

The questions no one else could answer
She always knew, and rightly too, sir.
Art Appreciation Club, '30, '31; La
Castilla, '30, '31.

MURGE ENGEL

Her laugh resounds throughout the hall;
It ripples high above us all.
Art Appreciation Club, '30; La Castilla,
'29, '30; Girls' Athletic Association,
Baseball, Swimming, Golf, Hockey.

FLOYD LANGE

Our Floyd, short, cute and blonde,
Of track and swimming is very fond.
Glee Club, '29, '30, '31.



LOUIS KOLKER

*We all know Louis, he's quiet, reserved;
The rewards he's got, those rewards he's
deserved.*

JOHN TIERNEY

*A student at St. Louis U. he'll be,
And stay until he gets a real degree.
Glee Club, '31, '32; School Play, '32.*

HERLEN HOPKINS

*He plans to leave the clang of city strife
And follow up the joys of country life.*

EVELYN KITCHEN

*Her dark brown eyes and raven hair,
Go hand in hand, a happy pair.
Biology Club, '30; Geography Club,
'31; Girls' Athletic Association, Tennis,
Baseball.*

WILLIAM BLANKE

*As he led the band
With lordly pride,
"Watch him step,"
Each Centralite cried.
Aeronautical Club, '30, '31, Secretary,
'30, '31, President, '30;
'32.*

IRENE KILIAN

*This quiet lass known as Irene
Has a heart that's gay and an eye serene.
Dulcimer, '31, '32; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation, Baseball; School Play, '32.*

HAROLD BURGESS

*Always modest, but never a prude;
Always courteous and never rude.
La Castilla, '31, '32, Secretary, '32;
Gym Club, '31.*

ESTHER KOCH

*Talented, yet sedate and serene;
Highly each friend did this lass esteem.
Art Appreciation Club, '28; Athenaeum,
'30; Classical Club, '29, '30, '31, '32;
Girls' Literary Society, '30, '31, '32;
Girls' Athletic Association, Hockey,
Baseball.*

LUCIAN HARTMAN

*Lucian will work at any sport,
But not at study of any sort.
Football, '31.*

ANGELINA LUSKAS

*How loudly of her virtues we could sing
And shout her praises till the heavens
ring.
Dulcimer, '32; Girls' Athletic Associa-
tion, Baseball, Captain ball, School Play,
'32.*

MARY WILSON

*Mary—there's a friendly sound to it;
No other girl this name could better fit.
Girls' Athletic Association, Baseball.*

PAUL TAYLOR

*He runs away from books and work;
But fun and parties he won't shirk.*

EDWARD KORKORAN

*He has his plans already checked
To be a leading architect.*

MELVIN GORDON

*Melvin was so mischievous,
He made life gay for the rest of us.
Interclass Baseball Champions, '31.*

JAKE NOVACK

*From books and study halls he'll flee
To seek the gayer company.
Glee Club, '31, '32; La Castilla, '31,
'32, Honorary Member; School Play,
'32.*

OLIVER SCHOLZ

*This lad longs to attend Missouri U.,
And surely do we hope his wish comes
true.
Glee Club, '29, '30.*

ROY SINGER

*If strong ambition paves the way,
Roy Singer will go far some day.*

RUSSELL DIXON

*The reason he will never hurry
It's that he might catch up with worry,
Interclass Baseball Champions, '31.*

CHARLES ZWEIG

*Always happy, always gay!
We wonder how he got that way.*

AUGUST MATRECI

*He's quiet, so as likely as not
This lad may think an awful lot.*

NATHAN YAKOWITZ

*A volley-ball champion is he
In that game he spells efficiency.
Interclass Volley-ball Champions, '31.*

Summer School Graduates

FRANCIS JIRAUCH

*Jirauch we've known not many days,
Yet we've learned to admire his manly
ways.*

LEO GUCCIONE

*A lawyer's life does Leo covet,
With pleas and fees—how he would
love it!
Boys' Literary Society, '29, '30, '31;
Orchestra, '28, '29; Chemistry Club,
'32; La Castilla, '29, '30.*

SAM DE LUCA

*We hear that De Luca is going to
college.
Here's to his plans. May he gain
worlds of knowledge.
La Castilla, '31, '32.
Summer School Graduate*

MEDRIC DARNELL

*He looks to be a prince; and I believe
That in his case looks surely don't
deceive.
Glee Club, '31, '32; School Play, '32.*

VINCENT FORE

*The girls all sigh as he goes down the
hall,
For he's our handsome pitcher of base-
ball.*



WHO'S WHO

See joke section for the answers to these little conundrums



WHO'S WHO
See joke section for the answers to these little conundrums



FAREWELL

By Dorothy Burmeister, '32

"WHEN I was a Freshman—"

Those days seem so far away, and yet so near. And now, a senior at last, one has no desire to strut up and down the corridors. No desire to assume airs, to act patronizing and condescending to the lower classmen, as he once longed to do. He envies them. To you, who think the senior's lot is paradise, let me try to show what it means.

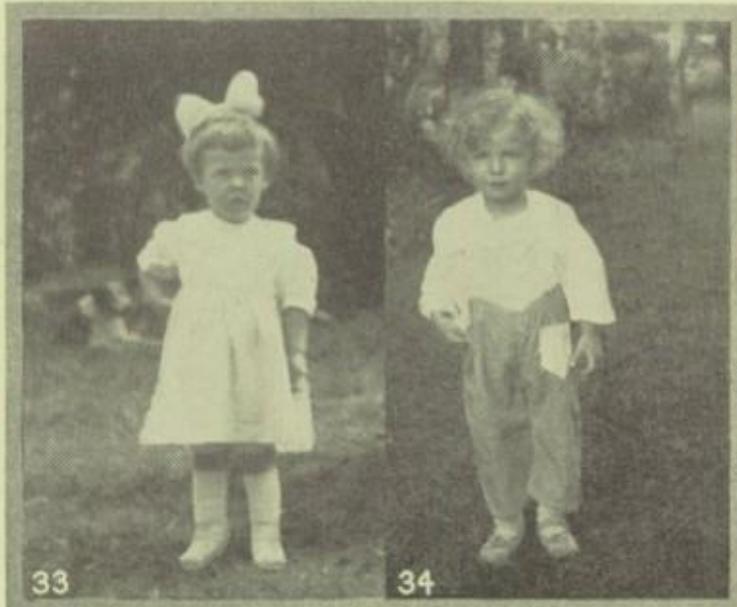
The weeks preceding commencement find the senior the happy center of a gay whirl of excitement. Full days, these, in which commencement plans are perfected, graduation clothes are bought, cards and announcements mailed, accounts closed, tests passed or failed, and countless other things finished. There seem to be a thousand things to do, yet suddenly everything is done and the busy senior finds himself alone with only his thoughts for company. Inevitably they turn to graduation, and for the first time in the past hectic month the real meaning of that long-anticipated occasion strikes home. The senior tells himself with a little feeling of panic that in a few days all this will be over; the four years of his high-school career will be ended, and the countless friendships severed. Unconsciously he reviews one of the many days spent at school.

Suppose we come into school with a senior girl. She rushes into the locker room at twenty-three minutes past eight, pulling off her coat with one hand, and her hat with the other, and enjoying herself immensely. She is greeted with shouts from her classmates. Pandemonium ensues. "Can I borrow your compact?" "Lend me a comb!" "Hurry up, we've only got three minutes!" "Lend me a pair of gym shoes, somebody!" "Captain ball today!"

The senior realizes, with a lump in her throat, that soon there will be no more of this gay camaraderie; no studying before exams, or anticipation after; no more grade cards, no more all "E's"; no more eager waiting for

the RED AND BLACK to come out; no more senior parties; no more club meetings or initiations; no more begging for library slips; no more lunch periods or pep sessions or football games; no more special occasions, like "Washington the Man Who Made Us," with its own poignant memories. The reflecting senior becomes more and more quiet. Classes are in session as he roams about the quiet corridors. He turns in at the aud balcony. Down below the sole occupant of the aud is playing dreamily on a violin. The spring sun shines down through the great windows. Except for the throbbing music, the auditorium is hushed as a cathedral. The senior is unashamed of the mist in his eyes as he turns away, too affected to remain, just as the Editor rushes into the News office with the last edition just returned from the printer, and is greeted with excited cries. The bell rings for the close of school. Happy students rush by, eager to be away; some dash into the library and out again; some loiter on their way to club meetings. Words are flashed back and forth on the air. "See you at the game tomorrow." "Meet me at 1:30." "Don't forget my notebook!" "Come early, Monday." Gradually they all disappear, the voices die away. But the senior lingers. All too soon he, too, must go. He wanders through the empty corridors, patterned now with sunshine and shadow. All is quiet, empty, still... And yet, as he stands, he seems to hear the echoes of the footsteps and voices, joy and laughter of years gone by. How many seniors have stood there before him, sad with the sadness of parting. How many tripping feet, how many laughing voices have echoed in these halls. Voices heard here no more; feet treading far ways.

How many after him will stand in this self-same place, and dream as he is dreaming. After next week he, too, will be gone. Others will come to fill his place, but he will come no more. With a sigh that is part sob, the senior turns away. The great doors swing shut behind his lingering departure. So Life goes on.

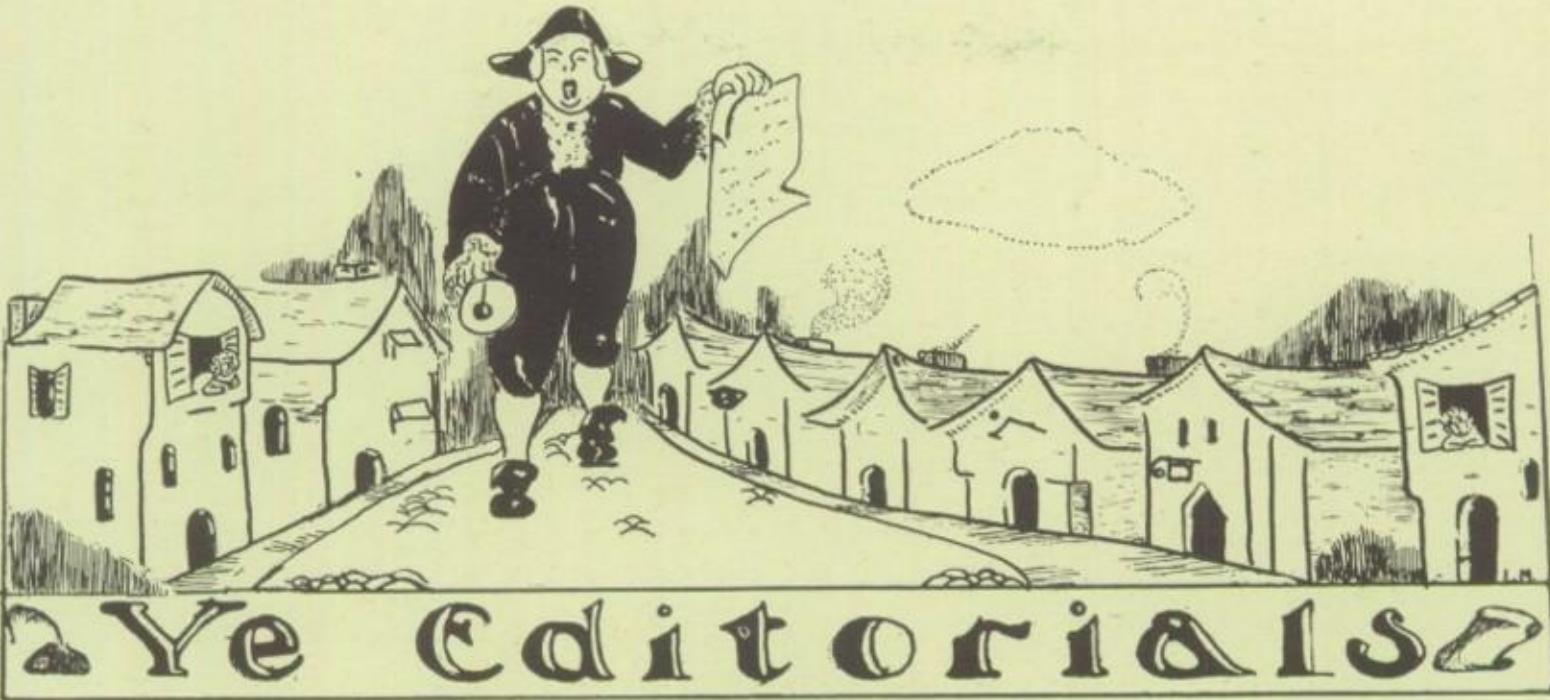


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THE RED AND BLACK STAFF



Ye Editorials

THE STAFF

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Credit is given to Miss Ewing's classes for assistance in typewriting, and to Mr. Vertrees and Elmer Gloer for advice concerning mechanical drawing problems.



THE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL

1932 is the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, long revered as the greatest man in American history. He was great in many ways. He was not just a soldier, just a statesman, just a patriot. He was all three, and at the same time, he was a gracious gentleman.

Born and reared in a loyalist atmosphere, he forsook the land he had been taught to reverence, for though he loved England and her traditions, he loved justice more strongly. In the face of opposition and treachery, he took command of a small and untrained army and lead them through to victory over a large and well-trained foe. Then, with victory, his labors were not to cease, for he was elected the first president of the United States. His problems were many and serious; he had no guide by which to make his way save his own high standards of truth, honesty, and courage. To these he held steadfast.

But while we are lauding the leader,

we should not forget the men who fought under him, who were willing to die for their country. We should remember Benjamin Franklin through whose efforts the French were persuaded to aid the Americans; Lafayette and von Steuben, who left their own countries to fight on the side of justice and right; and patriots like Henry and Nathan Hale, who, each in a different way, gave all their energies to the cause. And last, let us not forget all those who helped to build the republic that exists today.

The nation is celebrating the Washington Bicentennial with plays, pageants, speeches, and the unveiling of monuments. All this is well enough but it seems a rather petty commemoration in view of the life of the man and the greatness of his cause. Is there no great step forward that the United States, as a nation, can take so that 1932 may go down in the annals of history as a fitting commemoration of the birthday of George Washington, our great leader and first president?

G. S.

"I HEAR AMERICA SINGING"

FOR the frontispiece of the RED AND BLACK this year, the theme, "I Hear America Singing," has been chosen. In his poem by this name, Walt Whitman prophesied that America would express herself, her work, and her pleasure, through literature and art.

It seems appropriate that Walt Whitman should be the one to utter such a prophecy. He was a pioneer spirit of

American literature. Before him, even the best of writers aped the English style. Every piece of work turned out was imitative of English genius. But with Whitman came an essentially American spirit. Men, beginning to discover and sing of the wonders of their own country, forgot to imitate the Old World, and developed a style of their own.

In still another way it is fitting that it



was Whitman who made this prophecy. He came at the middle of our history, between colonial times and the modern age. A young man at the time of the Civil War, he was born about one hundred years after the birth of George Washington and about one hundred years before 1932.

Whitman's words have been amply fulfilled. American literature and art are universally known and recognized. Some of the best poets, novelists, and drama-

tists of recent times have come from the United States. And not only in the arts is America "singing." In all the varied fields of achievement, she has her Edisons and her Lindberghs.

And now, with this wonderful fulfillment of the early prophecy, the question arises, "What of the future?" Will America become stilled and mute? Shall a future Whitman be inspired to say of coming generations, "I hear America singing?"

G. S.

LIBERTY

By Genevieve Shelton, '32

I am Liberty.
For my sake men leave the comforts of home
And go to battle.
They willingly lay down their lives
That I might live.
I stand not alone for the rich
But for the poor also;
I am never unjust except when men abuse me,
Never realizing that true freedom lies in respect for others' rights.
When I am treated fairly,
I bring happiness, honor, joy.
I hold sway in the greatest nations of the world,
And I shall endure long after they have perished,
For I am Liberty.





Cosmos Club

Washington, D. C.

10 March, 1932

Stephen A. Douglass, Principal
Central High School
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Douglass:

May I congratulate you and your pupils and your dramatic director, Miss Eimer, on the admirable spirit and format of the Program of *Washington, The Man who Made us*, which you have kindly sent to me—And may I ask of your friendliness that you will send me half a dozen more copies of the program, if you can spare them?

Of the many productions of my play, it is by far the best and most original I have seen.

Perhaps some among your teachers may remember me as the one who wrote the *Masque of St. Louis*, performed in Forest Park in 1914, a memory I shall always cherish.

In that connection, and as related to my Washington Play, your school may be interested in my Washington Bicentennial Folk Masque, *Wakefield*, a notice of which I enclose. (Published copies may be had, gratis,—if requested, "for purposes of production"—from the U. S. Government Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C.). The Washington, D. C. production at Constitution Hall, February 21, began, by the way, with a choral arrangement of Dvorak's *New World Symphony*, as did your production of February 11th.

Please convey to yourself and to all your associates and pupils my heartfelt appreciation of your spirit expressed by the Program of *Washington, the Man who Made us*, and to all my very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Percy MacKaye.



A REVIEW OF THE ACTION

By Genevieve Shelton, '32

WHEN I had seated myself at the Odeon on Thursday night, February 11, after receiving a program from a lovely colonial dame who curtsied in an old-fashioned way, I gazed over the rest of the audience. It looked as if Central High School were holding a reunion. No matter where I turned, there sat a Central student, an alumnus, a teacher, or some one connected intimately with the school.

Come with me. Let's visit the play again in reminiscence. There is the usual buzz of conversation with the ushers calling, "Checks, please! Checks, please!" and people on one side calling gay greetings to others away on the other side.

Then the lights go out and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bluthardt, swings into "American Sketches" and the house grows quiet. As soon as the overture is ended, we sit expectantly watching the stage, prepared for anything except what does come—a beautiful voice singing at the back of the hall. Heads immediately turn to behold Quilloquon and his two small companions who come down the aisle that they may see a play about Washington.

But, discouraged by his conviction that he could not do justice to his great subject, Theatre decides not to give the play. Then, refusing to be disappointed, the

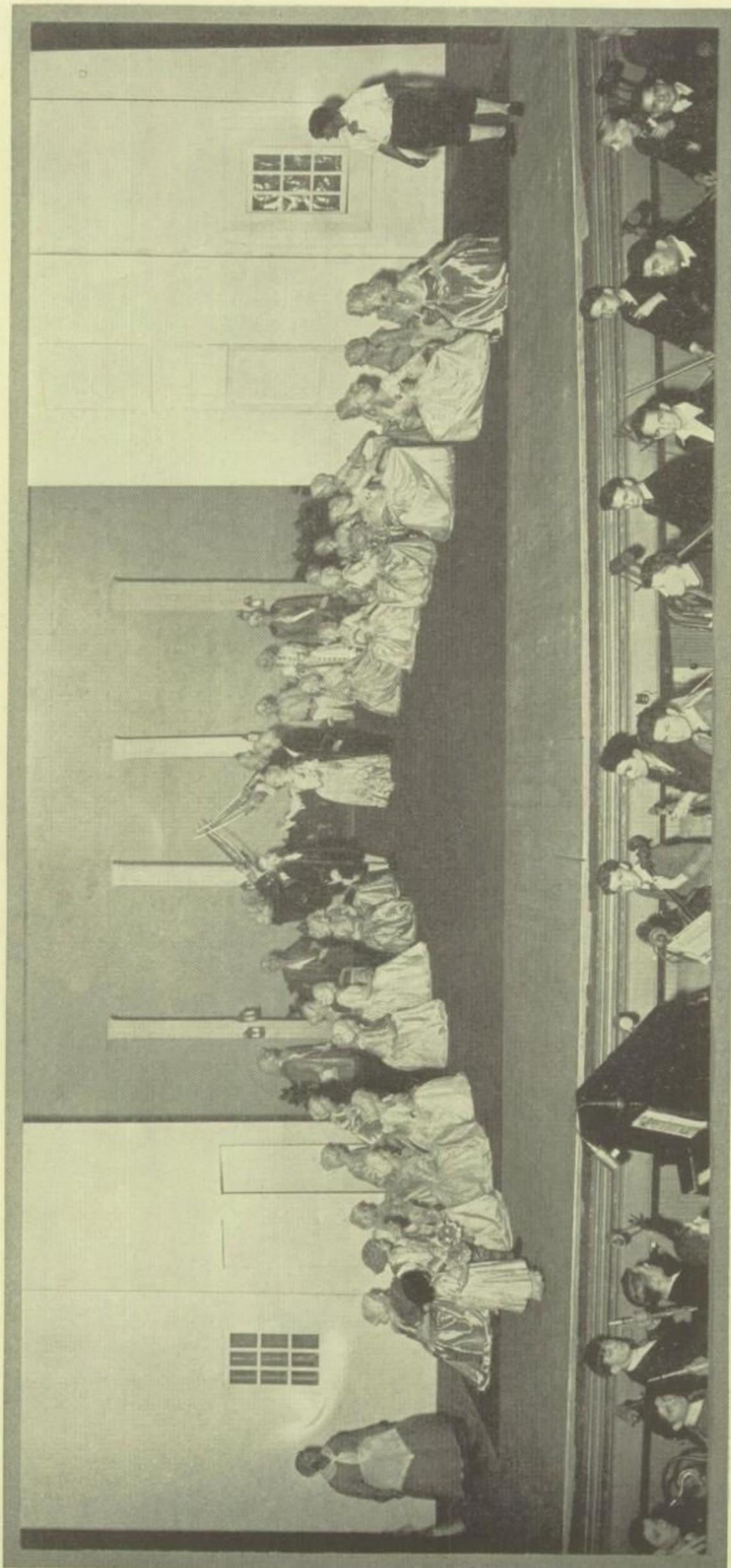
girls turn to Quilloquon, demanding a ballad play, and while they eagerly watch, the curtain rises on a scene at Mt. Vernon. Lord Fairfax and Lawrence Washington are discussing the future of young George Washington who is, at this time, out in the hills surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax.

Mammy Sal, a negro woman servant, comes into the yard as the two men walk into the house. She is startled on being met by an Indian who demands something to eat. Suddenly, with a whoop of delight, the Indian throws off his garb. George Washington steps forth. He is eagerly welcomed by the negroes and by the members of his family.

Upon hearing George's report, Lord Fairfax turns to Madam Washington exclaiming, "He says he has completed a survey of my entire estate!"

"If George said that, it is true. He always accomplishes what he sets out to do," replies George's mother with dignity.

As the curtain rises again, we see a group of girls seeking George so that they may crown him as their hero. They rush down to the barn and while they are gone, he rolls onto the stage a wheelbarrow of rich loam. Three negro boys bring in a test box in which he is experimenting with wheat, oats, and barley, for he is a scientific farmer of his day. When the girls



WEDDING RECEPTION AT MOUNT VERNON



enter, they tease him about an order for an engagement ring which they have discovered in his pocket, but he evades them, telling them simply that he is "engaged in farming." The curtain falls just as a messenger brings him his commission as commander of the Virginia forces.

Now the wedding of George Washington and Martha Custis has taken place. Neighbors from far and near have come to welcome the new bride to her home. In honor of the bride, dainty, sweet-faced ladies in shining, silvery wigs dance the Virginia reel, ending with a promenade under the gentlemen's crossed swords, the bride and groom leading the march.

But now the scene changes. The spirit of peace has given way to one of war and trouble; the Mt. Vernon garden is replaced by the yard before King's College of New York. A great mob which has gathered, is saturated with the spirit of revolution. They are only waiting for some occasion to give it vent. Their preacher tries to talk to them but they will have none of him, and when one suddenly thinks of President Myles Cooper of King's College, a group rush off and soon return dragging the unfortunate man with them. There is a general surge toward him but the crowd is kept back as the men taunt him. Then Alexander Hamilton, a graduate of King's College, which the crowd has just renamed "Columbia College," leaps to the platform and pleads for tolerance from them through their cry "Freedom and reason." During his harangue, Myles Cooper escapes, much to the disgust of the mob.

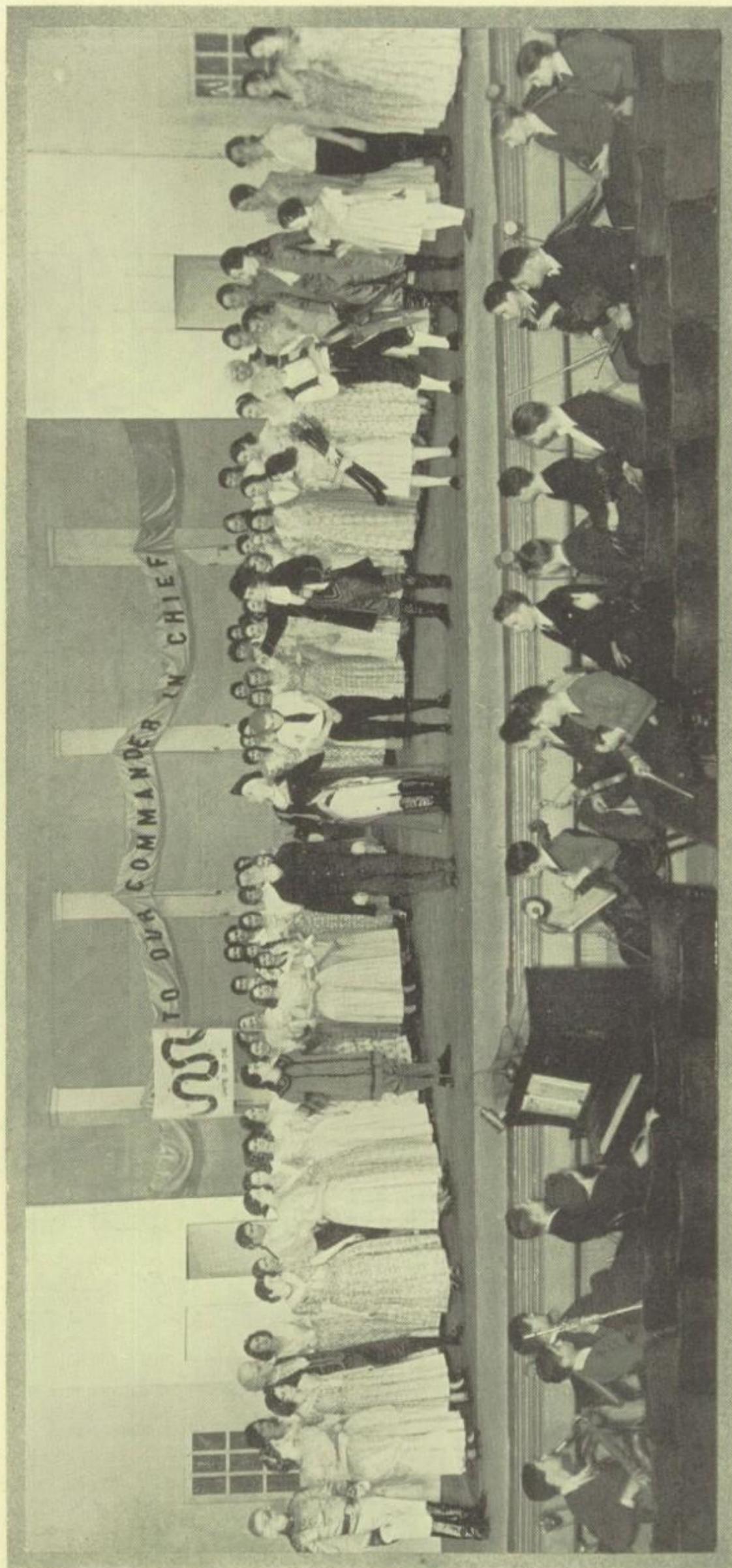
We are again at Mt. Vernon as George Washington takes leave of his household.

He bids his stepson, Jack Custis, goodbye and admonishes him to curb his gambling propensities. He is ready to leave when Lord Fairfax, now old and bent, and Patrick Henry enter, arguing as they come. Lord Fairfax accuses Washington of being a traitor to his country, England. Washington replies that though he still loves England, he loves justice more. With that, he leaves.

Now we travel to Harvard Yard near where the Continental troops are camped. Here the people, waiting to welcome their Commander-in-chief, are divided into two sections, the Northerners and the Southerners. The leaders of the two sections are fighting when Washington enters and separates them. Using the rattlesnake flag with the slogan, "Unite or die," he tells them that there is no Virginian, no Massachusetts man, for they are all Americans.

'Tis the camp of the Continental Army near Trenton. The men are becoming discouraged, for the weather is cold, clothing is scarce, and rations are short. General Washington loses his temper when he learns from his aide-de-camp, Alexander Hamilton, that his inferior officers have been disobeying his commands. But he soon regains control of himself and orders that all troops be prepared to cross the Delaware River at midnight. The watchword is to be "Victory or death." Here the curtain falls, but we know that the result was victory.

It is just before the American men take Philadelphia. The Redcoats, under General Howe, are stationed in the Quaker City, and, sponsored by Captain André, a play is to be given the following



"Stand up together, my boys"—Harvard Yard



night. Polly Redmond, who is to take a leading part, comes to see Captain André and brings with her her friend, Betsy Ross. The two women declare their allegiance to the American cause, but General Howe laughs at them.

In the meantime, Washington and his men at Valley Forge have not the comfort that the British enjoy. Men die from lack of food, insufficient clothing, and from the severe cold. Baron Von Stueben is becoming disgusted at training the soldiers; Washington is disheartened by the attitude of Congress and the hardships his men endure. The only cheerful man in the camp is Marquis de Lafayette who has supreme confidence in Washington and is sure that France will ally herself with the colonies. His confidence is justified, for even while he talks to Washington, a messenger enters with two letters, one for the General and one for Lafayette. Listening to the news that France has voted to join the States, Lafayette waits to open his letter. When he finally does so, he is stunned by word of the death of his young Daughter.

The play which Captain André has so carefully planned will never be given, for the American forces capture Philadelphia and the British retreat. As General Washington enters the city, Polly Redmond, in her eagerness to welcome him, throws her jewels in his path. As he bids Billy, his body servant, restore them, she disclaims them. She tells him that she is a loyal patriot and begs to bring another patriot before him. As he assents, she hurries away only to return in a moment with Betsy Ross, who carries a small bundle in her arms. As she nears his Excellency,

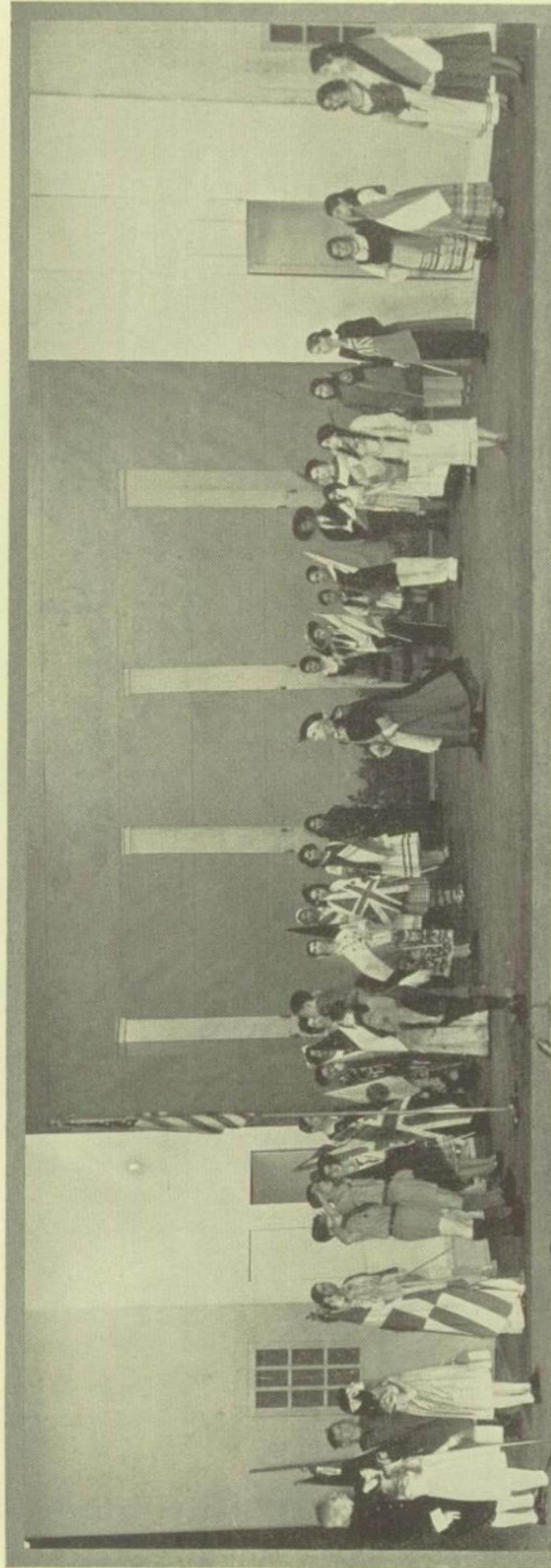
Mrs. Ross shakes out the bundle and the first American flag is greeted with cheers.

The victories, begun at Philadelphia, lead the Americans to Yorktown. Here the guns are booming, the armies are fighting, and on the heights, General Washington watches the battle, heedless of personal danger. One rocket shoots up, then another, and then a third. The battle is won! Cornwallis will surrender!

'Tis peaceful again at last. There is no war and Washington, now just a citizen of the United States of America, returns to Mt. Vernon with hope of settling among his family again.

So ends MacKaye's play depicting the life of the Father of America; but wait, there's something else. See, there come the nations who live together under the flag of the United States. Lead by the American Indian, they file in and stand at attention as the Stars and Stripes, unfurled, waves over them.

Working our way toward the car through the crowd, we review what we have just seen and heard and agree that the play was highly successful. The long and hard work put in by Miss Eimer in coaching the actors and in certifying the correctness of every historic detail was evidenced in the smoothness with which the action moved and the promptness with which the players answered their cues. The beautiful settings were enhanced by skillful lighting, the graceful dances livened up the action, and the music, unusually good, was an added attraction. We were amazed at the real talent some of the actors had for losing their personal identity in the characters they assumed. Wash-



1. *Our—League of Nations—The Epilogue—Futurity*
2. "The first flag of the United States of America"—Washington in Philadelphia



ington was a real Washington, a flesh-and-blood man, not just a mask; Betsy Ross walked upon the stage and gloried in her handiwork; Mammy Sal, if somewhat dainty and high-voiced for a real negro mammy, was very convincing, and

not just a girl, play-acting. Indeed some of the characters were so real that even yet we can scarcely believe they were truly our classmates and friends. All in all, we'll have to admit that this was one evening well spent.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN PLAY

-
- | | |
|--|--|
| Edward Canepa—General Knox; Laur-
ens, President of Congress; Virginia
Officer | Hugo Mueller—Humphrey, Superintend-
ent of Mount Vernon Farms; Thomas
Paine; a Boy Scout; a Neighbor; a
Leader of the Mob |
| Adolph Cohen—A Leader of the Mob; a
Neighbor; a Citizen of Philadelphia and
of Cambridge; Valley Forge Soldier | Murrell Monroe—Martha Washington. |
| Stanley Dampier—A Selectman; a Neigh-
bor; a Citizen; a Student of Harvard | Mildred Nance—A Speaking Thought; a
Citizen |
| Ruth Frank—A Silent Thought; a Neigh-
bor | John Peters—James Monroe; a Ballad
Preacher; a Virginia Soldier; a Neigh-
bor; a Citizen; Bishop; a Valley Forge
Soldier |
| Alfred Friedli—Quilloquon, a Ballad
Singer | Louis Reichenback—Patrick Henry; Cap-
tain André; a Massachusetts Soldier; a
Neighbor; a Citizen |
| Marie Henke—A Silent Thought; a
Neighbor; a Citizen | Harry Runetsky—Billy, Washington's
servant; Knyphausen, a Hessian; a
Neighbor; a Citizen |
| Letha Hughes—A Speaking Thought;
Betsy Ross; a Citizen | Vivian Schenck—A Speaking Thought; a
Citizen |
| Alice Jameton—A Silent Thought; a Citi-
zen | Myrtle Stillford—One of the Two Chil-
dren |
| Leon Jameton—Baron Von Steuben; a
Student of Harvard; a Neighbor | Julia Strinni—A Silent Thought; a Citizen |
| Cordula Knoernschild—Mammy Sal, of
Mount Vernon | Harold Thompson—Captain John Posey,
a neighbor; Marquis de Lafayette; a
Leader of the Mob; a Harvard Student |
| René Lang—Count Pulaski; a Neighbor;
a Student of Harvard | Virgil Tramelli—Lawrence Washington,
half brother to George; Theatre; Alex-
ander Hamilton; General Howe |
| Mary Lazer—A Silent Thought; a
Dancer; a Citizen | |
| Hazel Lively—One of the Two Children | |
| William Morse—Zekiel, a Mount Vernon
Negro; a Boy Scout; a Virginia Soldier | |



Louis Tversky—George Washington

Grace Uber—a Citizen

Frances Wapner—a Citizen

Virginia Webb—A Silent Thought; a Citizen

Margaret Welker—A Silent Thought; a Neighbor; a Citizen

Dolores Wentz—Mary Washington; Polly Redmond, of Virginia; Sally Fairfax, a Neighbor

Howard Williams—Jack Curtis; a Boy Scout; a Harvard Student; a Citizen; a Neighbor

Virginia Woebling—A Citizen

Frank Yawitz—Lord Fairfax, a Neighbor; President Myles Cooper, of King's College; a Selectman; a Boy Scout.

William Gregory—A Negro Child

Kenneth Knoernschild—Jacky Custis; George Washington Parke Custis

Dorothy Burmeister—A Silent Thought; a Citizen

Program Committee (in costume)

Grace Marie Kelly

Kittie Kirk

Nellie De Witt

Craela Steinmetz

Maberta Todd

Florence Lewin

COLORED DANCERS

Elizabeth Glauser, Jessie Finkelstein, Dorothy Meyers, Violet Eckhoff, Blanche Engler.

WHITE DANCERS

1. VIRGINIA REEL

Lillian Billings, Alene Richardson, Lucile Weigle, Norma Schoeneman, Marie Dierberger, Ruth Hassemer, Selma Beisner, Catherine Garofalo, Mary Lazer, Mary Jane Deibel, Dorothy Speicher, Marie Ubelhack, Ernestine Freiburghaus, Edith Eynck, Myrtle Ketcherside, Haleene Pendergrass, Helen Guilliams, Janice Thierauf, Louise Runyan, Mignon Sivcovich, Helen Domash, Bernice Reppell, Alma Reitz, Gladys Holly.

2. YANKEE DOODLE DANCE

Lorna Belter, Esther Cresswell, Janis Eyre, Elaine Evans, Ruth Farrell, Florence Goggin, La Vada Hill, Leona Kage, Avanelle Jones, Virginia La Rue, Eva Muse, Naomi Schultz.

3. CAPERING DANCE

Florence Grone, Jennie Haracevsh, Jane Butler, Erline Buescher, Claudia Herchel, Virginia Seithel, Jean Moler, Mary Ann Enck.



ORGANIZATIONS





FOREWORD

WHAT! You don't remember James Madison? Why, he was that stiff, solemn old gentleman of Colonial times who persisted in writing a large quantity of stuff—they call it historic—which he kept tucked away among his bills and rent receipts, in his desk, where he thought that no one could find them.

These journals were not to remain private, after all, for what man can possibly hide anything from a wife like Dolly Madison? She was witty, gracious, and above all, clever. She, looking to see if James had paid the coal bill, found these papers. You can rest assured, however, that Madison was not a "hen-pecked" husband, as was shown by the fact that Dolly waited until after his death to publish them.

The following club accounts have been put before your eyes in a way somewhat similar to the publishing of the Madison letters.

Whether you know it or not, there is a James Madison alive today, and he is a student of Central High, at that. You may not know him, for he is a queer, quiet chap who prefers his own society to anyone else's although he is a member of

all our organizations except those exclusively for girls.

He has been closely watched for several weeks and much has been found out about him. Our student is an ardent follower of the James Madison of an earlier day. His writing, too, is of the same, stiff, concise style as that of our forefather. Although modest and reserved, one can tell that he is capable of things higher than the average.

He has his own private desk, which is always kept locked, on our fourth-floor corridor and is often seen there writing earnestly on some large sheets of paper which are then put into his brief case and carried about with him.

We began to be curious about this silent fellow; so we started some first-class snoopin' and found that his brief case does not accompany him when he goes to lunch the ninth period. We kept an eye on him, the desk, the faculty, the student body, and the brief case, and finally laid hands on the latter. In it we found the following Journals, which we, like Dolly Madison of old, offer now to the public.

HYLDA CROFTS,
Club Editor.





THE NEWS

Revised Excerpt from "Central Diaries" of James Madison

By Virginia Hammerstein, '32

THE other day when I walked down the second-floor Corridor, I heard music issuing from the Auditorium. I stepped into the balcony, but such a clatter was coming from the News Office, I couldn't distinguish a note. I opened the door and peeked timidly through a narrow crack, but everybody was so absorbed that no one noticed me standing there.

It seemed that all of the would-be Poets and Writers of the School (I could tell that they were such from their appearance) were gathered there. After watching Proceedings I realized that the staff members who were graduating were bidding fond Adieu to the rest of the staff and giving their successors Best Wishes.

Dolores Wentz, retiring Editor, known informally as "Dee" by the staff, was giving last instructions to the new Editor, Virginia Hammerstein, who was already busy and surrounded by stacks of Papers filled with Contributions.

Jeannette Rudman and Ruth Yadon had gathered about them Charlotte Volk, Julia Strinni, Morris Weiss, Clarence Seigfried, and Tillie Balch, to whom they were giving pointers on "How to be a successful Associate Editor."

Over in a corner, playing that absorbing Game of Tiddleywinks, sat the new Assistant Editors, Edward Canepa, Helen Reller, Harold Thompson, and Alyce Schneider, looking very important, though for the life of me I couldn't see that they were doing anything important at all.

However, that's the way Assistant Editors are, they tell me.

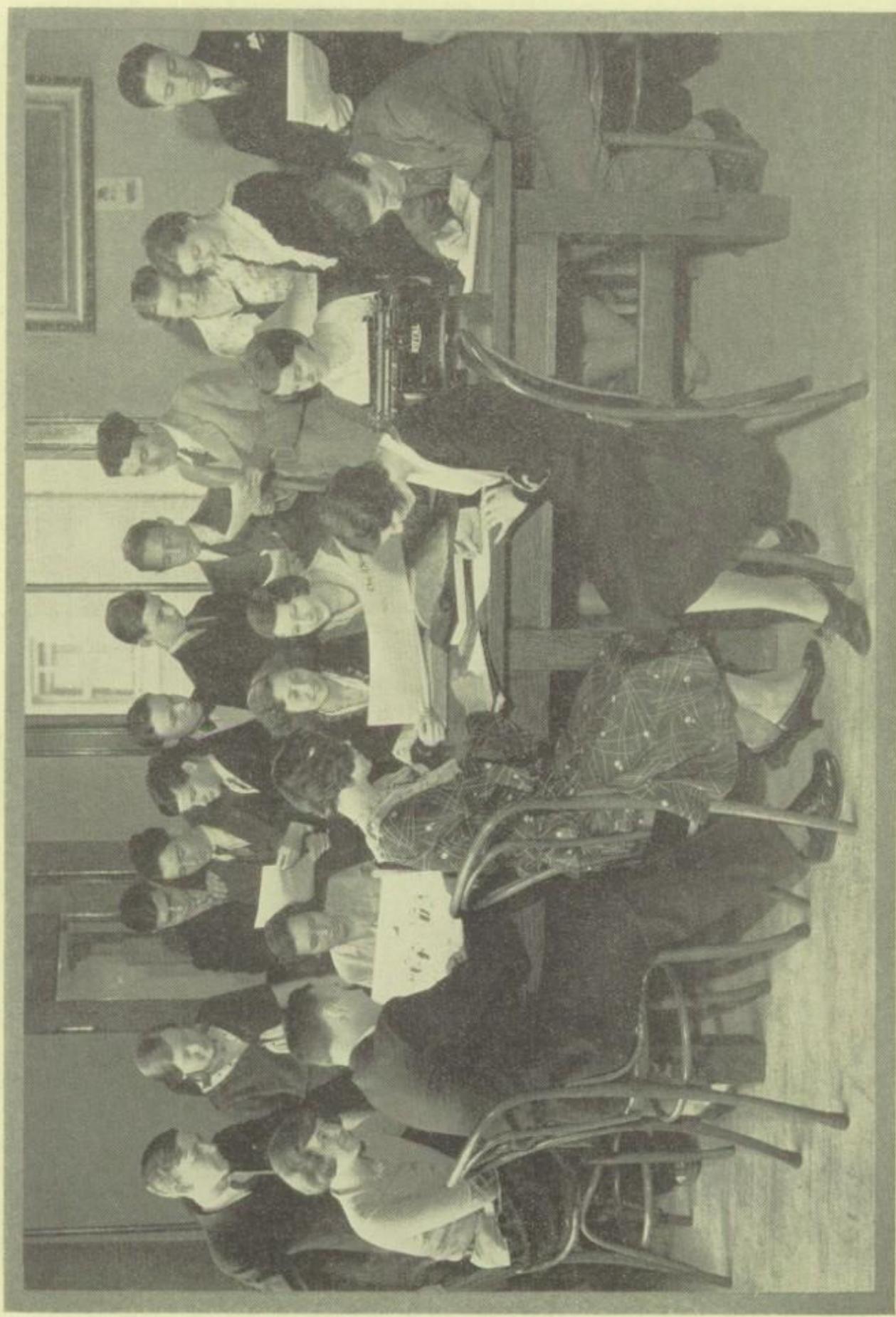
Virgil Tramelli, the Sports Editor, sat talking with Joe Dettling, retiring Art Editor, Ray Holley, and Fred Toelle. Joe was telling Fred and Ray how he had been overworked in his efforts to give the school something to laugh about, but Virgil took all the glory to himself by telling of his achievements on the sport page.

The Feature Writers, Clarence Benjamin, Marie Koepp, Mildred Treadway, Dorothy Wagner, and Tom Weir were engaged in a small War with the Reporters, John Alexander, Francis Cunningham, Ruby Detwiler, James Kerr, Donald Morris, Jean Kerr, Rowena Overby, Jost Washburn, and Rana Pipiens, and all because Rana said a Reporter was just as important as a Feature Writer.

Above the tumult rose the voices of the three typists, Norma Schoenemann, Mary Lazer, and Hilda Prichard, who were applying the most extraordinary Epithets to Bill Ebbinghaus and Virgil Nottbusch, the Business Managers, because they asked them if they could type. Unheeded, Ernestine Martin, the Post-Graduate typist, explained the peculiar workings of the *News* typewriter.

I wondered how they ever managed to publish a Paper. I had opened the door wide without noticing that I had done so, and stood exposed to the View of all.

Suddenly everyone stopped talking, reached for a pencil and paper, and soon all were scratching away studiously. I



THE NEWS STAFF



CENTRAL DEBATERS OF 1932

THE Debating Team of Central High School, which is coached by Mr. Davis, has been chosen from a number of applicants. It is the ambition of this team to keep within Central's halls, the Princeton cup which the Debating Team won last year.

The following have been chosen for the two teams:

Affirmative: Vernon Arms, Melvin Roesburg, Edward Garstang, Phil Bergseiger, alternate.

Negative: Howard Williams, Hugo

Mueller, Jim Hadgicostas, Virgil Tramelli, alternate.

The subject for debate is "Resolved that legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance should be enacted in this country."

At the time this book went to press both teams had planned to meet their opponents on Friday night, April 1, 1932. The affirmative team was scheduled against Roosevelt's negative team at Central, the negative team against Soldan's affirmative at Soldan.

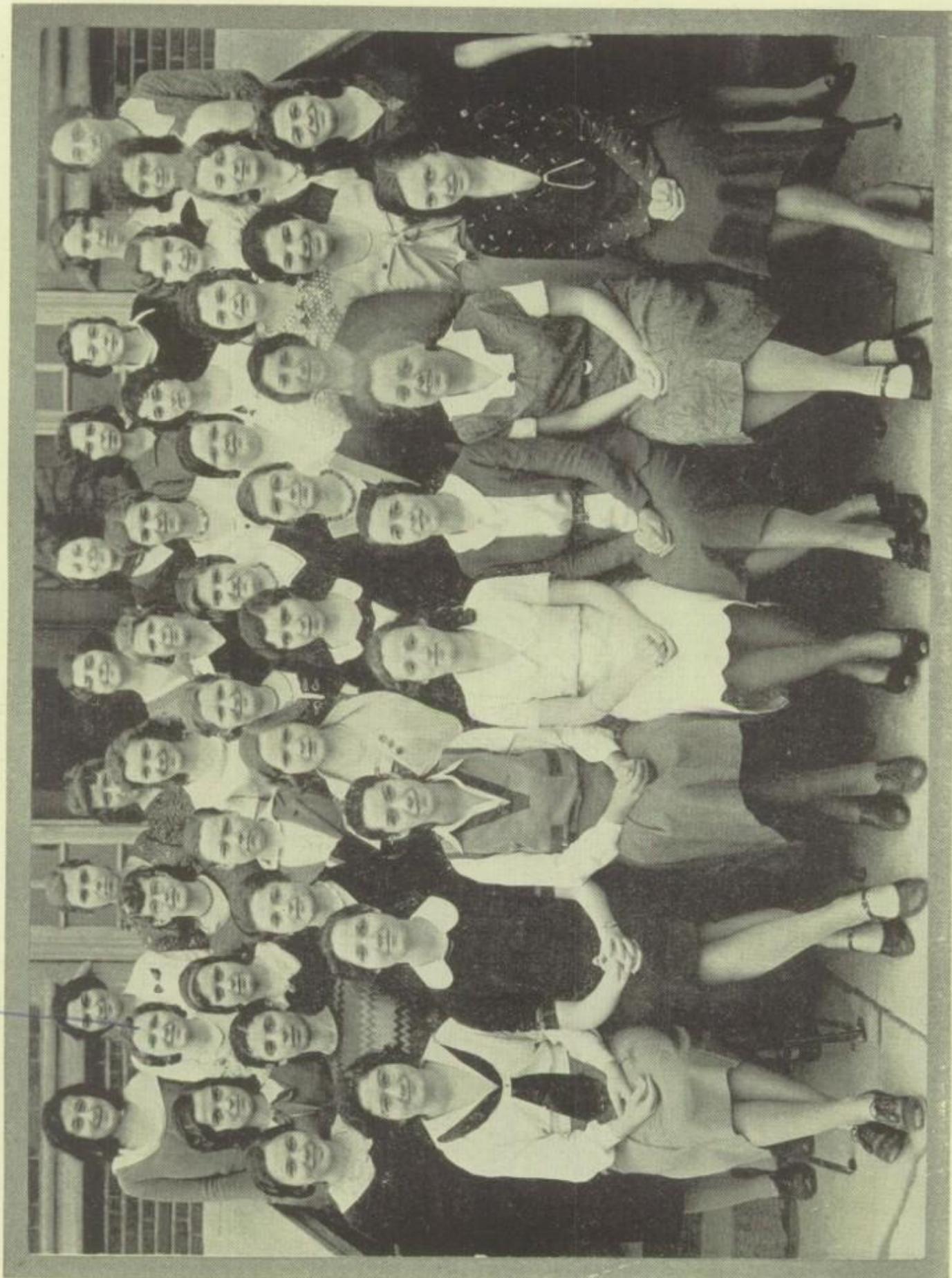
THE NEWS—Continued

couldn't understand what had happened. I turned away and bumped into Mr. Gundlach, the Sponsor. He demanded to know what I had been doing, and before I could say a word the entire staff was looking at me with the most shocked Expressions.

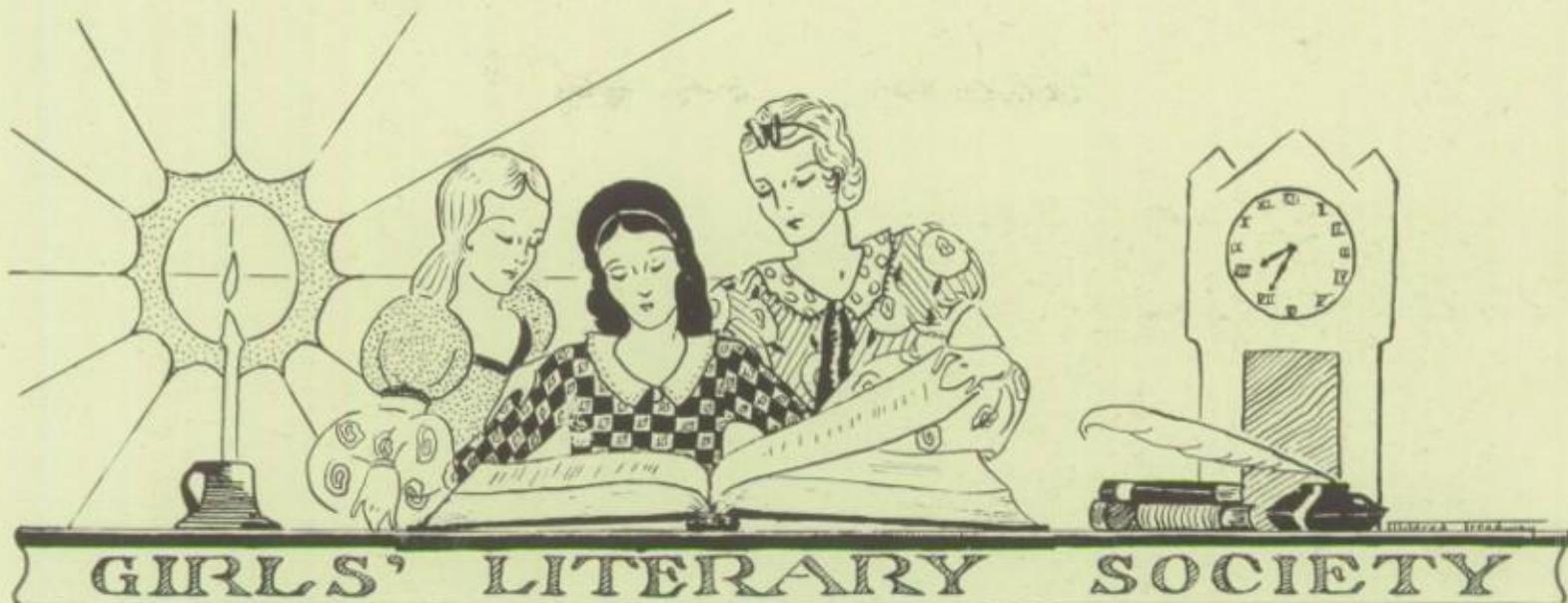
I tried to explain that I had been listening to the Orchestra, but I know they didn't believe me since I am sure they didn't hear any Music at all.

When the Sponsor turned to enter the Office, I fled, vowing that I'd never come near the *News* Office again.

*Always
Eva.*



THE GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY



Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Rilda Handy, '32

HAVING lately been failing in Latin, was asked by Miss Bowen to experience another Test. Began at 2:20, sitting in a back Seat in 206. In midst of conjugating *mirari* was startled by a dawning Fact. Heard Miss Jessie Finklestein summoning Girls' Literary Society to order. Miss Rose Racowsky, secretary, called Roll & read Minutes. Program explained to be in Hands of Miss Florence Anghilanti, vice-president. Was actually witnessing meeting of now famous Society. Modern literature very sagely discussed. *The Fly*, written by Miss Katherine Mansfield was declared to be an excellent short story.

Hoping not to be discovered until Program was completed, carefully recorded Proceedings. Miss Rilda Handy reviewed *Rough Hewn* by Dorothy Canfield. Heard Miss Handy was *News* representative. Wondered why lady on far side of room

was smiling at Members. Miss Jeannette Beard ended Program by emphatical announcement that all should read Arlington's *Tristram*. President expressed appreciation of Program.

No old Business. Miss Jeannette Rudman, smiling Lady, gave treasurer's report & asked for Dues. Smiling mystery now solved. Heard rumors from near-by members that the officers of next term, January to June, 1932, are Florence Anghilanti, president, Rilda Handy, vice-president, Alice Jameton, secretary, Jeannette Beard, treasurer, & Jessie Finklestein, *News* representative. Miss Bowen spoke on advantages of *Scholastic Magazine*.

Plans for Senior Meeting are inviting. Prophecy to be read & Senior members will receive diplomas tied in Society's colors, lavender & white.

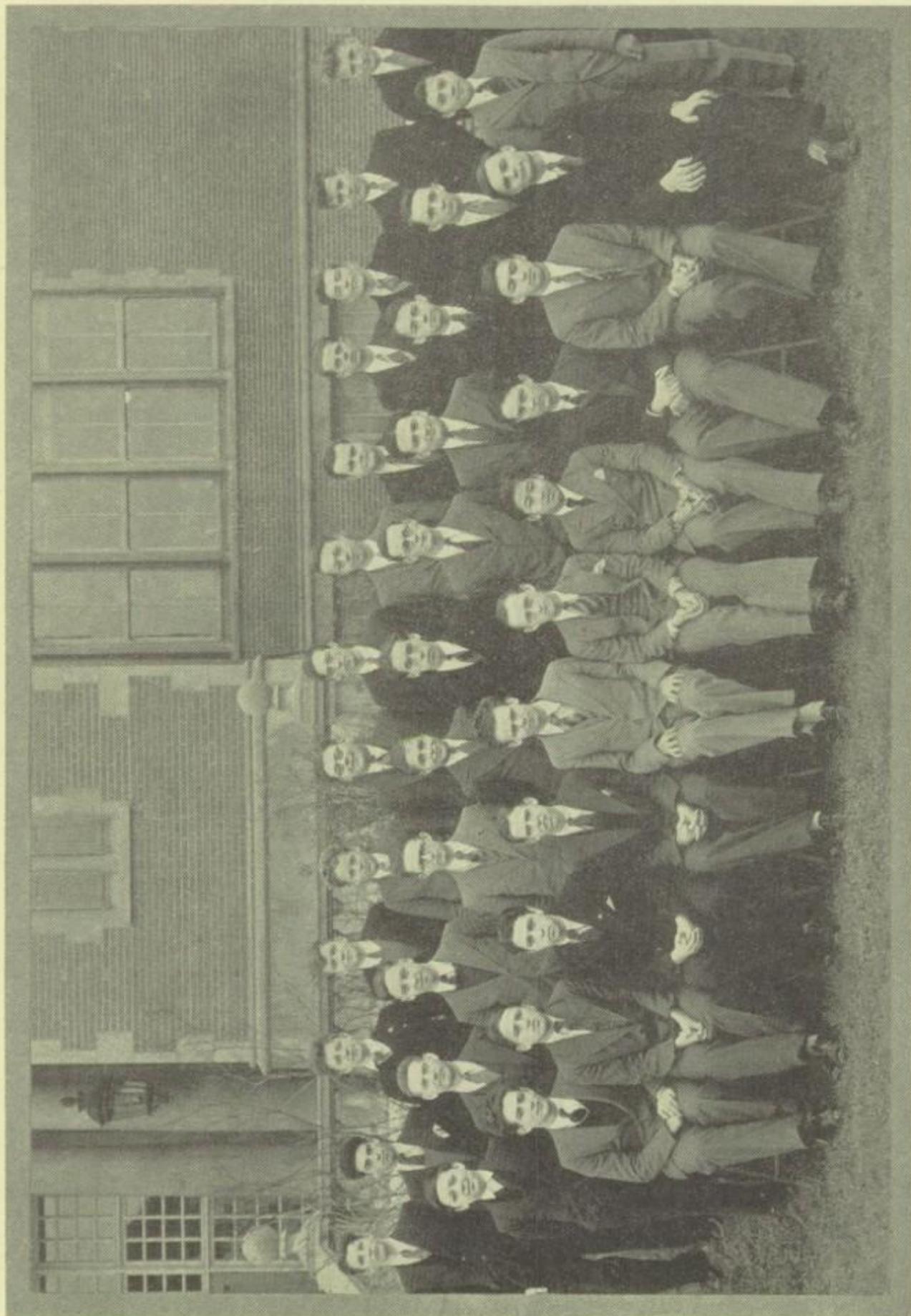
EDUCATION

Education is one of the surest ways of enlightening and giving just ways of thinking to our citizens.

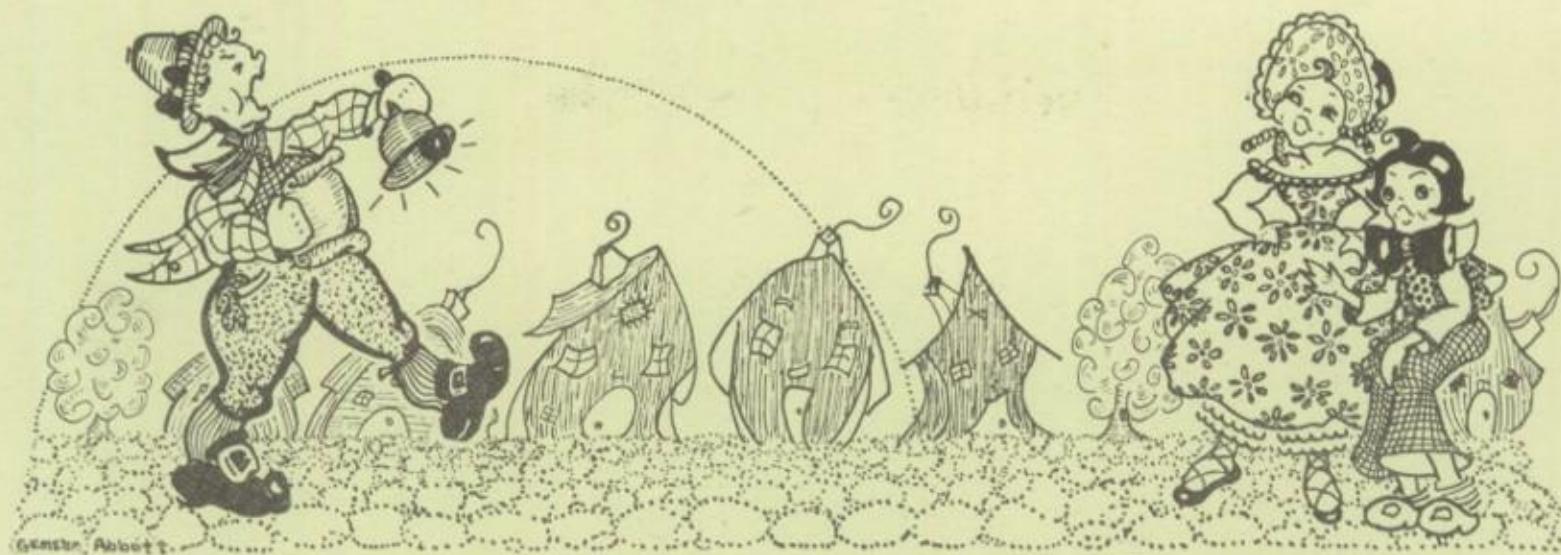
—Washington.

I want to place a book in the hand of every American child.

—Hamilton.



THE BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY



BOYS' LITERARY

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Phil Bergsieker, '32

THE 2:30 Bell had just rung and, after being pushed and knocked around the Locker room till I thought I was a Sardine, I recalled that the Boys' Literary Society was to have a meeting. When I reached the meeting Place, much to my Surprise there were only a few Members outside the Door waiting for the Meeting to start. I walked in quietly and took a front Seat so I wouldn't be noticed & shortly afterwards the meeting was started.

The Business of the Day was to install the new Officers for the Term. After hunting through the Constitution, Joe Tanaka, the former secretary, gave the Oath to Edward Garstang as president, Melvin Roesberg as treasurer, Howard Williams as secretary, and gave himself the Oath as vice-president. After stumbling through this ceremony, the new president, Edward Garstang, asked the Club to stop doing Homework and pay attention

to the new Officers who were each going to make a Speech. It was now about 3:15 and there was quite a disturbance because some Members had to leave to go to Work. (The Girls' Literary Club had just adjourned.) After the Interruption a Debate was held which was seemingly interesting—to the other members—but not so to me. Maybe I'm not educated to it. After the debate there was another Disturbance as more workers had to leave. They seemed to be more industrious out of school than in.

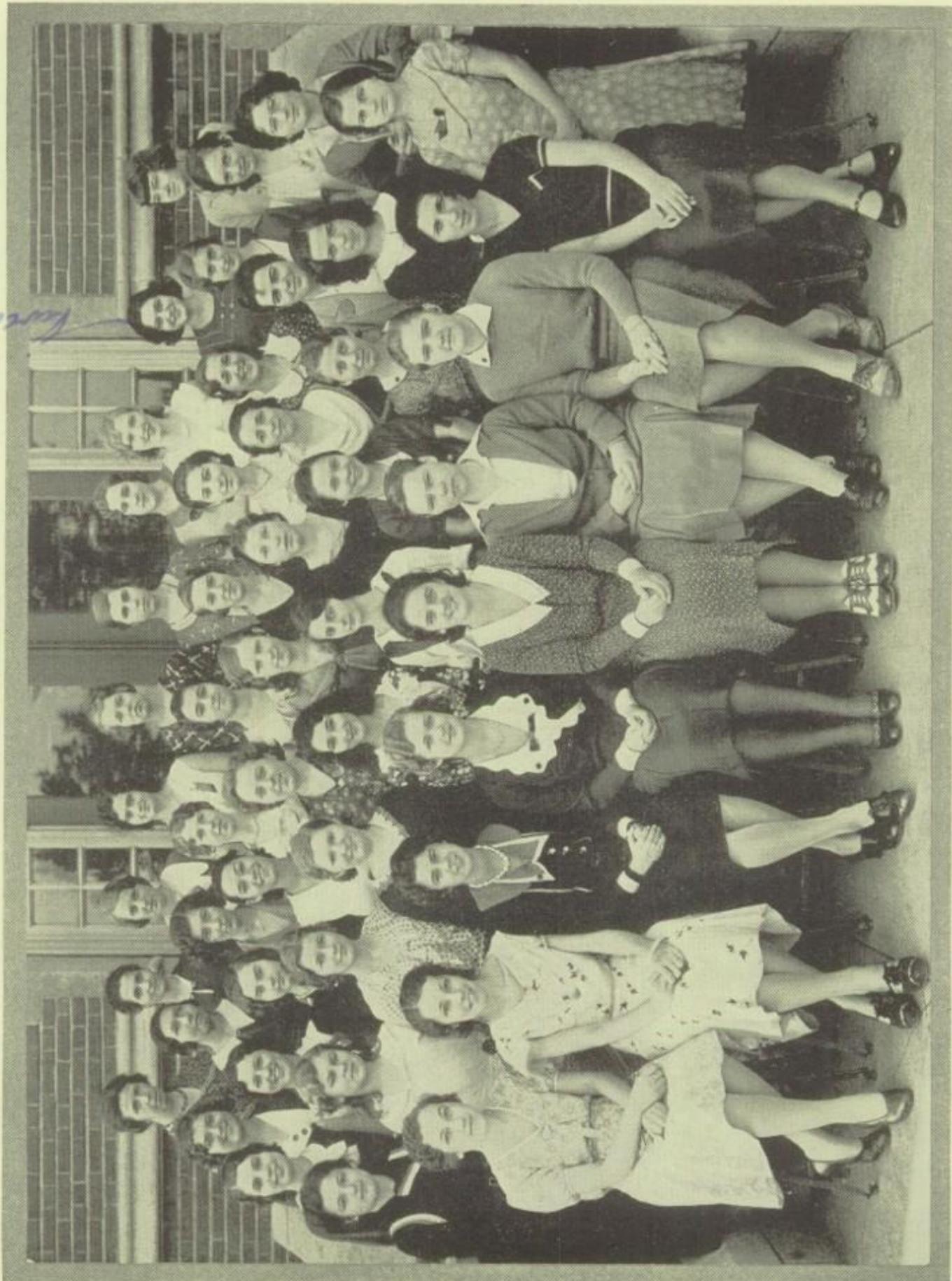
The next Order of Business was the Reading of the Minutes of the previous Meeting. The new secretary, Howard Williams, was trying to read Joe Tanaka's elegant penmanship; so the Club waited patiently and said little when the president said, "Additions or Corrections?" Then the president asked for "Remarks for the good of the society." Following this came the call for adjournment.

MY AMBITION

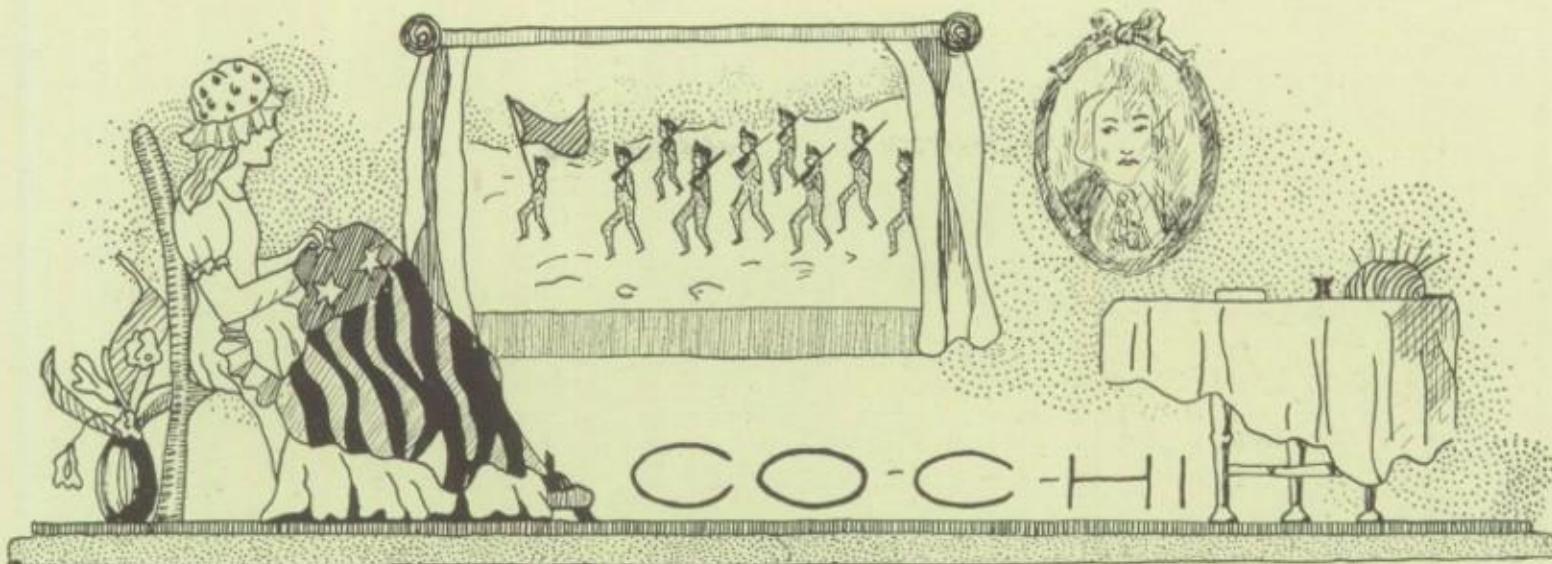
By George Engleke, '33

I love to work with my old tools,
My saw, my plane, my hammer,
When I should really be in school
With teachers, books, and grammar.

Give me a bench and some old tools,
And I will work and slave;
But put me in an old schoolhouse,
And I simply can't behave.



THE CO-C-HI



Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Dorothy Burmeister, '32

WAS on my way out of Building one Wednesday when I chanced to see Groups of fair Damsels making their merry way to room 106. Interested, I followed one group, who chanced to be eating Salted Peanuts in an effort to empty the Bag before the meeting. At the door I beheld a lady whom I recognized as Miss Dickman, Dean of Girls and Sponsor of the Club, & the good lady was so amiable that I entered and made myself right at home. I was assigned a seat in the corner, as there were not enough seats to go around, this condition resulting, I learned, because of the many new members admitted this last Term.

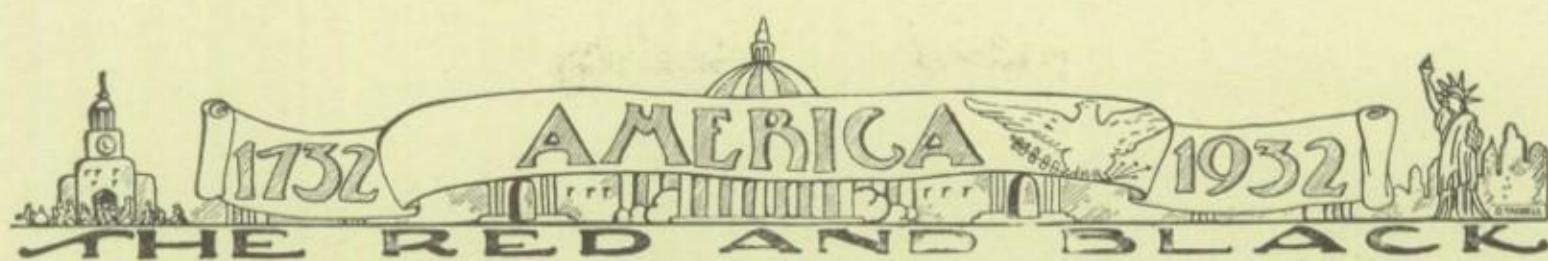
The chairman called the meeting to order promptly, since there was much Business to be undertaken. Various assignments were made, in the course of which I became exceedingly enlightened concerning some things that had heretofore puzzled me. The girls who were accustomed to standing at the head of the stairs to direct traffic were there, I discovered, doing Co-C-Hi duty, and exemplifying their creed, "Service." Moreover, these girls are given charge of the locker-rooms, & sign in all who enter, while some act as "general Scouts." For all of this Service these girls give up their free time, and the school is thereby greatly

benefited. Furthermore, each period a young lady is prepared to be in attendance in the emergency room, just off 113, in case the nurse or the doctor needs aid. Truly, a worthy Cause. Yet this was not all. A number of Co-C-Hi girls give up Study Periods for the purpose of coaching younger girls in difficult Studies. All these various endeavors were checked over, while I listened in amazement at the nicety of organization. Then came the business of this particular Day, Election of officers. The president is usually elected from among the seniors; the vice-president from among the lower classmen, & the secretary and treasurer from among the members at large. While this Business was going on, I learned from Miss Dickman that a group of Co-C-Hi members act as freshman sponsors, whose Duty it is to see that freshmen girls become acquainted with the school, and feel at home with the others. Also was informed that it is not "all work, and no play," for a Party is given every term for the freshman, and a party every term for the Co-C-Hi girls themselves. I had just come to the Conclusion that Central High simply cannot get along without the Co-C-Hi, all high-ranking students, both in character and scholarship, when the results of the election were announced.

The following officers were elected:

THE COMMITTEE OF TWENTY





THE COMMITTEE OF TWENTY

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Leon Jameton, '32

WEDNESDAY was a Day to look forward to in many Respects: Chile was not only to be served in the lunchroom but the Committee of Twenty was to have its regular Meeting. At the end of School, I had no trouble entering the Meeting Place unobserved, inasmuch as no one had arrived yet; in fact, I was at least fifteen minutes early.

Occasionally Groups would gather to determine whether they had Authority enough to call the Meeting to order, but not until the arrival of the vice-president, Hadgicostas, was the apparently simple task undertaken, and the Meeting was in Progress. Soon the vice-president was Reinforced by the arrival of the president, John Perl, who, with the aid of Canepa, the sergeant-at-arms, secured attention; then Leon Jameton, the secretary, called the Roll and read the minutes. "Corrections or Additions," the president announced, fully aware of the dignity of his position. Immediately, hands of indignant Members whose work had not been given due Recognition were raised. They were satisfied only when the secretary was swamped with copious Corrections.

The Members are so anxious to carry out the noble Purpose of the Club that

CO-C-HI—Continued

President—Letha Hughes.

Vice-President—Marie Ubelhack.

Secretary—Ernestine Frieburghaus.

Treasurer—Jeannette Beard.

The officers for the preceding term had been as follows:

President—Charlotte Robinson.

a sergeant-at-arms is necessary to regulate the enthusiasm. Last term Tsenes filled this office, Canepa being treasurer. At the next election, the Members, seeing that a "Tiger" was needed for the job, reversed their positions. Now that the meeting was under way, I noticed many worried faces among the members; all were uneasy, but upon the late arrival of the treasurer, a general feeling of Satisfaction was expressed.

It seemed that members had been chosen as Tutors in various Subjects for freshmen whose academic endeavors had failed to impress their Teachers; and now the president called for their reports. All stated that they were doing very well & the freshmen's grades had improved considerably.

As hard as it may seem to credit, many were the suggestions given for improvement in our school system. I noticed that the meeting was uneasy again; several had gained permission to leave early, for the Co-C-Hi Meeting in the adjoining room had just adjourned, reminding the members of the passing of time.

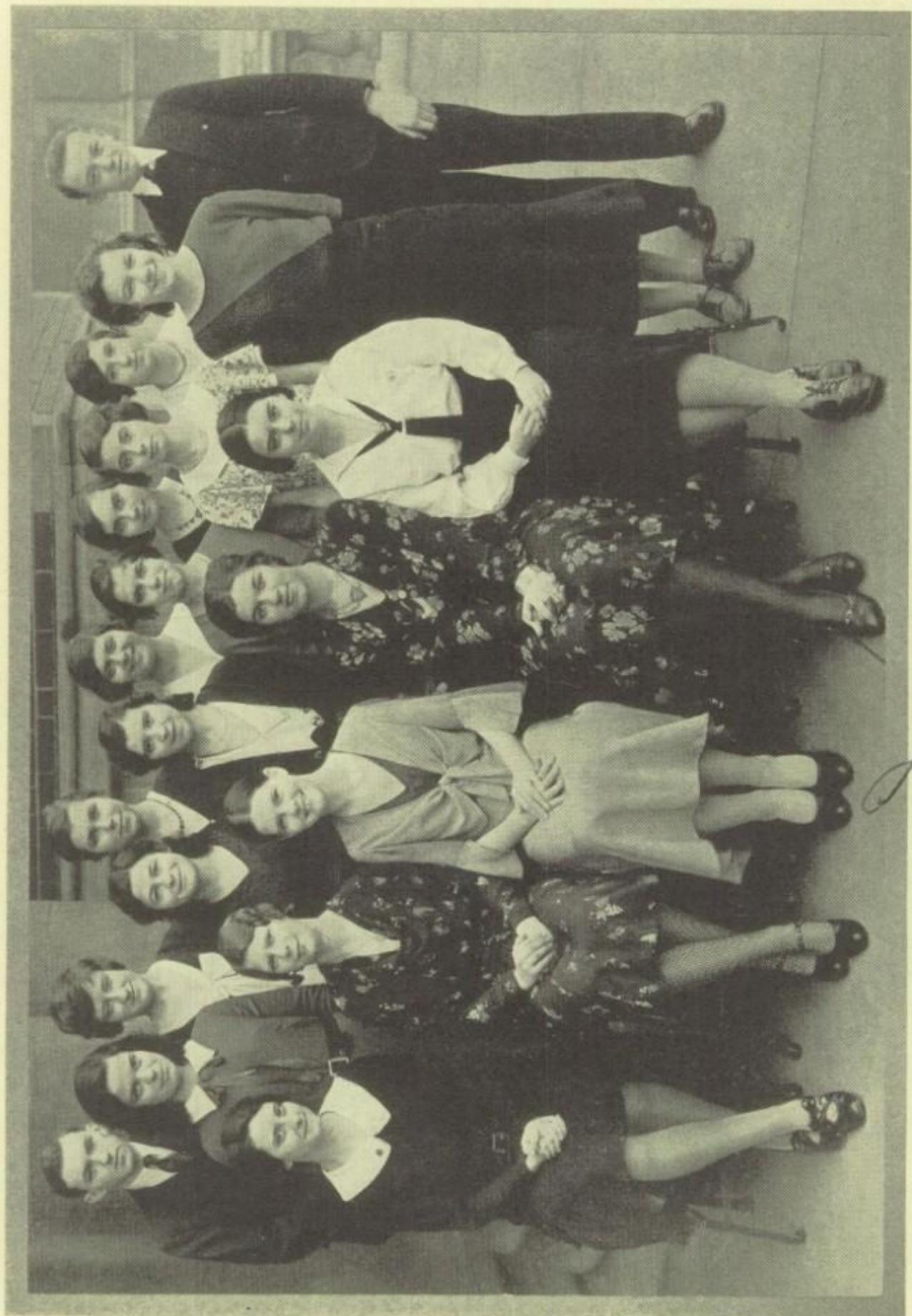
The Meeting of the Committee of Twenty adjourned, & I went away with many worthy thoughts to cogitate.

Vice-President—Letha Hughes.

Secretary—Jeanne Bagnall.

Treasurer—Jeannette Beard.

The Election over, the meeting adjourned, and I wended my way Home-ward, feeling that as long as the Co-C-Hi girls stand at their Posts, all will be well with Central High School.



THE CLASSICAL CLUB

*Sincerely
Conrad*



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Secretary—Jeanne Bagnall.

Treasurer—Jeannette Beard.

The Election over, the meeting adjourned, and I wended my way Home-ward, feeling that as long as the Co-C-Hi girls stand at their Posts, all will be well with Central High School.



THE ATHENÆUM

1911
Yearbook



ATHENÆUM

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Mildred Treadway, '34

WOULD that you knew the agony through which I have passed since I was invited to visit the Athenæum Club of Central High, which is very decidedly a girls' club. Imagine me, if you can, alone, "all, all alone" amidst bevies of girls, all with a passion for Speechmaking & Debating. I betook myself to a far corner of the room thinking that in this way I would attract the least attention. No sooner had I seated myself than the president called the meeting to order, & who do you suppose filled that dignified Chair? None other than the imposing little Janice Thierauf. Were matters not bad enough to begin with for me, but she must make them worse by addressing me? "James Madison," quoth she, "I hope you realize that heretofore we have never allowed a Male guest to attend one of our regular Meetings;" and believe me, I was fully impressed by the solemnity of my Privilege.

When curiosity about me had somewhat subsided, the meeting began to proceed as usual. Hilda Crofts, secretary, in her quick, snappy manner, read the minutes of the previous meeting. When corrections were called for, even I could not make any, not that I would have if I could. The treasurer's report was called

for & the little Lady by the name of Mildred Chalmers hopped up & clearly spoke. There was no chance of misunderstanding her. "I will say no more than this," said she: "I want more money." My Hand instinctively went to my Pocket. There was something very compelling about that Voice.

The president appointed three Judges & a Critic for the debate.

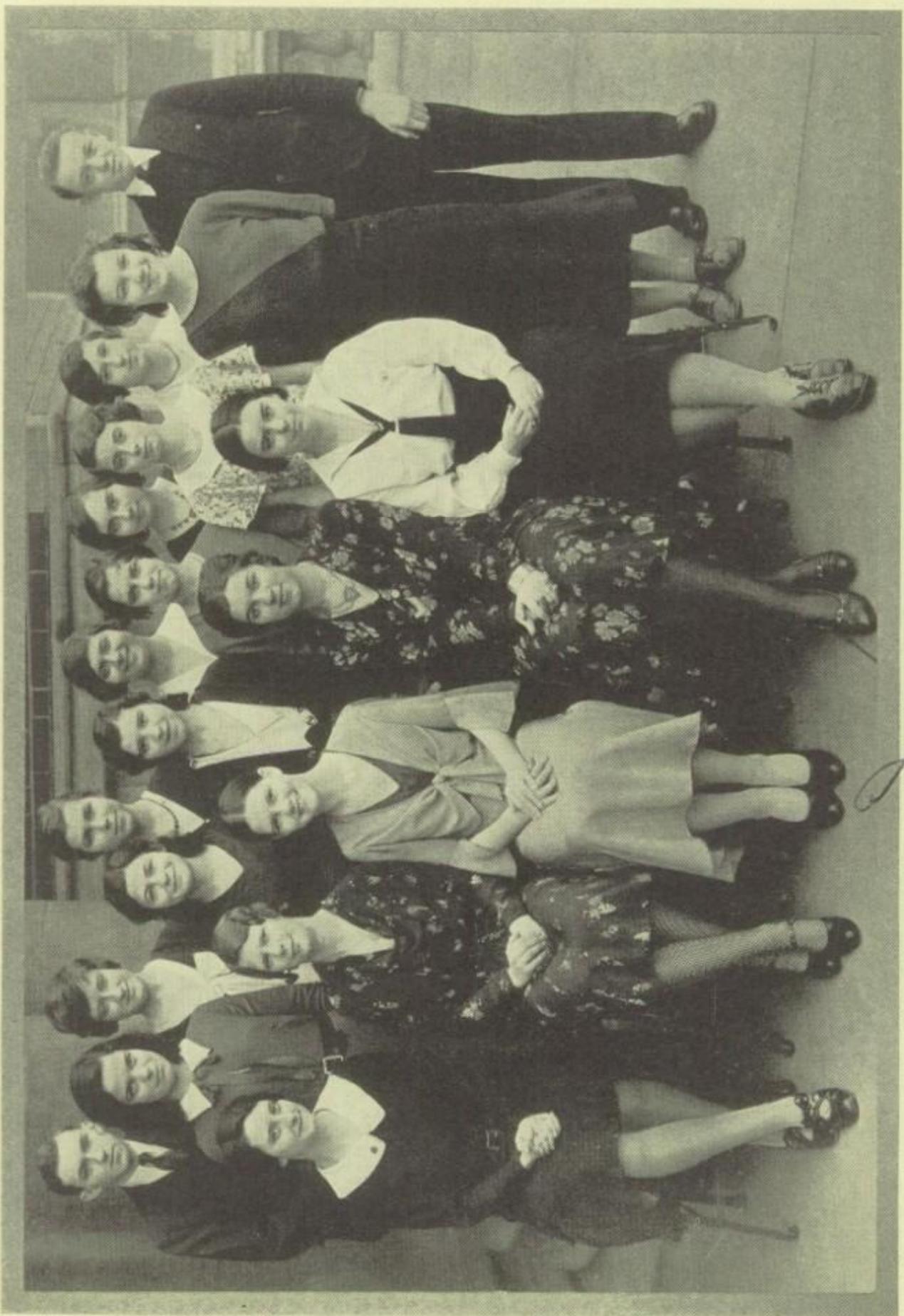
The subject of the debate was serious although the speeches were not unmixed with humor. After this, La Rue Camfield, who, by the way, is the vice-president of the Club, gave the Decision of the three Judges, & Charlotte Volk, the *News* representative for the Club, left her Seat to give her report as critic. Deliver me from her critical Eye. I thought this would surely end the Meeting, but no! From the other corner of the Room I heard a small Voice requesting the attention of the president. Upon turning my head in that direction, whom should I see but one of my favorite teachers, Miss Thomure, whom I found to be the very efficient sponsor of the Athenæum. Upon being acknowledged by Janice, she proceeded to add her criticism to that already given by Charlotte.

TO EVERY MAN

If a man cannot act in all respects as he would wish, he must do what appears best under the circumstances he is in.

It is my wish to act right; if I err, the head and not the heart shall with justice be chargeable.

—Washington.



THE CLASSICAL CLUB

*Sincerely
Conrad*



THE CLASSICAL CLUB

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Omega Courtwright, '32

AFTER the dizzying rush of a particularly hard day of school, I went into one of the out-of-the-way rooms to take a Nap. I had just stacked my books around me to keep out prying eyes, when Young People began to come in. I kept my position, believing that they would soon leave. After a while I realized that these were Members, come for a Club Meeting. There was no escape; so I settled down comfortably, but gave up all thoughts of Sleep. Having an Eye for Business, I took out my notebook and tabulated the following facts:

Meeting called to order by Cordula Knoernschild. She had some difficulty in subduing two Members, who were quarreling over Who Should be First on the Program.

Helen Domasch, secretary, called the Roll. Everything went well until Miss Garber jumped up and decisively announced that her name was not Greta Garbo but merely Frieda Garber. The Minutes went smoothly.

When the president asked for a treasurer's report, Elizabeth Hudson sent out an urgent call for money, and Members, looking guilty, reached for their purses.

The News Representative, Jeannette Edwards, asked for information to put in the News. She received such suggestions as "Tell them how good we are, and they'll all join us." She sat down in Disgust.

The Meeting was then turned over to the vice-president, Omega Courtwright. The Program consisted of a quiz—Four Members who described gods, goddesses, or heroes, and asked the Club to identify them. Rose Silistria described Minerva, and Diana was described by Ida Perlman. The two Boys in the Club, Joe Brumm and Louis Triefenbach, coöperated in describing Hercules and telling his labors. The club clapped vociferously.

When the meeting was adjourned, the Clubites troupèd out of the door leaving me alone with my Thoughts except for Miss Heltzell, the sponsor, who left soon afterwards.

While roaming around a few days later, I found a black book with this inscription in it: Classical Club Jan. to June '32.

President, Rowena Overby.

Vice-President, Rose Hummel.

Secretary, Joe Brumm.

Treasurer, Louis Triefenbach.

News Representative, Cordula Knoernschild.

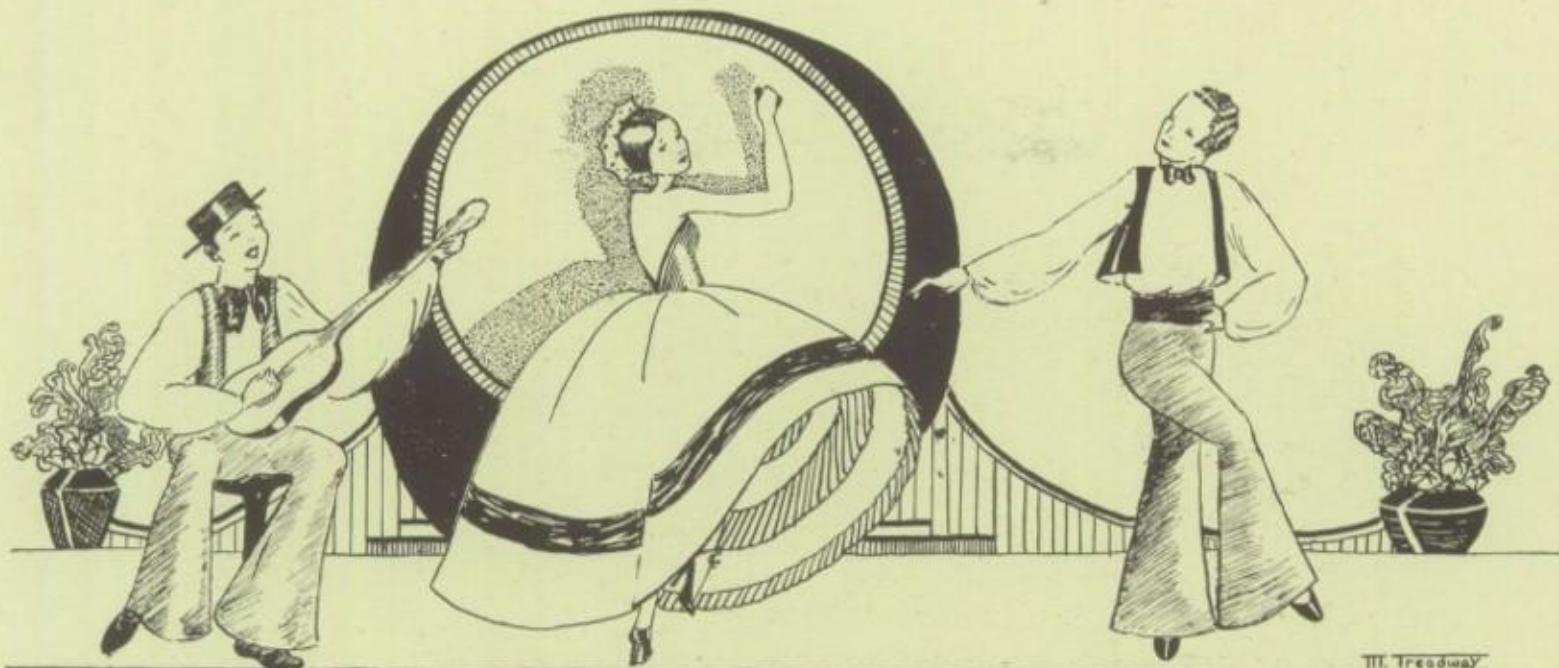
FRANKNESS AND TRUTHFULNESS

I do not recollect that in the course of my life, I ever forfeited my word or broke a promise made to anyone.—I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruples of saying to him.

—Washington.



LA CASTILLA



III. Treadaway

LA CASTILLA

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Arthur Kuhnert, '32

NO ONE seemed to notice me as I slipped into a Seat in the rear of 306 one Tuesday shortly after School. I had received an Invitation to attend one of the Meetings of La Castilla, and to satisfy my Curiosity, I separated myself from my English-speaking Companions and joined these children of Spain. I was impressed by the large Number of Castillians in Attendance and was about to remark on this matter to a charming señorita who sat opposite me when el presidente, who proved to be none other than Señor Newman Littrell, rapped for Order and el secretario, Señor Arthur Kuhnert called the Roll, and then read the Minutes in Spanish!

While I was trying to find out from the charming señorita what he had read, I was surprised to hear a familiar Voice speaking about a familiar Subject in English! I glanced up to see dark-eyed Molly Kram exhorting the members to pay their dues. I supposed that she feared her

fellow club Members would pretend to misunderstand her if she had spoken to them in the official Language of the Club. Winsome Marie Ubelhack, vice-president, then gave a Report on "A day in Old Madrid." After the Club had sung a few Spanish Songs, the meeting was adjourned, but the enthusiastic Members stood around in Groups and discussed the various Activities of the Club. In my wanderings from Group to Group, I found that all were loud in their praise of Miss Gibney, the club's Sponsor, and that most of them were already looking forward to the Fiesta (whatever that is) which the Club gives every Term. Since I had other Business to attend to, I, James Madison, did leave to rejoin normal Companions.

As I left, Señorita Gibney handed me a charming little poem from the Spanish, which I have since managed to decipher, and which I shall set down here as a memento.

LOS OJOS

"Ay unos ojos de tres colores
Que el alma mia hacen llorar,
Azules son como es el cielo,
Verdes son como es la mar;
Hay unos ojos de tres colores,
Que me cautivan con su mirar.
En este mundo los más hermosos,
Los más hermosos, los tuyos son.

Los ojos revelan siempre,
Lo que hay dentro del alma,
Los azules mucha calma
Los verdes mucha ilusión
Y los negros, son abismo,
Para todo corazón."

THE ART APPRECIATION CLUB

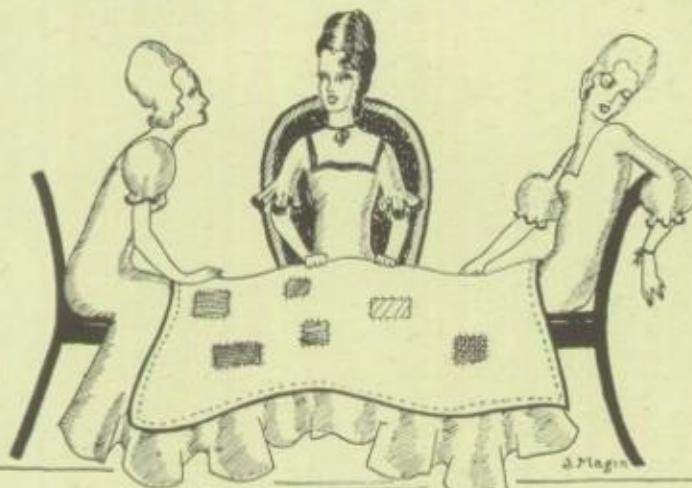




Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Janice Thierauf, '32

THE meeting of the Art Appreciation Club was called to order by President Marie Henke, in room 103 at 2:40 o'clock. Minutes of the previous meeting were then read and approved and Roll was called by Secretary Mildred Chalmers. Old and New Business discussed and voted on. Madame Secretary busily writing, while Treasurer Janice Thierauf asked about Dues and actually threatened something serious if same were not paid soon. My Pocketbook in danger of getting rather thin from handing out dues in so many clubs. Program was next given. This year, the Club, with the help of Miss Olmstead, the sponsor, has chosen to study about the Colonial Period. Each Thursday "At Home" is devoted to the study of some phase of Colonial Life.



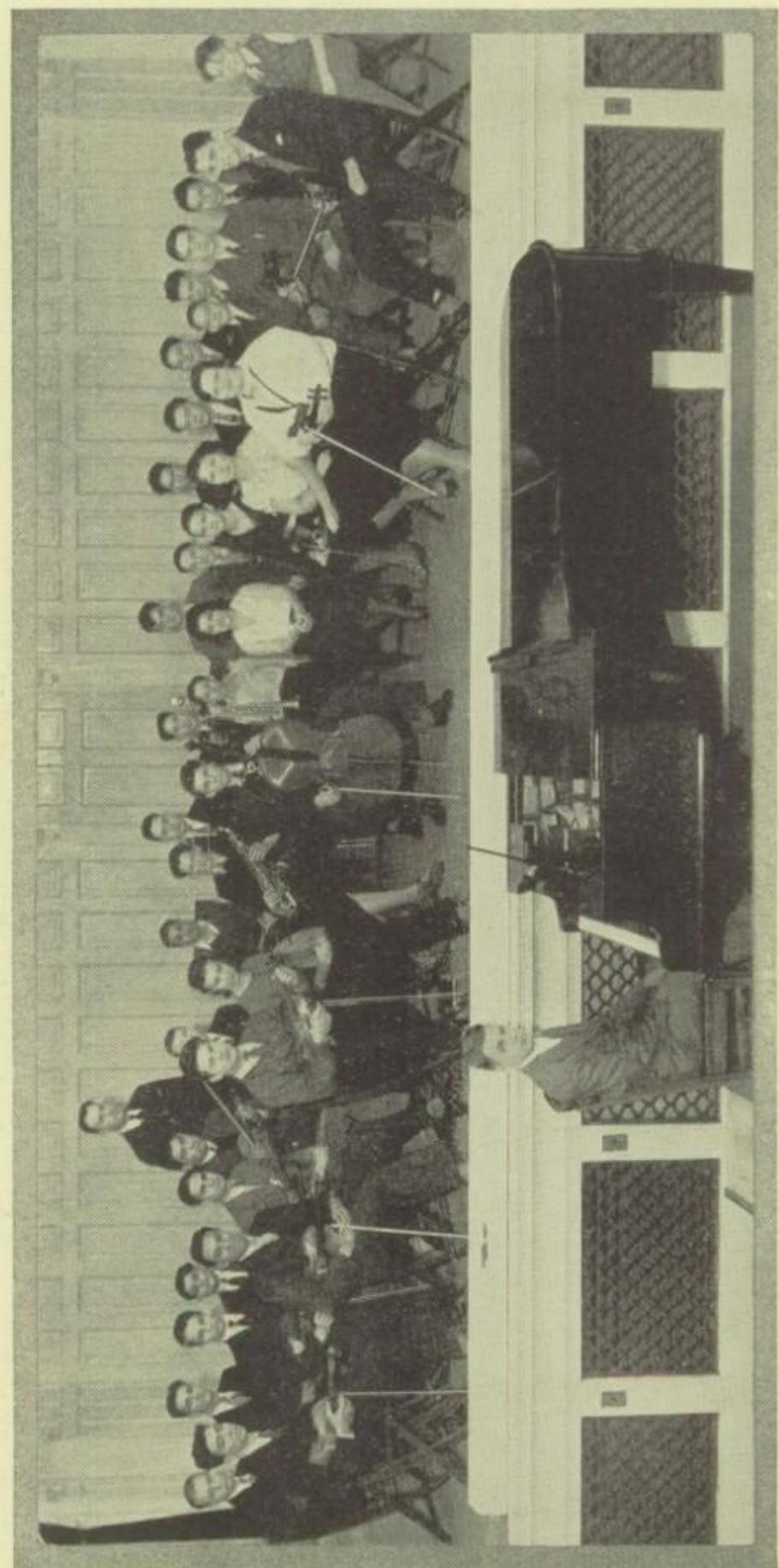
Such topics as "Paul Revere," "Colonial Kitchens," and "Duncan Phyfe Furniture" are given. We are taught to understand and enjoy objects of Art. Have discovered that furniture is Art. Furniture

as well as Pictures is Art. This week the topic was "Washington's Homes." Very interesting. Learned he was interested in more than one Home and all were beautiful. Also learned results of Election for next term. Dorothy Katzung, president; Joseph Hossitt, vice-president; Janice Thierauf, secretary; and Mildred Chalmers, treasurer. Those two, Mildred Chalmers and Janice Thierauf, must have "fixed" the Election in order to swap offices.

Reminded by President of meeting at Art Museum next Thursday. On alternate Thursdays the club takes a trip to City Art Museum. Subject will be parallel to one given here today or maybe it will be on the special exhibit. Will be given by Miss Powell and her assistants and will likely be extremely interesting.

Also those who have the most points, gained by attendance, notebooks, and service, will receive a prize at the last meeting. Prizes have been gathered by Miss Olmstead on her trips Abroad. These Prizes are well worth having, I can assure you. Which reminds me of the old proverb, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

A young lady squirming in her seat over in a corner of the room wanted to speak. (Charlotte Volk, our vice-president, had to make herself heard.) She made a motion for adjournment which carried.



THE ORCHESTRA



THE ORCHESTRA

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

IT WAS the first Wednesday of the new term, January-June, 1932, and at one forty-five the strains of music faintly drifted through the corridors from the Auditorium.

Immediately I realized it was the first practice session of the Classical Orchestra; so, politely excusing myself from the Study Hall, I left and quickly made my way downstairs and succeeded in taking a Seat in the rear of the Auditorium without the slightest detection by any of the pupils.

Mr. Bluthardt was at the Piano, constantly sounding the A Key, & one by one the instruments drifted into unison, all in tune, so it was now time for practice to start.

But just as I was lost in anticipation at the prospect of hearing the Orchestra's first number, the Tuba made another stab at the correct tone of A, and the Clarinet let out another squeak in the same attempt. It was all started again now by some of the students' believing they still weren't in tune and all the others followed suit in another Session of tuning.

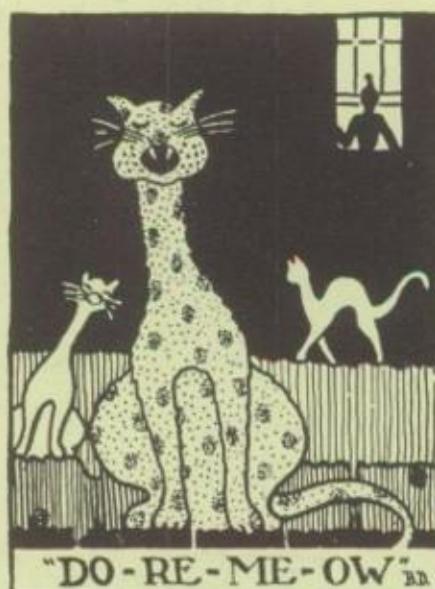
This lasted a few minutes until Mr. Bluthardt rapped for order with his Baton; so we were now ready for the first number again.

This time I was not disappointed and the Orchestra earnestly began practice under Mr. Bluthardt's leadership & they started in on a brand-new Piece.

Time passed so quickly that in my in-

tense interest in the music I did not notice its flight.

I had learned previously from Miss Eimer that this Orchestra, combined with the Band, would furnish the music for the Washington Bicentennial Class Play to be

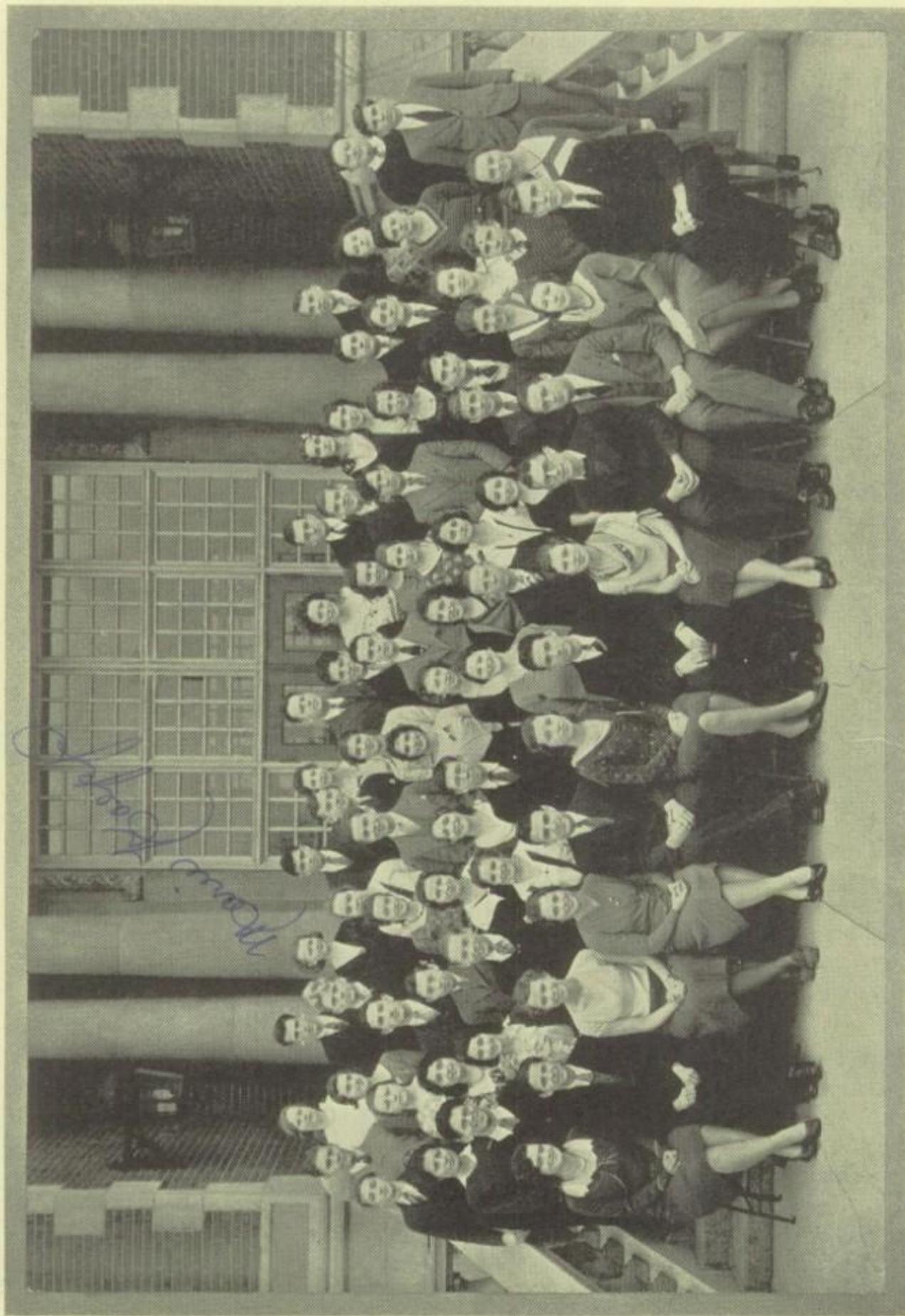


presented at the Odeon. So as the practice continued, I was thrilled as I heard the music develop into the beautiful "Down South" Overture which would be the overture for the Play.

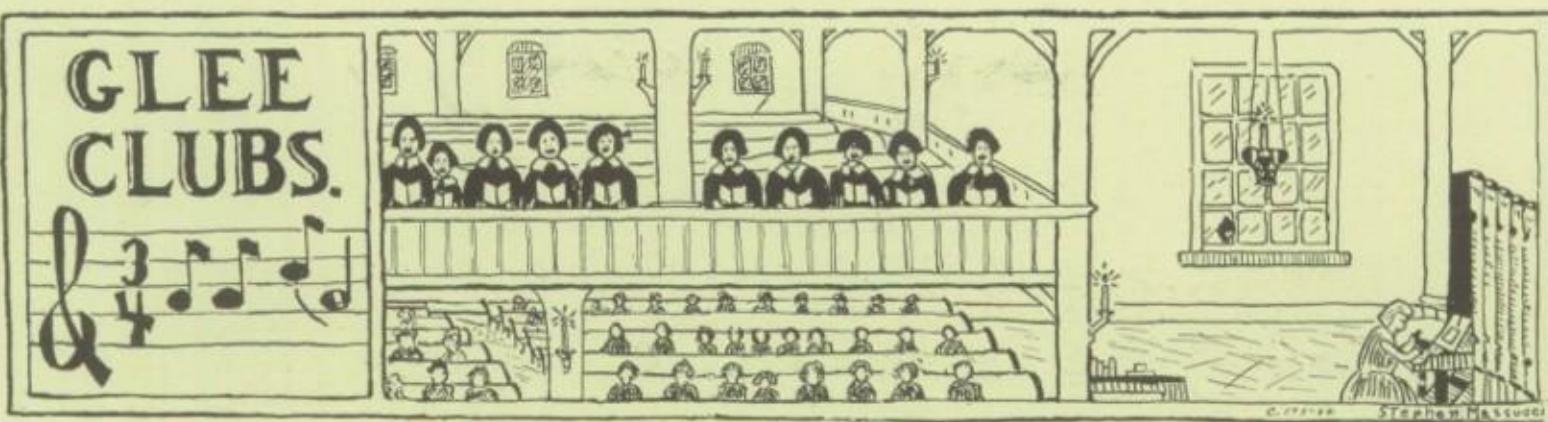
All Pleasure must sometime come to an End & so was it when the bell rang for the Close of School. I walked out of the Auditorium, thrilled at the results of the Orchestra's progress & resolved to spend my future Eighth Hours on Wednesday & Friday in the Auditorium instead of in the Study Hall (that is if I can persuade the Study Teacher to grant my Request).

By Clarence Siegfried, '33

Clarence Siegfried.
One Hundred and Eighty-five



THE DULCIMER AND GLEE CLUBS



Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Virginia Hammerstein, '32

UPON hearing an odd Sound issuing from the Auditorium, I hastened to that part of the building, wondering what had happened.

When I peeked through the Door from back stage, however, I found that it was only the Girls of the Dulcimer Club practicing some of their Songs.

It seemed to me that somewhere I had read that *Dulcimer* meant *sweetness of sound*, & wondered whether the Club was named for *sweetness of sound* or for *sweetness of members*. After a second Look, I decided that it must have been named for the latter.

The first thing to catch my Eye was the Figure of the Honorable George Bluthardt, in the midst of uttering this Compliment to the Members, saying: "You're flat." I have decided, after four years at Central, that Mr. Bluthardt is one of

these Gentlemen who love to pay Compliments.

He next undertook to gather a Sextette composed of the Officers of the Club: Lillian Billings, president; Lucille Weigle, vice-president; Alene Richardson, secretary; Ruth Hassmer, treasurer; Mary Starke, librarian, & Virginia Hammerstein, *News* representative.

The result was so comical that I became convulsed with Laughter & then—Tragedy! The Door against which I had been leaning burst open & catapulted me onto the middle of the Stage.

I was never more embarrassed in all my Life, for as I picked myself up, the entire Auditorium filled with Shouts of Laughter.

I fled just as Mr. Bluthardt had gained Composure enough to say, "Hey, fellow!"

I wonder if anyone recognized me. I HOPE NOT!

OFFICERS OF BOYS' GLEE CLUB

First Term

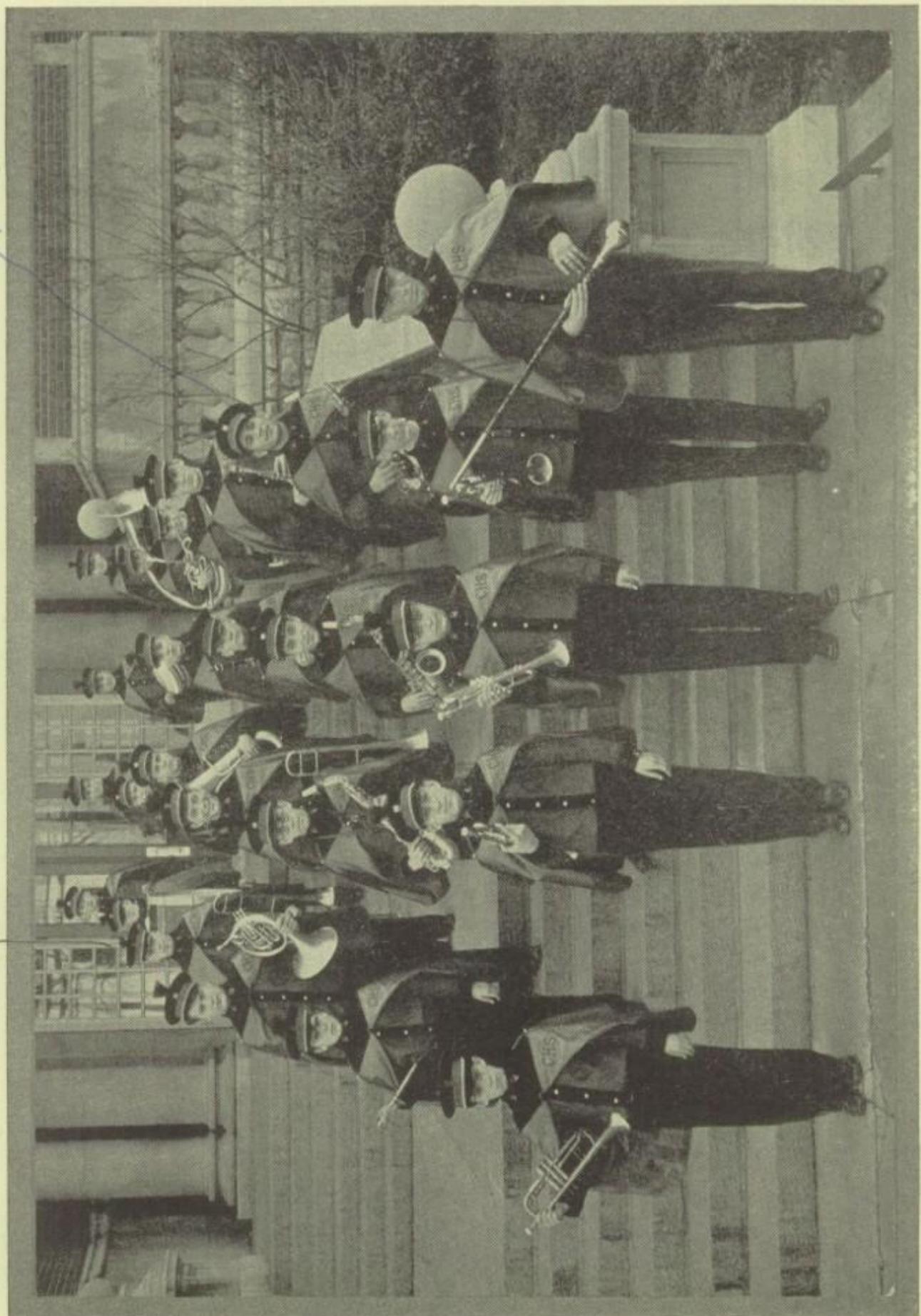
President	Tom Duffy
Vice-President	Edward Canepa
Secretary	Harvy Aguado
Treasurer	Albert Rau
News Representative	Hubert Turner
Librarian	Alexander Efthim

Second Term

President	Henry Krey
Vice-President	Alexander Efthim
Secretary	Harvy Aguado
Treasurer	Samuel Starr
News Representative	Joseph Romero
Librarian	Cyril Hessler

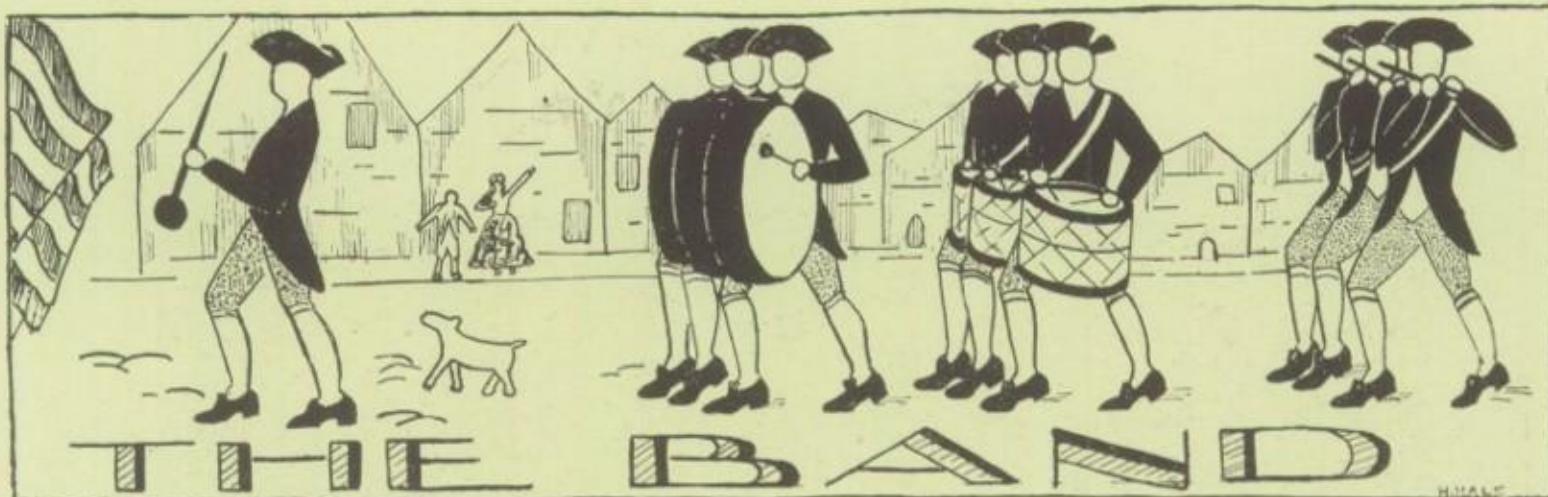


THE BAND



*Class of
1922*

*W. H. Clegg
and
the
band*



Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Louis Reichenbach, '32

THIS morning my Alarm clock was set one hour fast by mistake & because of it I arrived at school at seven twenty-five instead of eight twenty-five. Finding the school practically vacant, I went to my desk on the fourth-floor corridor and began to study. After a short time, I heard a racket of some kind going on in the Auditorium, and upon my arrival there, I saw a sight too funny for Words.

Joe Baldwin, who evidently had been trying to play on the Tuba, had it around his neck & was chasing Stuart Farrell, who was protecting his tiny Flute. Herman Land, Bill Blanke, and Vincent Castelli were sitting in the front row and laughing at the two. When the hubbub had quieted down, Harold Cameron decided to give a demonstration of a good Cornet solo on Louis Reichenbach's Cornet. Harold Hale, Jasper De Simone, Max Feldman, and Marcus Alderman soon joined in & they all played in sweet Harmony the old favorite, "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Suddenly a hush fell over the whole body as Mr. Bluthardt, accompanied by Sol Kaplan and Joe Nixon, arrived in the Auditorium. Soon afterward William Milnes, Ed Robinson, and Clarence Siegfried made their appearance. It was about seven forty-five and the boys ascended to the stage ready for practice. Edmond Hainstock and Kenneth Kurtz arrived before the Roll was called, but George Robinson, Marion Hollenback, and Ed Ischer had to pay a fine of ten cents for being late. Better late than never, William Ebbinghaus arrived at eight bells. This completed the Band & they played several Selections.

After listening to their practice, I realized more than ever the truth of the phrase, "Let a little boy blow a horn and he will never blow a safe."

I think that this band is the outstanding one in Central's history. They have played at all football games & led the Peace Parade on Armistice Day. They also played at Basketball games and furnished the music at the school play, "Washington, the Man Who Made Us."

FIRMNESS

Real firmness is good for everything; strut is good for nothing.

—Hamilton.

DEFENSE

No man should scruple to use arms in defense of freedom.

—Washington.

Laura D. Watkins.

Molly Gordon



AN AUTUMN HIKE—THE BIOLOGY CLUB

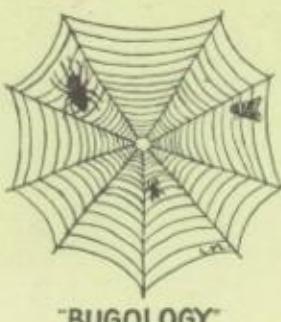
From one Biologist
to another
Ruth Jones



Revised Excerpt from CENTRAL DIARIES by James Madison

ACCEPTED invitation to go on Hike with Biology Club. Was informed that object of Club was to obtain all possible Knowledge of nature & outdoor Life in general. Arrived at designated starting point at unearthly Hour of 8:00 A. M. on a fine October Morning. Other members gathered round and informed me that Destination was Monk's Mound, in State of Illinois.

Arrived at Mound where excavating was going on. Discovered that skeletons, arrowheads, and other objects of interest, estimated to be several hundred Years old, had been removed the Day before. At description of Skeletons and how they were found, I became goosefleshy and removed myself to Place where atmosphere was a Bit more enticing. Then headed for small Museum where all members signed Names & Birthplaces in huge Ledger. Entered small Room and was confronted by rows and rows of gray gaping Skulls. Immediately became covered with gooseflesh again & moved to other Case & began study of Indian pottery. Became engrossed in Tomahawks and Arrowheads. Imagined myself in midst of wild War dance ready to be scalped, when one Stuart Farrell brought me back to earth by sound Slap on the Back. Picture was taken outside Museum & now reposes among Souvenirs.



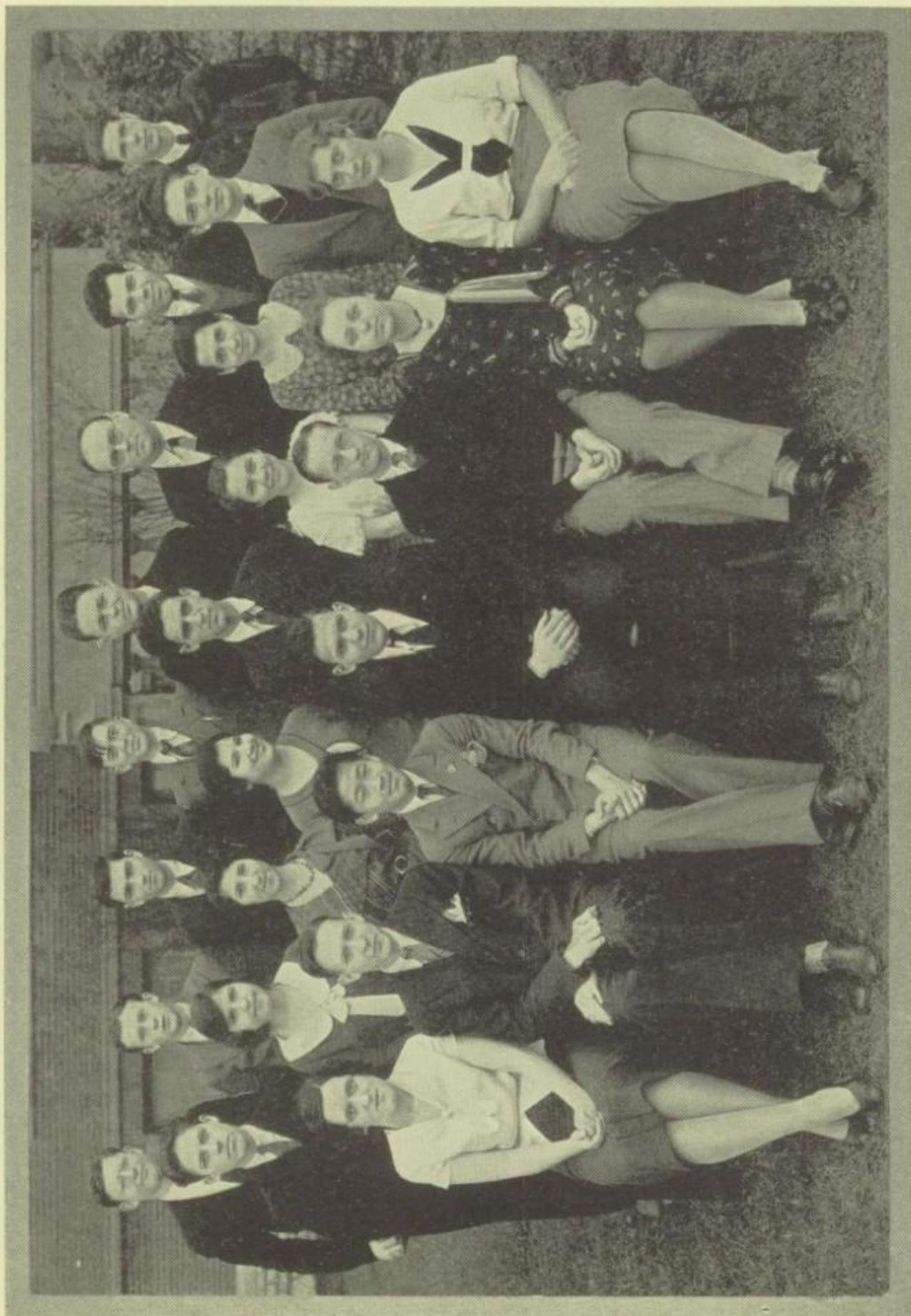
Was introduced to vice-president, Joe Nixon, and secretary, Margaret Buhrman. Treasurer, Harold Philipp, did not recognize me and tried to extort Dues. Ended by losing white Sweater which Treasurer wore entire day with Temperature well above 80. Climbed to top of large Mound. Found Mortimer Gordon chasing poor little Butterfly with monstrous net. Chase terminated with Mildred Treadway's Head in Net.

Pains in Region of Stomach announced Lunchtime. Light Repast of Hot Dogs, Eggs, Pickles, Cookies, Pie, Cake, Apples, Candy, and Marshmallows partaken of by Members. Listened to beloved councilor, Miss Watkins, give short Discourse on history of Mounds. Walked around States Park. Clambered up another Mound. While running down hill, Mildred Treadway lost Heel which was very insecurely nailed again by one Robert Henselmeier. Later both Members suffered injured Ankles that swelled to twice normal Size.

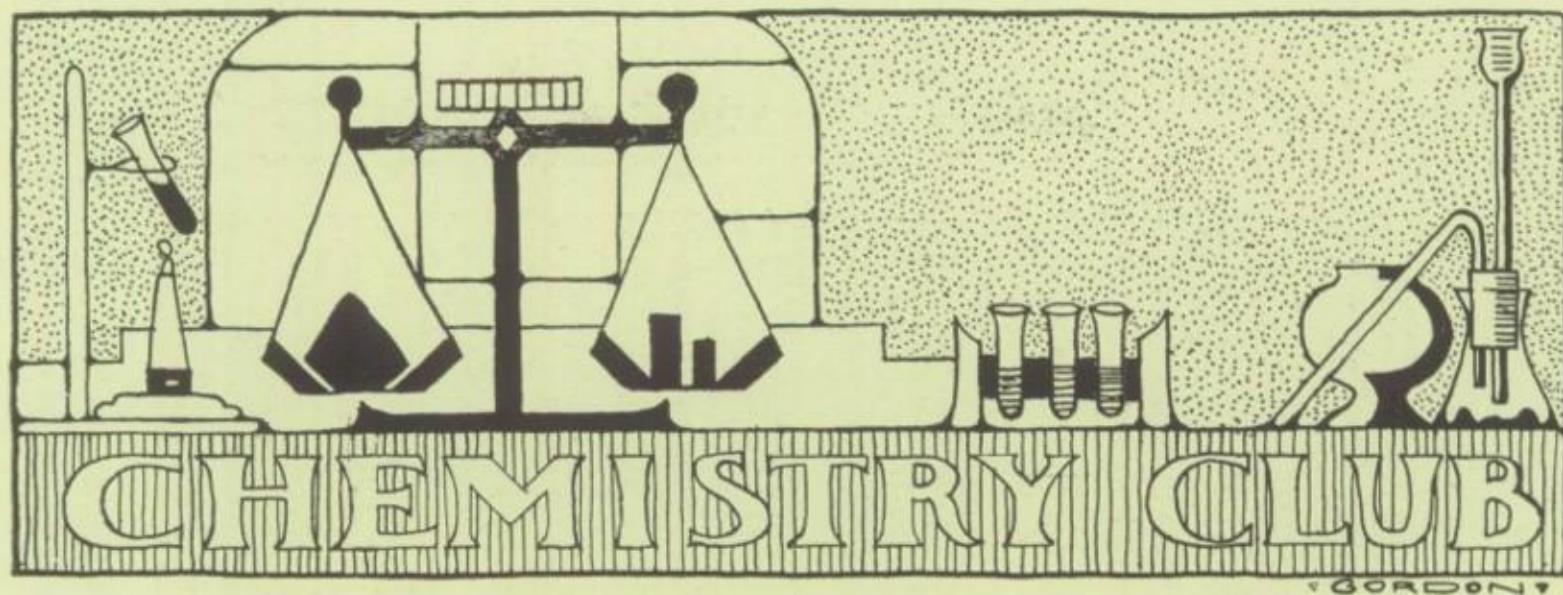
Missed first car for homeward journey. Spent spare Time attempting to improve disheveled appearance. Caught next car.

Returned home after exhilarating exercise rather tired but with contented feeling of having spent time in worth-while Enterprise.

By Charlotte Volk, '33



THE CHEMISTRY CLUB



Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Joseph Tanaka, '33

"Phew!" I thought as I stepped into the laboratory of room 107, "what an odor that is!" There, to my surprise, was my old friend, Leon Jameton, conducting a class. After a hearty greeting I soon found, however, that I had erred in my surmise, for this was not a class, but a regular meeting of the Chemistry Club with Mr. Leon Jameton as its president. There at the desk, busily taking down the minutes, was Joseph Tanaka, another old acquaintance. The others I did not know, but, as the meeting proceeded, I soon became acquainted with them. As this was the last meeting of the club, election of officers was taking place. Mr. Harold Siemson, the vice-president, was tallying the votes for next term officers. I think it would be fitting for me to say that Mr. Edward Garstang, the *ex-News* representative, was elected president, Miss Rilda Handy, vice-president, Mr. Adolph Cohen, secretary, and little Florence Rabanovitz, *News* representative.

Then the regular business of the day was undertaken, the discussion of the

club's last Trip. For I found that the club visited various industrial organizations every other Tuesday and that the Tuesday after each trip is used for discussing in detail the plant visited. This I found to be very interesting indeed. Some of the places the Club enjoyed visiting were the Federated Non-Ferrous Metal Works, the St. Louis Dairy, the Proctor and Gamble Soap Company, and Gradwohl's Biological Laboratories. Mr. Wilson, whom I found to be a very capable sponsor, was the teacher of the Chemistry classes during school hours.

After the meeting adjourned, I had a chat with Mr. Jameton and Mr. Garstang and found that many interesting Programs are planned for 1932. I am sure that any scientific-minded student will benefit by this organization's plans.

In conclusion, while leaving the laboratory behind, I whispered something in Leon's ear. He smiled in an amiable manner and replied, "The qualifications for this club are simple and not so difficult as you think, for the only requirement for membership is a genuine interest in chemistry or related subjects.



THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL



AERONAUTICAL CLUB

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Hugo Mueller, '32

ONE Friday I was attracted to Portable 2 by the Sounds of a hot Argument. Upon investigation, I found a Meeting (if you would call it that) in progress. The discussion was in Terms that I could not understand and Parliamentary Procedure had been abandoned.

The president, Hugo Mueller, was helpless in the Face of convincing and withering Arguments by Stanley Dampier, Morris Weiss, and others. In the Background sat Mr. Pinkus with a Twinkle in his eye (as if it were a huge Joke) but ready with a most valuable and timely Remark if called upon to speak.

Yet I was unable to understand the Meaning of this most heated Debate. Words such as "Aileron," "fuselage," "empenage," "prop," "stunts," "glider," "glide ratio" & Others equally bewildering fell on my unaccustomed Ear. Nothing in my wide Experience at Central could give Me a clue to the Meaning of this technical Dialect.

Finally, the discussion came to a Climax, a Vote was taken, and I saw a Look

of triumph pass over the Faces of Stanley Dampier and his Allies. Then the meeting came to an abrupt Close.

Still I was unenlightened as to the Subject of all that I had seen. Timidly, I approached a departing Member & asked him what sort of Meeting I had witnessed.

"Don't you know?" he asked with a touch of Scorn in his Voice.

I very bashfully admitted that I had no Idea whatsoever.

"That was a Meeting of the Aéronautical Club & we have decided to buy a Glider!"

And they did buy the Glider.

Now they are engaged in its Reconstruction and Repair. It is what is known as a secondary Glider and will carry a Man.

The Club is without a Sponsor at the present Time, Mr. Pinkus, unfortunately, having been transferred from Central High to McKinley.

Incidentally, I am attending all of the Meetings of this Club in order to learn more about their Subject and also to gain a technical aéronautical Vocabulary.

THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By James Prosser, '32

JUST as I stepped into Room 108, I heard President James Prosser call the Athletic Council meeting to order. As I listened to the reading of the minutes by Mr. Friedli, the secretary, and coach of basketball, I was amazed to notice six older members and was told

that they were faculty representatives. I observed also an equal number of student representatives. I was further informed that Mr. Douglass & Mr. Weir were ex-officio members. A very excellent Idea, I thought to myself.

Also was told by Vernon Arms that



the student members are nominated by the Athletic Council, & elected by the Athletic Association, a group to which every Central boy belongs. Those elected to the council remain in power until graduation or until they are ineligible for any sport. In this way the work of the Council goes on from term to term without the interruption of frequent elections. Faculty members are appointed by Mr. Douglass. I had really come to the club with the intention of joining but soon realized that membership in this select group is granted to only a few. I decided to remain to the end of the meeting, however, as this was perhaps the last chance I should ever get to attend a Council Meeting.

The football budget was the first order of business taken up by the Council. As Mr. Bailey, the football coach, read the budget, I noticed Mr. Kittlaus, custodian of athletic goods, stir uneasily in his Chair. Also overheard Mr. Christenson, the treasurer, reminding Mr. Neuman, baseball & tennis coach, of the business depression. Perhaps Mr. Neuman hadn't heard of it. I observed that he looked very prosperous.

Saw Edward McCarthy nudge Pete Kelemen knowingly as Mr. Kittlaus presented his objections to the budget. Mr. Miller, track coach, also joined in the argument.

Council finally decided on Budget as members sat back with a sigh of relief, glad to have that ordeal over.

The sale of football tickets was next to be discussed, silent Tom Powers declaring that the tickets should be sold by the Athletes, but quickly silenced by Vice-President David Nax, who favored the sale of tickets through the advisory groups. He argued that this plan would bring about competition between the groups.

Council decided to adopt the plan of Mr. Nax to sell football tickets through the various advisory groups and to award a special button to each pupil for every ticket he or she should buy or sell.

Heard Mr. Miller tell the student members of the Council to put the sale of tickets over the top in spite of everything, & noticed that he received a hearty "Aye, aye."

Meeting adjourned.

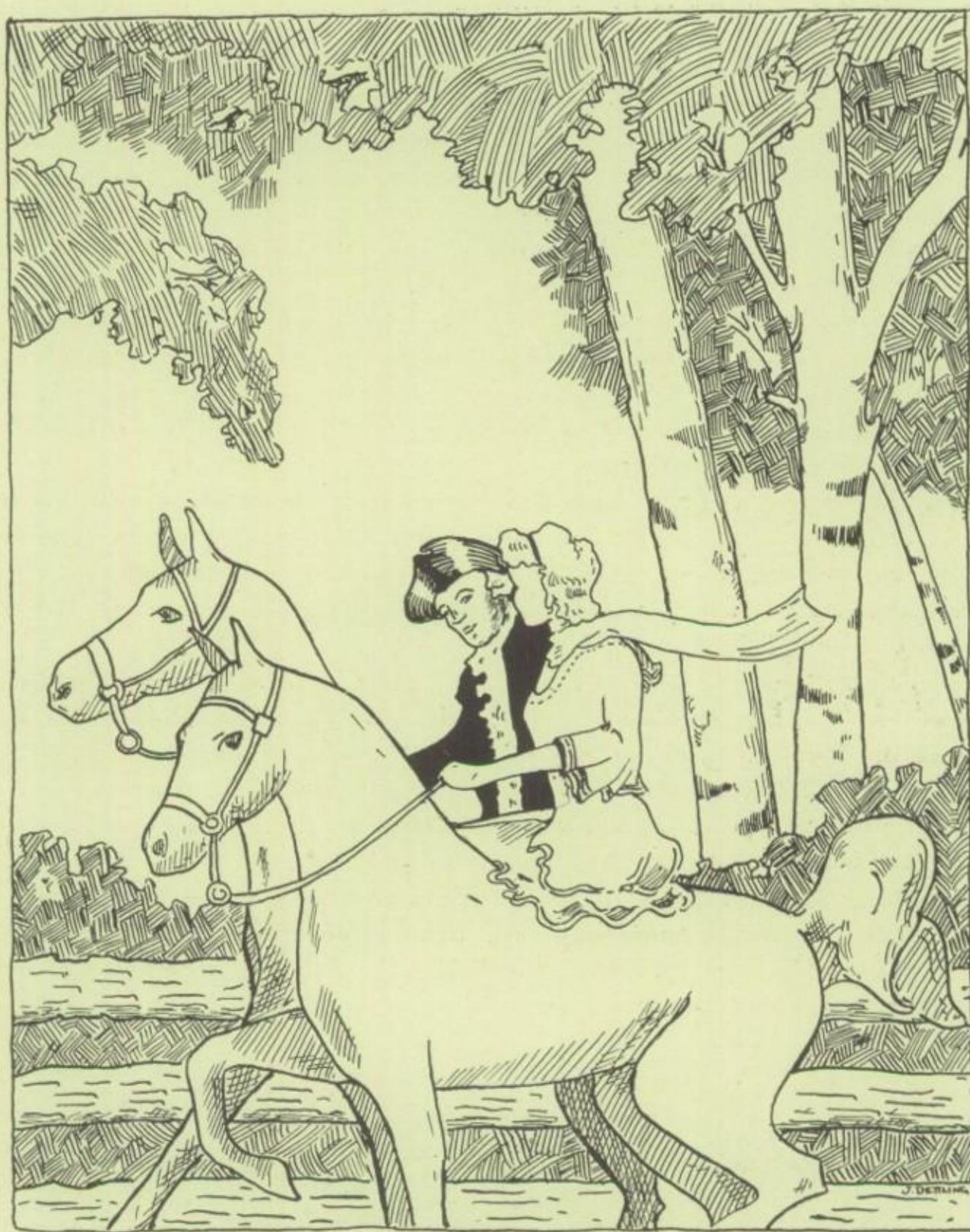
THE GYM CLUB

Revised Excerpt from Madison's DIARIES OF CENTRAL

By Elmer Gloer, '32

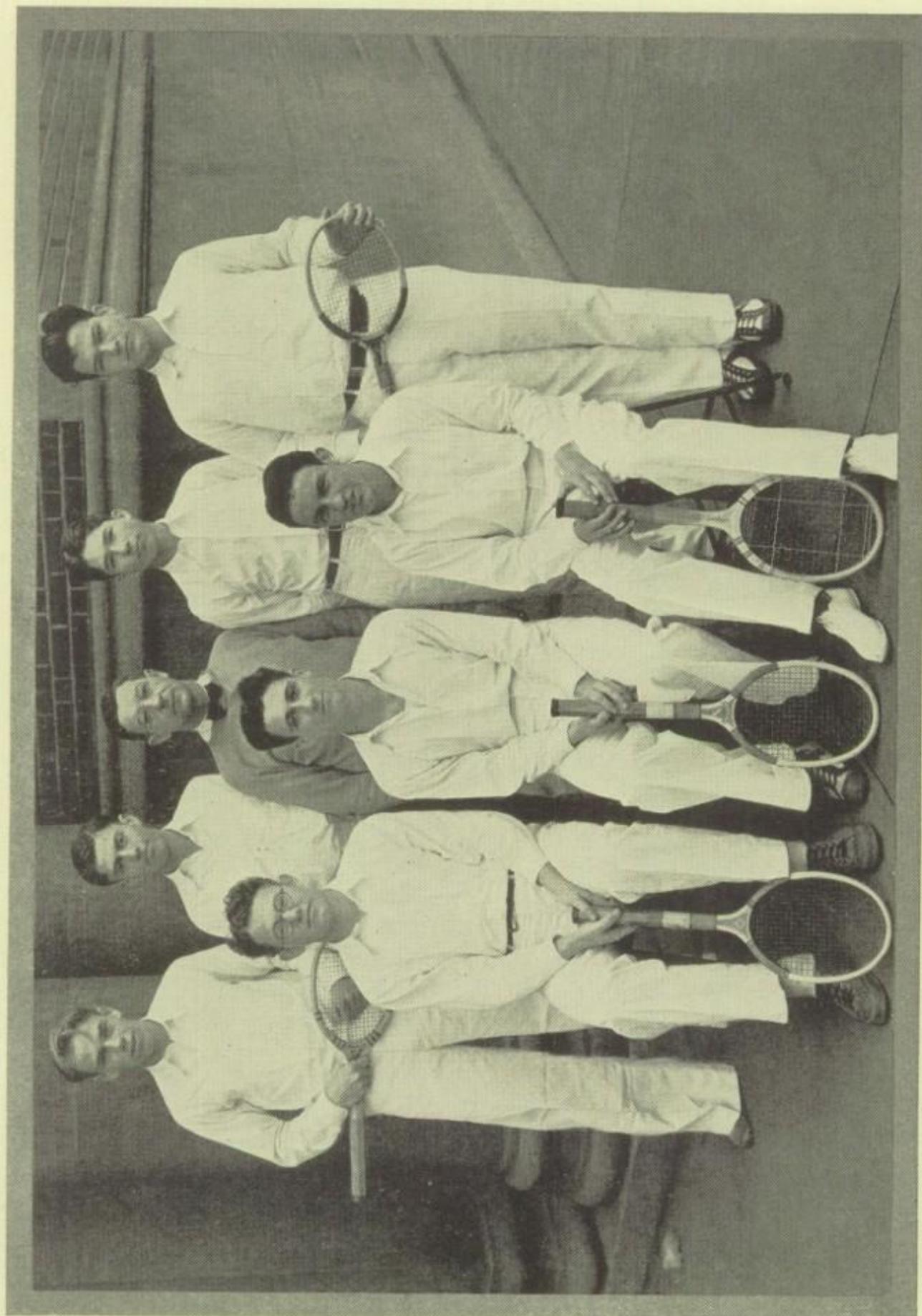
DECIDED today to visit what is known as the Gym Club of Central. Having made known my Intention, I was duly surprised to hear on all sides of me enthusiastic Responses. A few well-directed Questions possessed me with the Knowledge that the Gym Club had been one of Central's most active Clubs until last Year. Furthermore,

I discovered that Interest has been revived by one Mr. Jones, who is, by the way, a recent Addition to Central's Faculty and who diligently gathered together the old Members. This being Wednesday, and one of the regular meeting Days (the Other is Thursday), I repaired to the Gymnasium to glean further Particulars. Was surprised to learn that, although in



ATHLETICS

THE TENNIS CLUB





Operation only since the middle of last November, the Membership of the Club has reached thirty-four. Met Mr. Jones, a very happy little man, who told me that he has secured the Services of Gene Dzierwa, a very able young Central Student, who acts as Instructor. One of the members informed me, as he rested, that one can always find a Group of boys in the Gym, where Gene demonstrates the various "Stunts," & the Others try to imitate him. At present, he told me, the Boys are practicing for an Exhibition, which requires conscientious & earnest effort, especially for the new and untrained Members. I watched them for some Time, fascinated in spite of myself, and I came to the Conclusion that it is not without many Bruises and sore Muscles

that the boys are slowly acquiring the Proficiency necessary to hold up the high standards which the Gym Club held in the Past. My Faith in the Conclusion was strengthened when, in the privacy of my Dressing-room, I attempted to carry out some of the Antics which those Boys executed with such Ease.

There is perhaps no Club in School which gives more in Return to its Members for their labor than the Gym Club. Any boy who applies himself conscientiously to the Work will have, when he leaves School, a Physique which will stand by him through the Years. I thought this out as I plodded wearily homeward, quite worn out by watching the Exertions of those active Boys, but proud of them, nevertheless.

TENNIS

By Jim Prosser

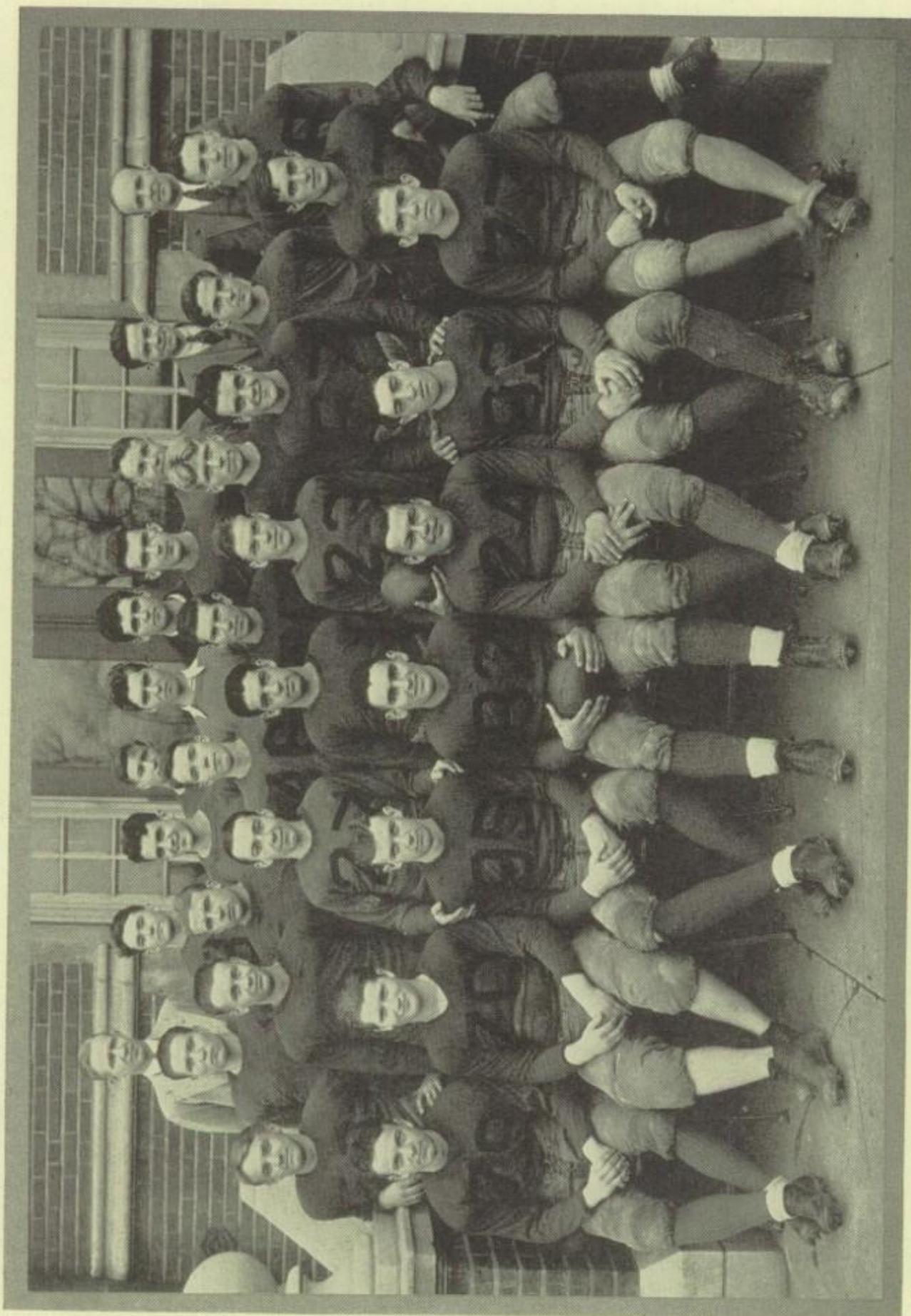
CENTRAL fared better than usual in the tennis world this year. When Mr. Neumann made a call for candidates this fall, he was met by a hearty response. About twenty-nine of the boys made their appearance, including three lettermen from last year's team: Jim Prosser, singles, Oscar Feldman and "Red" Garden, doubles. Usually the coach selects the players according to the results of the school tournament. This year, however, Mr. Neumann placed the boys in positions where he thought they were most likely to win. Mr. Neumann selected the following team:

Julius Offstein.....	First Singles
Jim Prosser.....	Second Singles
Herbert Goetz.....	Third Singles
Garden and Feldman	Doubles Team
Pierce, Kelly, and Yourtee	Alternates

Central drew as her first opponent Soldan, who was favored to win, Soldan having taken three of four matches. The Central victory was scored by the doubles team, Oscar Feldman and "Red" Garden.

Then inclement weather set in and all tennis matches had to be postponed. When the tournament was resumed, Central was slated to play Beaumont, Roosevelt, and Cleveland in the order named.

Central turned back Beaumont by taking three matches out of four. Offstein lost to Schuette, Prosser defeated Vocke, Goetz defeated Hoffman, and Garden and Feldman defeated Lindemann and Schultzke. The following day Central took one match from Roosevelt, Garden and Feldman, the steady dependables, again winning their doubles encounter in fine style.

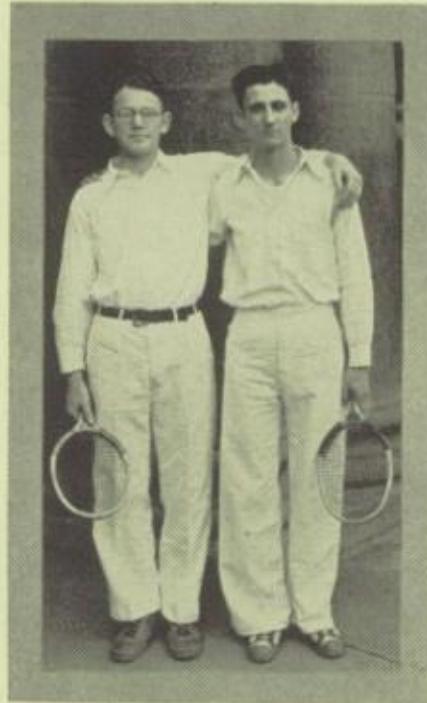


THE FOOTBALL TEAM



In the last day's play Central broke even with Cleveland, Jim Prosser surprising everyone, including himself, by scoring an easy victory over Wamser of Cleveland, who had previously been undefeated, and thus augmenting the splendid victory of Feldman and Garden in doubles. These Central victories practically clinched the championship for Soldan as Cleveland was its nearest rival.

Elliott Levin of Soldan won the individual singles honors as he won all his matches. The doubles honors went to "Red" Garden and Oscar Feldman of Central, who never lost a match during the tourney, and but one set.



Their excellent teamwork and steadiness enabled Central to gain as many victories in one season as in three previous seasons put together. They should be congratulated on their fine play. Goetz and Offstein did well considering it was their first year in school competition, Goetz winning one match.

The Soldan team won the championship for the third year in succession, Cleveland being the runner-up.

"Red" Garden and Julius Offstein will be the only lettermen returning next year but they should form a good nucleus for a new team.

The final standings of the schools are as follows:

FINAL STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost	Team	Won	Lost
Soldan	12	4	Central	7	9
Cleveland	10	6	Beaumont	2	14
Roosevelt	9	7			

FOOTBALL—1931

By Jim Hadgicostas, '32

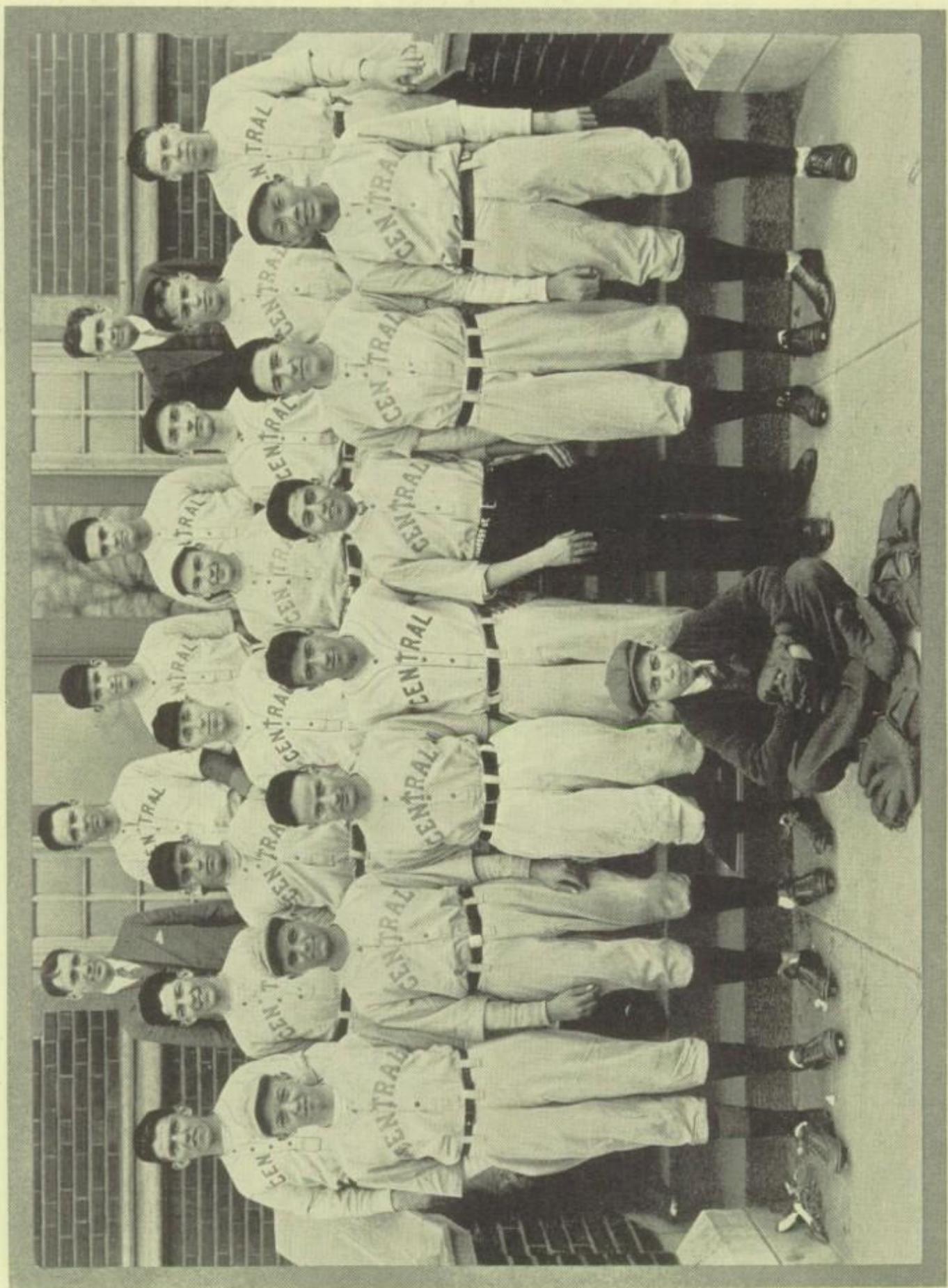
OVER seventy aspiring boys answered Coach Bailey's call for football candidates early in September. Out of this squad there were four lettermen and five numeral men from the 1930 season. After a few weeks of hard training, with the assistance of Mr. Markland, Coach Bailey chose a starting eleven for the opening game of the season with the strong St. Charles eleven.

This game, played on Friday night, September 25, at St. Charles, was closely contested, ending in a 7-7 tie. Marik, Central's star fullback, scored all of Cen-

tral's points during the last quarter, and Captain Jouret played a stellar game at center. The next game, played at Taylor Field, on October 3, was with the Principia Junior College eleven. Central outplayed Principia throughout the game, winning by a 6-0 score on "Baggie" Marik's touchdown.

Central's last practice game was with the powerful and experienced Normandy team. This game resulted in a 26-0 victory for Normandy, which later became co-leaders of the county league.

On Saturday, October 24, the Public



THE BASEBALL TEAM—1932



School schedule started, Central and Soldan playing the opening game. The game was closely fought, Soldan winning by a score of 2-0, on a safety. Central was within five yards of a touchdown in the last quarter of play, but could not score.

The following Saturday Central played Cleveland. Central led at the half by a 7-0 score, Captain Jouret scoring a touchdown on a blocked kick, and also accounting for the extra point on a drop kick. However, Cleveland's powerful and heavier team overpowered Central's lighter eleven in the second half, winning by the score of 26-7.

Central's next league game was with Beaumont. The game was fast and interesting, Central winning by a 6-0 score on Newsom's touchdown.

Central played its last league game on November 14, winning from Roosevelt by a 1-0 score on a forfeit. Central finished the season in a tie for second place with Cleveland and Roosevelt. Captain Jouret was named as a guard on the all-star eleven, and Marik, Kelemen, Wright, and Newsom received honorable mention.

The following men received letters: William Hanson and Donald Huey, ends;

Nat Bierman and Pete Kelemen, tackles; Thomas Powers and John Kuich, guards; Captain Julius Jouret, center; Carl Newsom, quarterback; Clem Wright and Ralph Dorsey, halfbacks; and Clifford Marik, fullback.

Those who received football numerals were as follows: Lucian Hartmann and Richard Warner, ends; Edward Canepa and Oliver Lutteke, tackles; Arthur Brosius and Russell Potter, guards; Edward Wilson, center; Alex Efthim, quarterback; and Harry Fine, Joseph Sadowski, and Robert Blumberg, halfbacks.

Clem Wright, Ralph Dorsey, Harry Fine, Joe Sadowski, Alex Efthim, Ed Wilson, Arthur Brosius, and Russell Potter are expected to return for the 1932 season.

Results of Central's Football Games for 1931:

Central	Opponents
Central 7	St. Charles 7
Central 6	Principia Junior College 0
Central 0	Normandy 26
Central 0	Soldan 2
Central 7	Cleveland 26
Central 6	Beaumont 0
Central 1	Roosevelt 0 (forfeit)

BASEBALL

By Angelo Tsenes, '32

RESUME OF THE 1931 SEASON

Since the RED AND BLACK was published last year before the baseball season was over, we have included in this write-up the scores of last year's games and the names of the lettermen.

Scores:
 Central 7 University City 3 Central 15 Soldan 17
 Central 2 Webster 1 Central 9 McBride 15
 Central 16 Cleveland 18 Central 3 Normandy 7
 Central 8 C. B. C. 5 Central 8 Cleveland 12
 Central 8 Concordia Central 4 Beaumont 11
 Seminary 12 Central 4 Roosevelt 8
 Central 3 Beaumont 2 Central 10 Soldan 11
 Central 4 Roosevelt 1 Central 4 McBride 12
 Central finished the league season in fourth place.
 Roosevelt won the title.

The players on last year's team who were awarded letters were the following: Pete Kelemen, captain, Mike Bono, Edward Long, Clifford Marik, James Prosser, Joe Sadowski, Alex Schnurman, Don Short and Charles Sears. **BASEBALL 1932**

With the close of the basketball season early in March the sport spotlight was then turned to baseball and track. Central High began its baseball practice

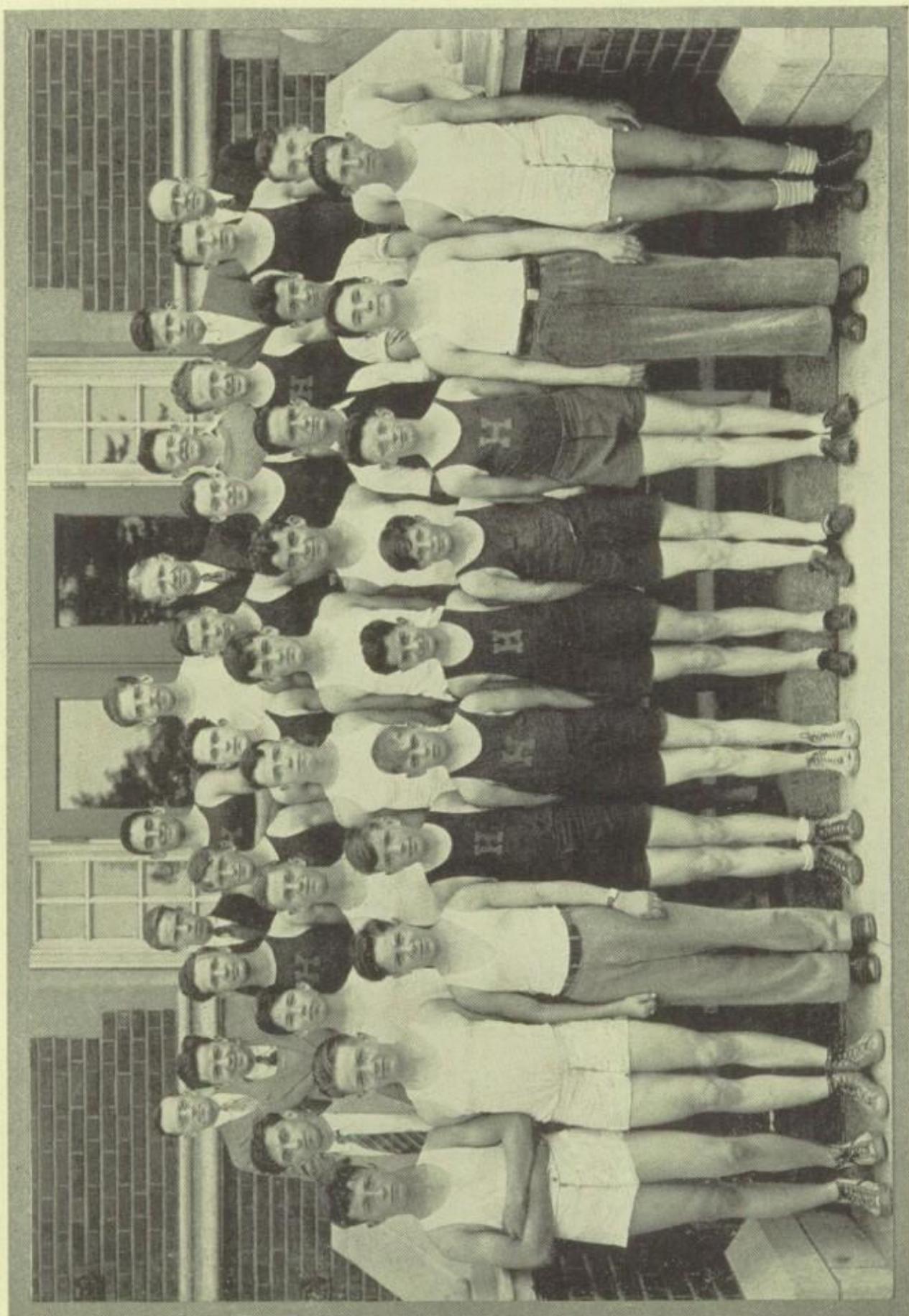
early in March under the guidance of our new baseball coach, Bradburn.

The squad has been divided into three teams, the first, the second, and the freshman team and games for each have been scheduled.

The boys who compose Central's first squad are Tonsi Sadowski, Long, Biasi, Straith, Lynch, Lumar, Sieminski, Machens, Cigno, Hug, Johnson, Dueker, Schnurman, Wolfsberger and Young. Central's league schedule is as follows:

April 2	McKinley vs. Central
April 8	Beaumont vs. Central
April 16	Soldan vs. Central
April 19	Roosevelt vs. Central
April 23	Cleveland vs. Central
April 30	McKinley vs. Central
May 6	Beaumont vs. Central
May 14	Soldan vs. Central
May 17	Roosevelt vs. Central
May 20	Cleveland vs. Central

Although the season has just begun we are confident that Coach Bradburn will succeed in developing a winning team for our school.



THE TRACK TEAM



TRACK

By Leon Jameton, '32

THE track showing during the 1931 season for Central was not very good. Many reported at the call for track some time in March, but by the time the season was well under way, there were only about twenty boys that were regular in practice. Baseball coming at the same time seemed to attract more boys and consequently made a better showing. The famous midget team of last year had now grown into junior proportions, and with not many new ones reporting, the midgets did not do very well.

Our coach, Mr. Bailey, assisted by Mr. Conant and Mr. Markland, succeeded in making those tracksters that did show up efficient enough to win some dual meets.

Our first dual meet was against Beaumont, where we lost, mainly due to the inexperience of our team; but, as the season progressed, our small team, continually working diligently, gradually improved. In a dual meet with Soldan, Central lost by a score of 59-36; later the senior division lost to St. Louis University. In most of the meets the junior and senior divisions were stronger than the midgets. Several athletes were entered in the tryout of the district, but only Smith, a junior pole vaulter, was able to place, thus making himself eligible for the district meet, where he took first. He was the outstanding member of the track team. By the time of the Interscholastic Track and Field meet, May 22, Central had passed through the preliminaries about a dozen athletes who, with the exception of the midget division, were more

successful in accumulating points than were the junior and senior divisions of last year.

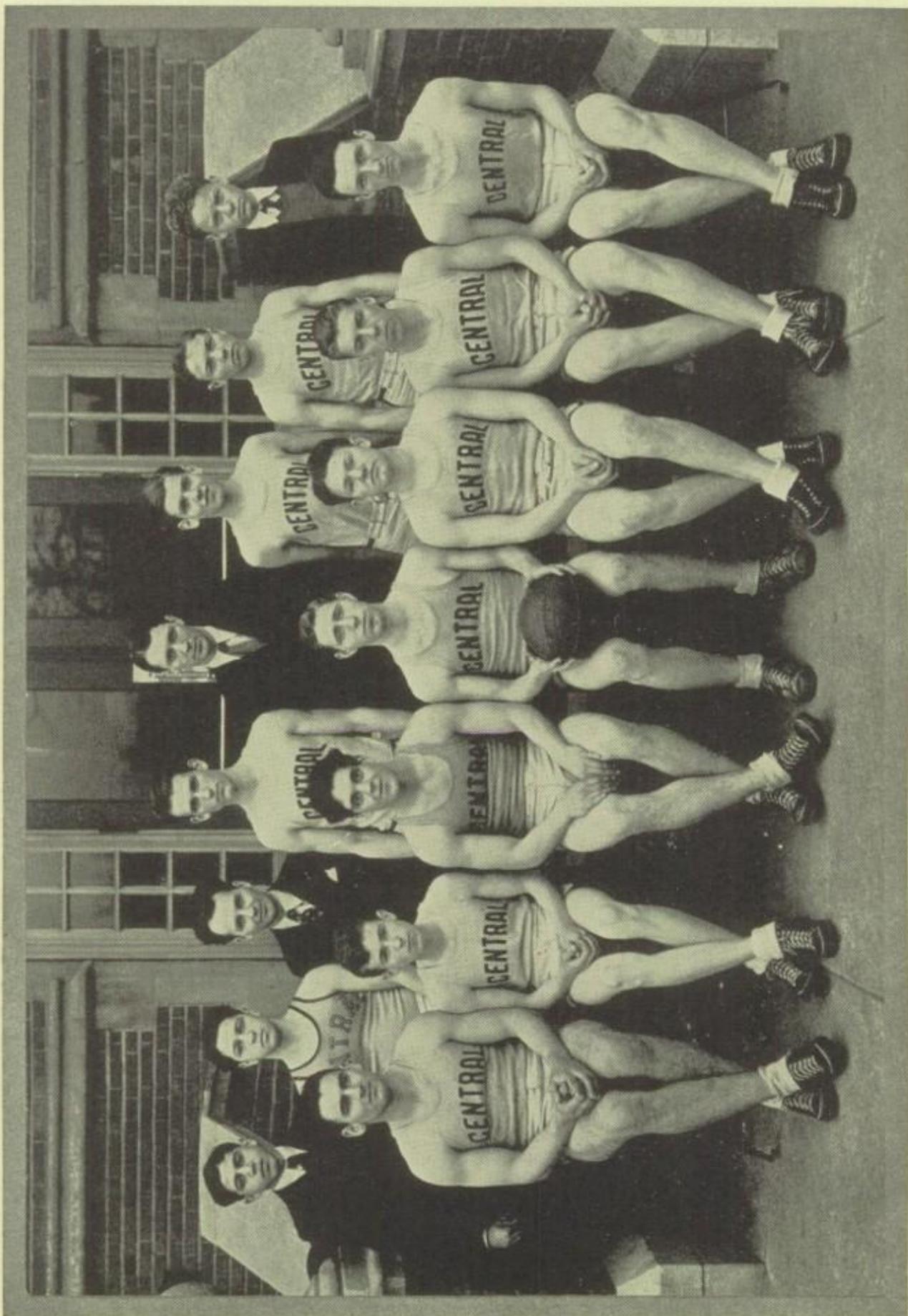
In the interscholastic meet Central came out fifth with sixteen points. Roosevelt, the winner, accumulated one hundred and fifty-one points. The senior division got five points, two of them coming by Oppliger, who made third in the 220-yard low hurdles; two more by the relay team, which made third; and one by Sneed, who made fourth in the broad jump. The junior division, succeeding better than the rest, accumulated ten points.

As was expected, Smith got first in the pole vault, netting five points. We got three more points by Buchner, who came in second in the 880-yard race. The other two points were made by Garden, in the shot-put, and Jameton, in the 440-yard dash.

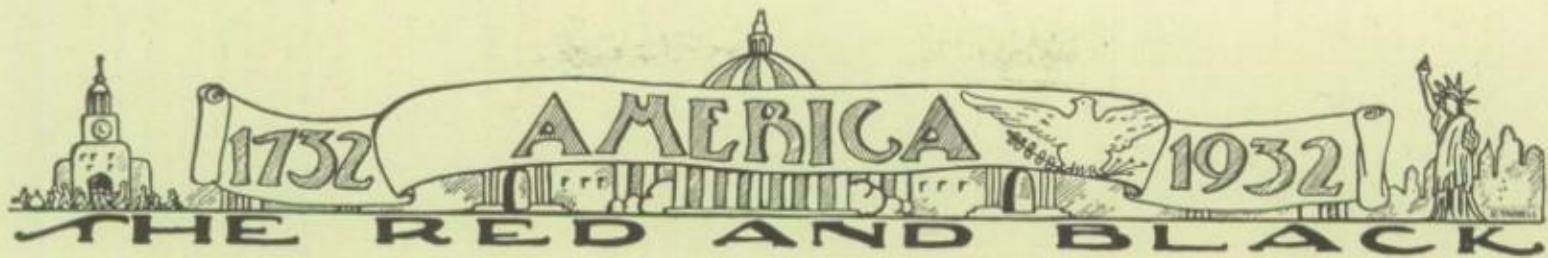
The midget division got one point by Tudor's getting fourth in the high jump.

In training from the middle of March to the Interscholastic Meet, a team of about fifteen conscientious athletes collected sixteen hard-earned points. Although this was the lowest number of points scored by any of the contenders, it at least was higher than was expected, Central being a small school with inadequate track facilities.

Most of those who scored points will be back next season and with as much effort put in next year as last, Central will not have to be content with last place in 1932.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM



VARSITY BASKETBALL

By Angelo Tsenes, '32

WITH the close of the football campaign the attention of our athletes was then turned to basketball.

Among those who answered Coach Friedli's call for candidates were two lettermen, William Mitchell and Morris Garden.

After a few weeks of practice Central opened the cage season with a practice game against the Wellston quintet which Central won by a 12-7 score. Cautious playing by both teams predominated during this game, the result being a low score.

The opening of the league season on Friday, December 11, found Central opposing the Roosevelt quintet. Our boys, suffering from a case of stage fright, lost this game by a score of 21-8.

On the following Friday, Central met the Soldan team, losing by a 23-13 count. Henry Krey, Central forward, played a brilliant offensive game, scoring 9 of our team's 13 points.

The next game played by our boys was a practice game with Webster. This game, which was marked by speedy offensive playing throughout, resulted in a 32-22 victory for Webster. Morris "Red" Garden played a fine offensive game, accounting for 12 of our points.

The next two games played by our boys were non-league encounters also. Our team lost both of these games by big scores. In the first of these games McBride displayed a powerful attack in defeating our players by a 33-15 score.

The other of these two games was lost to Principia Junior College. This defeat was due to the erratic playing by our

team rather than to the strength of our opponents. The final score of this game was 35-16.

On Friday, January 15, Central resumed league play in a thrilling game with the Cleveland five. Our boys played a great game only to lose by one point. The final score was 26-25. Dorsey, Garden, and Mitchell, starred for Central in this game.

On the following Friday Central played the league-leading Beaumont five. Their powerful offense was too much for the Central quintet, Beaumont emerging victorious by a score of 28-19.

The following Friday marked the beginning of the second round of play in the St. Louis High School League. It also marked the turning point for our team. In their first game in this second round, Central avenged an early season defeat by winning from Roosevelt by a 14-13 count. This victory was Central's first victory over Roosevelt in six years.

The next game played by our boys saw them avenge another defeat when they disposed of the Soldan team by a 20-17 score. This was also Central's first victory over Soldan in six years. Alex Schnurmann, who had been ineligible during the first round of play, led our boys to victory in this game.

The next two games played by our team were both practice games. The first of these resulted in a 21-20 defeat for the Central five. Our boys held a nice lead until late in the third quarter when the Ferguson team came from behind to even things up. At the end of the fourth quarter the game was tied 20-20. In the



extra period both teams were scoreless until only a few seconds remained. Then a Ferguson player was awarded two free throws on a Central foul. He missed the first attempt but the second throw went in, Ferguson winning the game by a 21-20 margin.

The next game played by Central was lost to St. Louis University High by a 23-17 margin.

Central then resumed league play in a game with Cleveland. Our team held a 5-point lead at the half but was unable to hold it, losing by a 25-19 score. Allan Hug, guard, and Henry Krey, who was shifted to center, performed well for Central in this game.

Our team then played its second encounter with Principia. They played a bang-up game in the second half but Principia had secured a lead at the end of the first half which was too big to overcome. The final score was 29-21.

Central then ended its league season in a hard-fought game with the undefeated Beaumont five. Our boys came within a hair's breadth of spoiling this enviable record, but a late spurt by Beaumont gave them their margin of victory. Allan Hug and "Red" Garden played in fine fashion for Central.

Coach Friedli then entered his players in the St. Louis District tournament. Our opponent in the first round of play was the Christian Brothers College quintet. Our boys were off form in this game and the C. B. C. cagers won by a 20-8 score. Allan Hug was the only Central player to show up well for our team. He scored 5 of the 8 points and played a good defensive game as well.

The boys who composed the Central High varsity squad, reading from left to right on the picture are (bottom row) Jouret, Pfannebecker, Dorsey, Schnurman, Garden, Johnson, Mitchell; (top row) Tsenes (manager), Silk, Coach Friedli, Hug, Coach Bradburn, Krey, Rippetoe, Hassemer (assistant manager).

It might be interesting to mention that our team had two players among the ten leading scorers in the high-school league. They were Morris "Red" Garden and Henry Krey.

A summary of the games played and the scores is as follows:

Dec. 8—Central 12—Wellston 7
Dec. 11—Central 8—Roosevelt 20
Dec. 18—Central 13—Soldan 23
Dec. 22—Central 22—Webster 32
Jan. 8—Central 15—McBride 33
Jan. 13—Central 16—Principia J. C. 35
Jan. 15—Central 25—Cleveland 26
Jan. 22—Central 19—Beaumont 28
Jan. 29—Central 14—Roosevelt 13
Feb. 5—Central 20—Soldan 17
Feb. 9—Central 21—Ferguson 22
Feb. 15—Central 17—St. Louis U. H. 23
Feb. 19—Central 19—Cleveland 25
Feb. 24—Central 21—Principia J. C. 29
Feb. 26—Central 16—Beaumont 18
Mar. 7—Central 8—C. B. C. 20

We all join in congratulating these boys for their efforts and the sportsmanship they displayed. We also extend our congratulations to Coaches Friedli and Bradburn, who were untiring in their efforts to develop a good team.

CENTRAL RESERVES

The Central Reserves played two games also. They lost to McBride Reserves by a 30-10 score but they defeated the Beaumont reserves 27-24.



ABC BASKETBALL

By Angelo Tsenes, '32

ASIDE from our varsity team, three other basketball teams, known as the A, B, and C teams were organized by Coach Friedli with a complete schedule for each of these teams. The California system of classification, which rates players according to their age, height, weight, and term in school, was used in organizing these teams.

The results obtained by the use of this plan were highly gratifying and undoubt-

edly it will be used next season. This system has enabled about twenty-five more boys to learn the game than in previous years when only two teams were organized. These teams, besides giving more boys a chance to participate in this sport, will undoubtedly prove to be a source of material for our varsity team.

The results of the games of the ABC teams are as follows:

A TEAM

The A team played some good games, defeating some very strong A teams, such as the Ferguson A team, and the Beaumont A team. They were undefeated in the four games they played. The scores of their games were as follows:

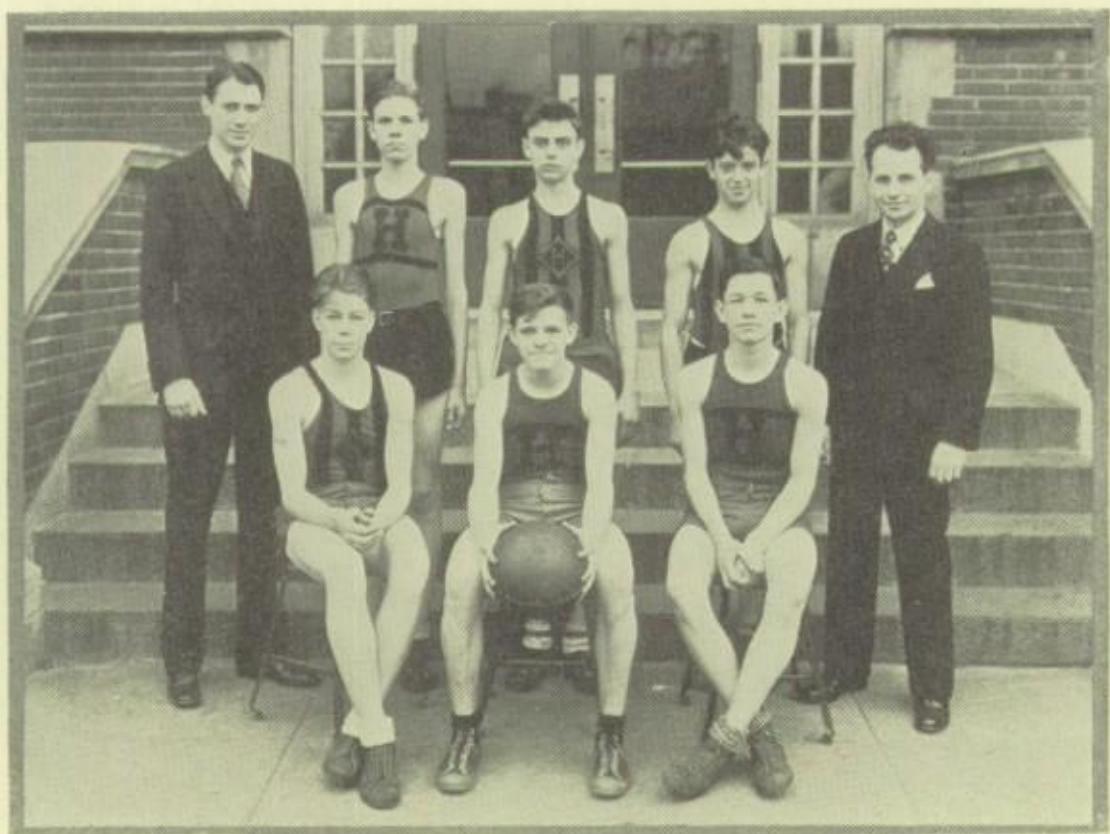
Central A 16—Ranken 14
Central A 30—Beaumont A 10
Central A 32—Ferguson A 21
Central A 28—McKinley 24

TOP ROW

—
Coach Friedli
Huettner
Bock
Hale
Coach Bradburn

LOWER ROW

—
Racowsky
Altman
Schukar
Mosescu



MEMBERS OF
B TEAM

TOP ROW

Coach Bradburn
King
Yourtee
Coblenz
Coach Friedli

LOWER ROW

Huettner
Kern
Wright

MEMBERS OF
C TEAM

TOP ROW

Oestreich
Derfeld
Tudor
Owens

LOWER ROW

Coach Friedli
Bunn
Knopf
Coach Bradburn



SCORES OF B AND C TEAMS

B TEAM

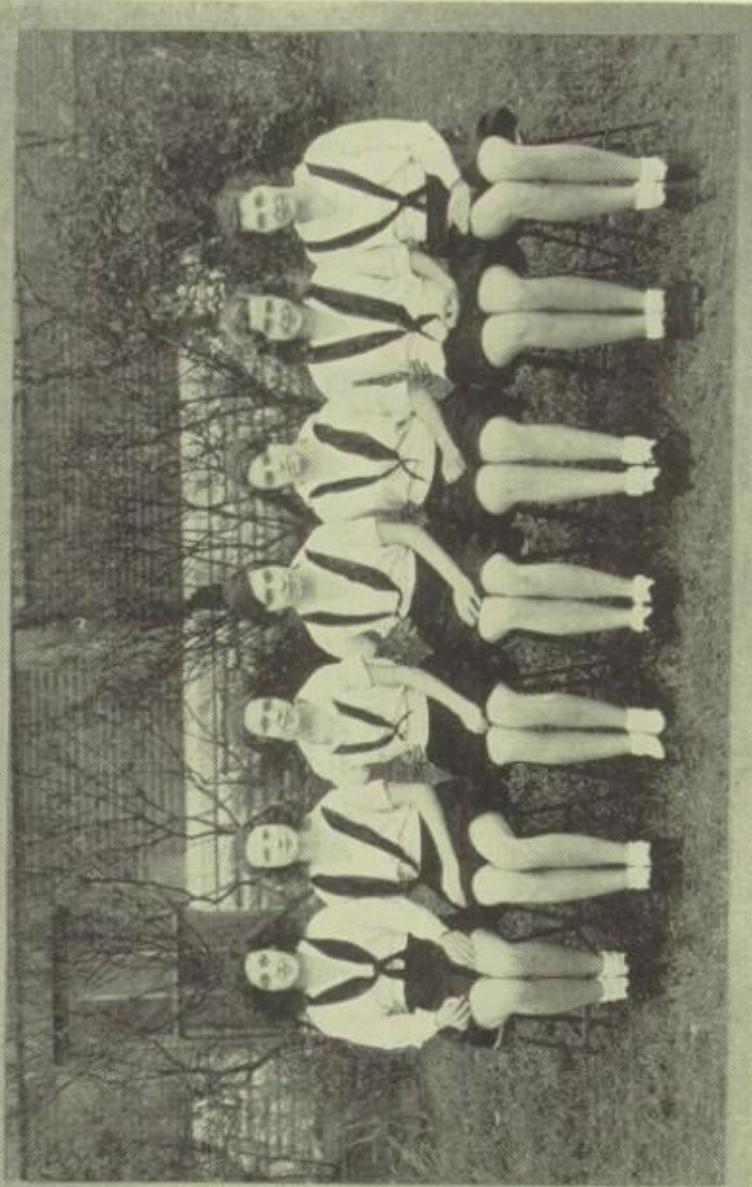
Central B 8—Principia B 16
Central B 10—McBride B 31
Central B 9—Cleveland B 32
Central B 12—McKinley 24
Central B 6—U. City B 32
Central B 8—Beaumont B 16

C TEAM

Central C 4—Principia C 13
Central C 5—McBride C 19
Central C 8—Cleveland C 16
Central C 6—Clayton C 24
Central C 11—U. City C 38
Central C 14—Beaumont C 13

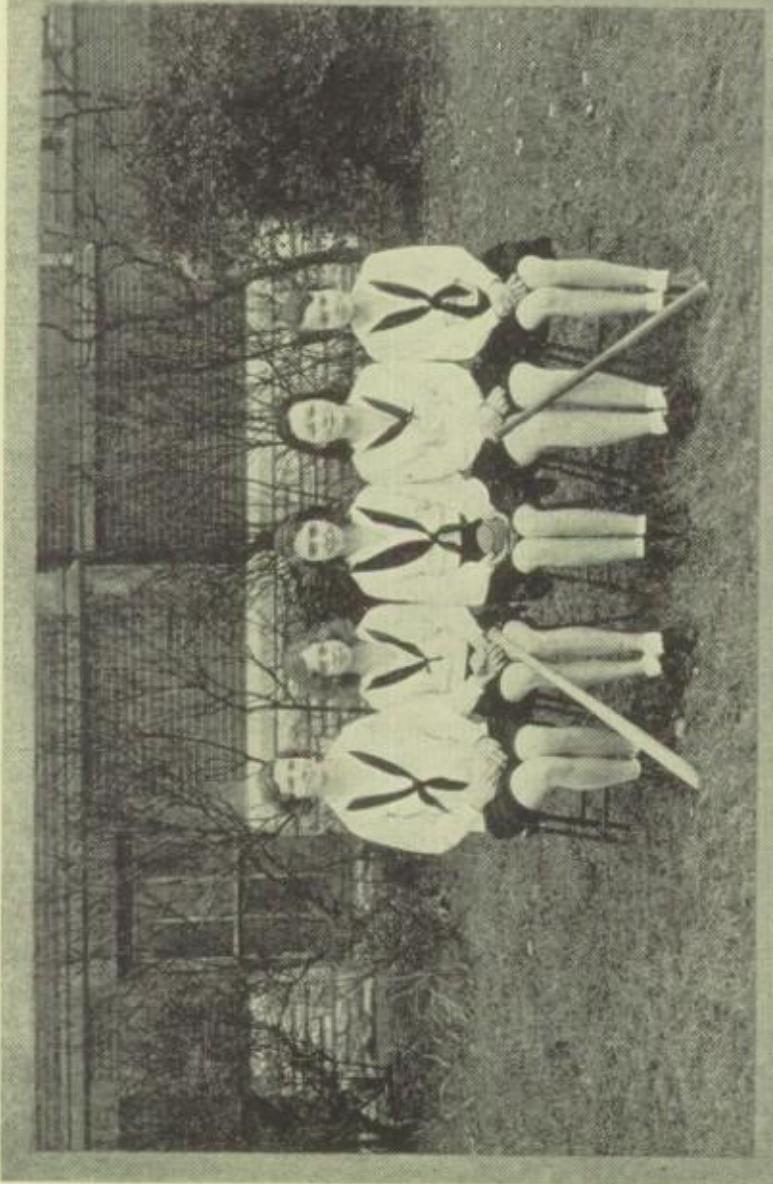
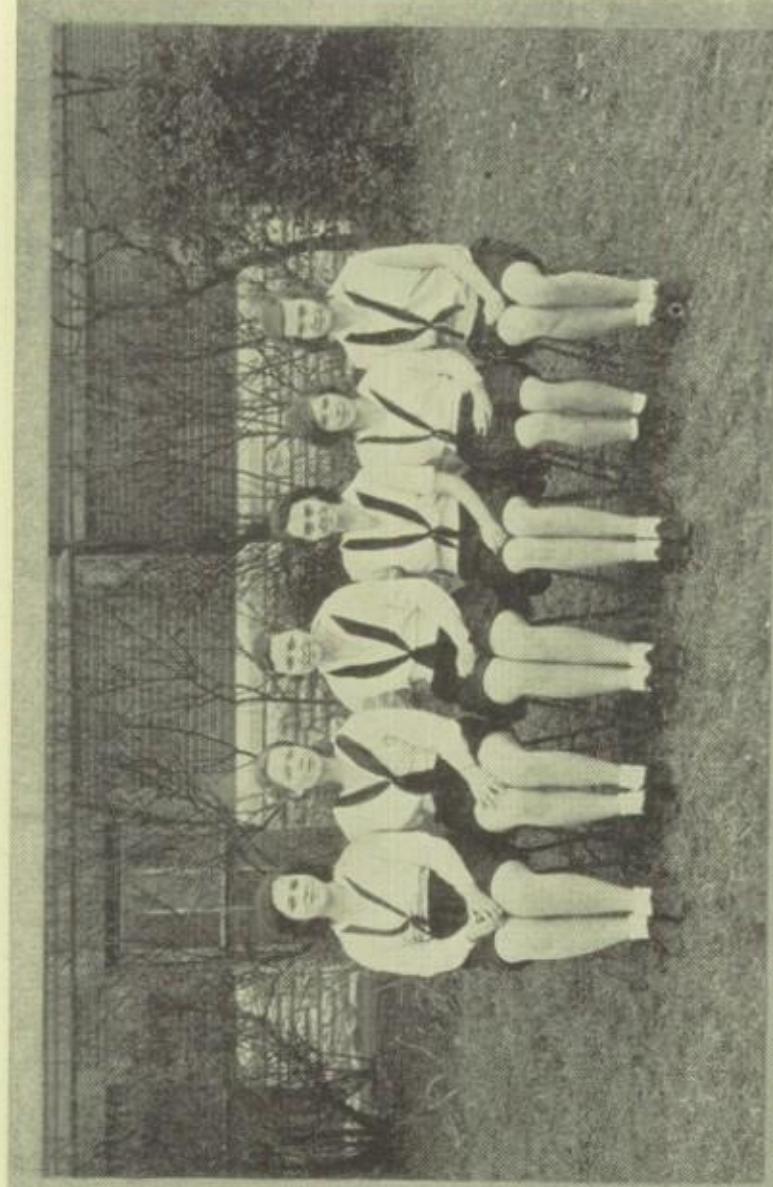


The Twos
The Fours



G. A. A. BASEBALL TEAMS

The Ones
The Threes





STATION G. A. A. BROADCASTING

By Ida Bischoff

HELLO, everybody! How are the fans this fair day? This is the Girls' Athletic Association sports reporter, coming to you over station G. A. A. at Central High. We broadcast over a frequency of one gym suit, two golf clubs, one swimming suit, one baseball, two tennis rackets, one hockey stick, one volley ball, and a large group of healthy, happy girls.



Let's see what is on the program for today. This is Monday? Ah yes, baseball! And have we got some baseball! Much to the amazement of everyone, including your announcer, the school championship has slipped through the hands of the seniors. Yes sir, the lowly freshmen defeated the mighty seniors by the score of five to two. Fancy that! Ruth Hassemer's senior team, after defeating the sevens, sixes, and fives, dropped to its doom when facing the freshmen. Irene

Kilian, Ruth Hassemer, and Virginia Nagel were stars on the defeated team. Florence Redmond's freshmen team defeated the twos, threes, fours, and became school champions by thrashing the seniors. Talk about Babe Ruth—Florence Redmond, Alene Corwin, and Fern McConnell are *some* Babes. Don't think they aren't. They just help walk away with the school title, that's all. Well, I see we also have a volley ball broadcast for today, but we must sign off right now. Be back on the air at three o'clock. Hope you're listening.

Here we are. G. A. A. with our volley ball game. Volley ball is played by the lower classmen. Janey Beadles's team

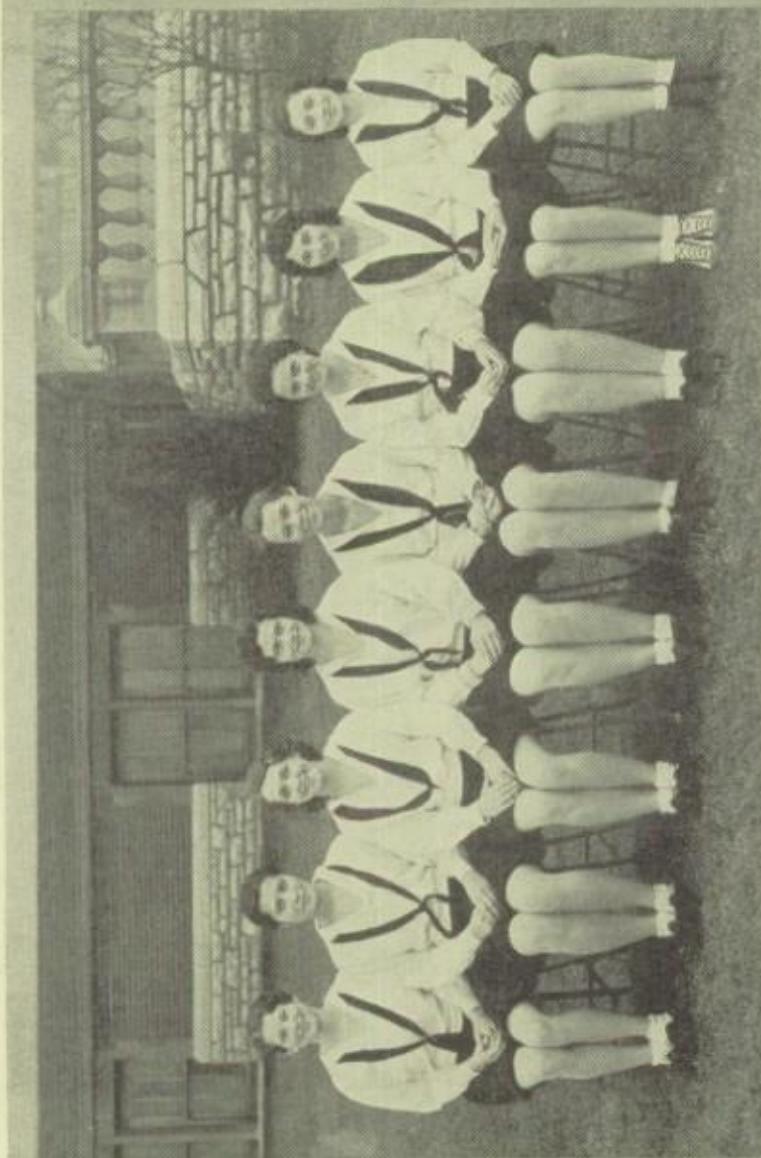
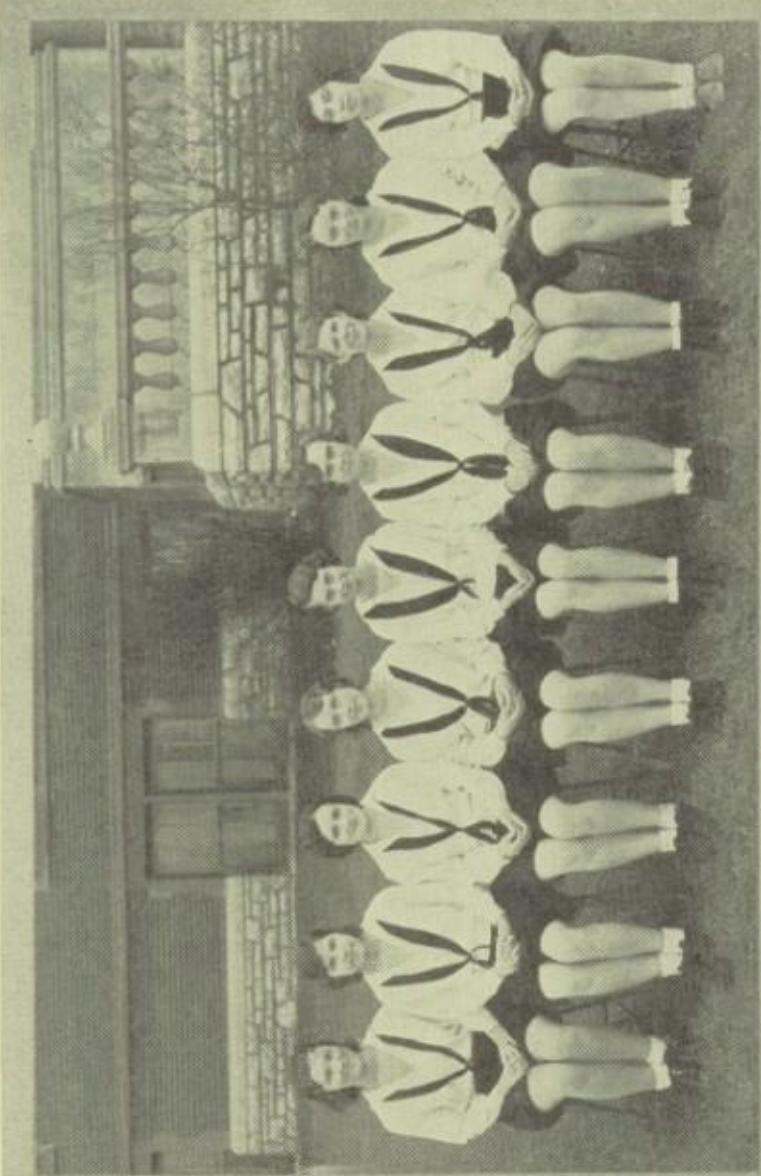
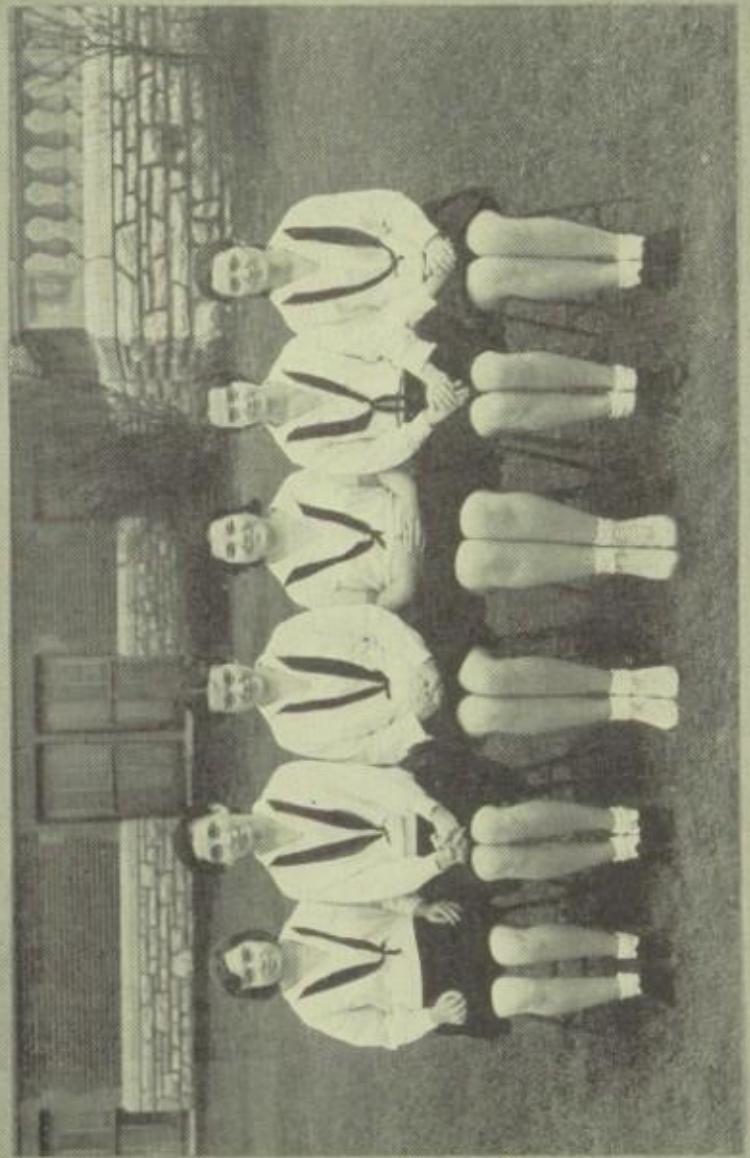
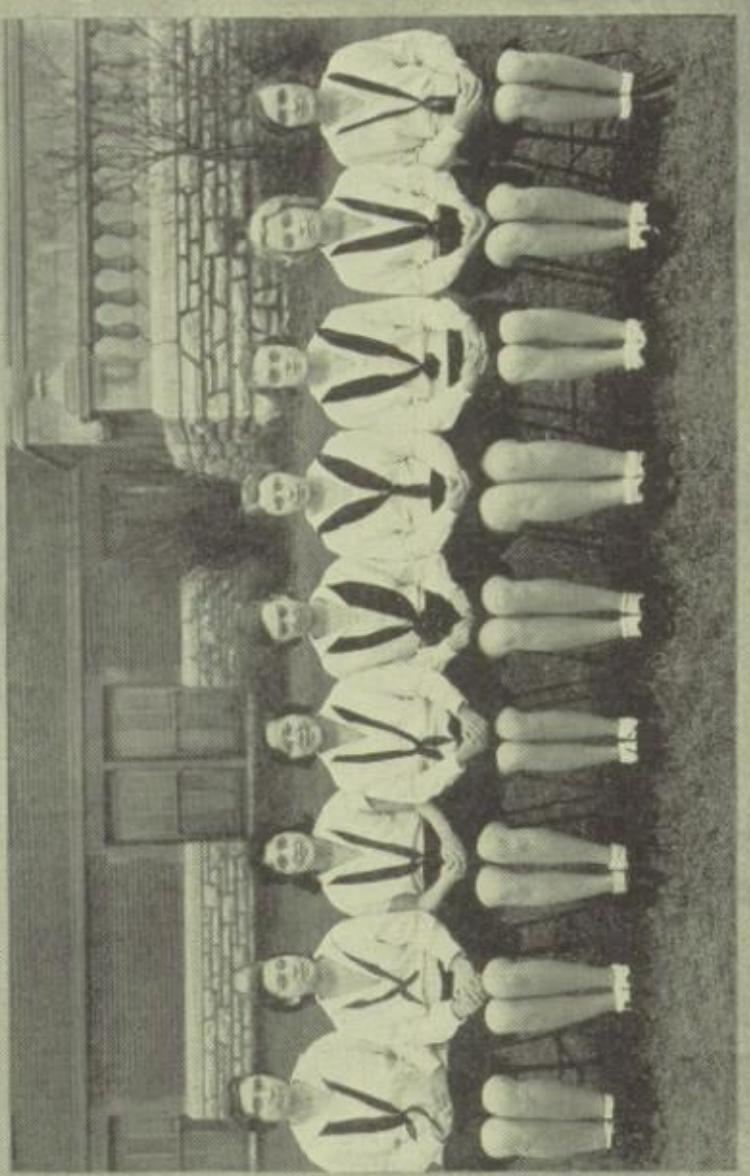


of threes came out on top by defeating all the other teams; that is, the ones, twos, and fours. I'll tell you these lower classmen certainly show prospects of becoming the greatest athletes Central has ever known.

*The Sixes
The Fives*

G. A. A. BASEBALL TEAMS

*The Eights
The Sevens*





Talk about "pep" and weaker sex! The girls in the "good old days" probably



didn't have as much "pep" as our girls now, but then they *were* the weaker sex. That's a laugh today. These Central High girls aren't weak by any means. No, far from it. Imagine Dolly Madison in her long, full, stiff skirts playing baseball. Picture Betsy Ross in golf togs! My goodness, I must sign off. Can't run over time you know. Be sure to tune in at station G. A. A. at this time tomorrow. We'll have a play-by-play hockey game from Fairgrounds Park. Well, goodbye, see you tomorrow.

G. A. A. back on the air again. This is Tuesday and here we are out at Fairgrounds Park. Sorry we were late getting on the air, for the game is nearly over. Elizabeth Glauser's sevens team is defeating Ida Bischoff's eights team. Bischoff has had some bad breaks with four brand new players and the score stands three to one, favor Glauser; they're resuming play now, so let's go. Bischoff and Glauser, 'ray! Glauser hits the ball. Weigle stops it; back to Bischoff. Bischoff to Pemberton, back and forth; over to the

wing; Crandell dribbles, then shoots out again to Pemberton. Pemberton to Bischoff, back and forth; over and over. Watch out for Finklestein! Keep that ball! Again to Pemberton, then to Bischoff. In the circle. A shot for goal. Marlen stops it and shoots out. Dierberger gets it; over to Bischoff and—shoot! 'ray, a goal, a goal! That makes the score three to two, favor Glauser. What's that noise? Oh, shucks, it's the whistle. Too bad, the game is over. Elizabeth Glauser's team wins. Good work, sevens! More power to you.

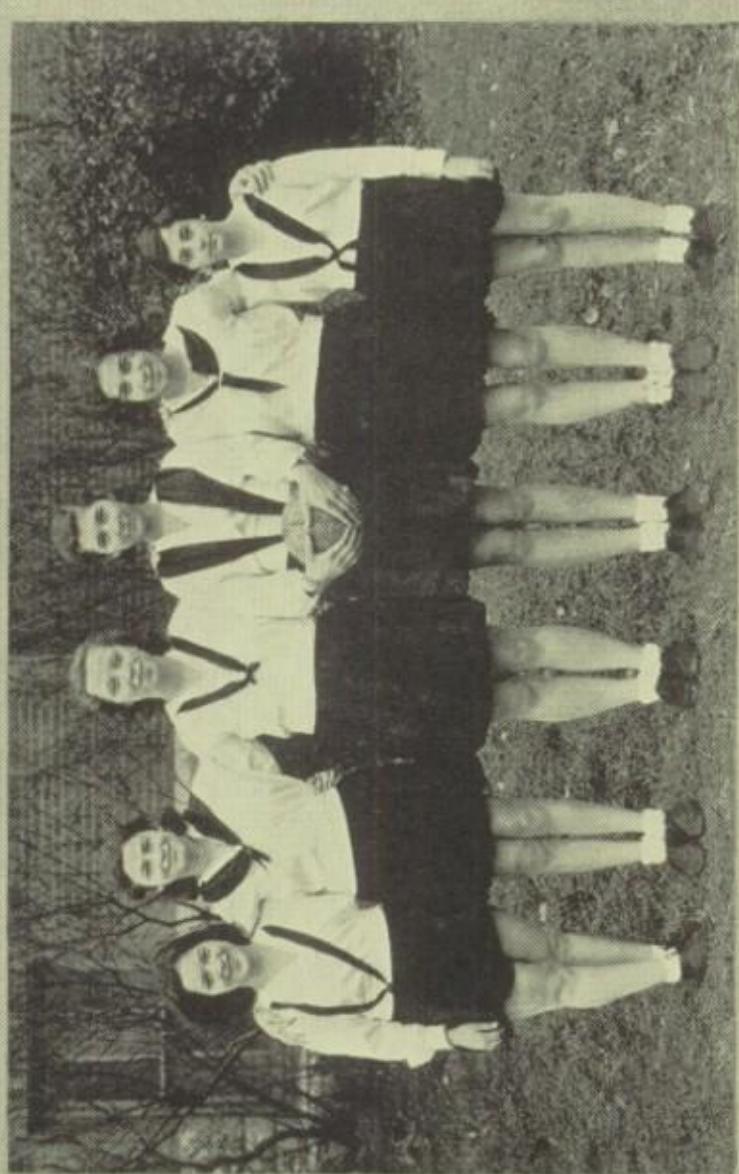
My, it's getting late, and we must get back to school. Bye, bye everyone. See you tomorrow.



Back on the air for G. A. A. Here it is Wednesday, the middle of the week, and we're going to talk golf. Yes sir, golf such as Bobby Jones plays. We're sitting, comfortable, out here at the Forest Park golf links waiting for the game to start. This is the finish of the Central High golf tournament. The entrants were Lucille Weigle, Ida Bischoff, and Elizabeth Glauser. They are playing for the one, two, three positions as winners. All other golf entrants have been defeated. Play is beginning now. Weigle is driving. Sh—All

1. *Hockey Champions—The Sevens*
2. *Golf Team*

3. *The Eights—Hockey Team*
4. *Volley ball Team*





drives were pretty. We cannot broadcast all the plays because silence is required in golf. We'll just add plays now and then, so you can tell how the game is going. You listen for the drives. Now—are you listening? First hole is reached and the score stands: Glauser five, Bischoff four, and Weigle seven. Sh—no noise, please. Well, now we're on the fifth hole and Glauser holds the lead with twenty-nine. This is *some* game. Sorry we have to be so quiet and cannot shout as we did at the hockey game. Sh—, This is the ninth and last hole. Glauser is driving. Perfect! These three girls certainly have excellent form on their drives. Now we're on the green and Bischoff is putting. Good shot; right in the cup! Well, that finishes the game. Let's see who won. There's such a crowd out here we can't see the scores. I believe Glauser is first. Yes, Elizabeth Glauser, fifty-six, Lucille Weigle, sixty-two, and Ida Bischoff, sixty-four. Good game, girls. Like to see you become world's champions some day. My, how time does fly. We have to rush back to our Alma Mater and prepare for tomorrow's broadcast of tennis. S'long!



Here it is Thursday. Tennis day for

G. A. A. Little bit of poetry, eh, what? Well, I suppose the second Helen Wills Moody will be Jessie Finklestein, from our own Central. Yes sir, no one in Central High is able to defeat her. Not even Leona Abramovitz, who is the runner-up.



With those back hands and those aces put over. Oh, my, my, it is unexplainable. You really should watch our G. A. A. girls play tennis at the Fairgrounds Park. Miss Moody or Bill Tilden never played with more sincerity or determination. Don't think they did. The losers are always good sports and there is no rivalry. Well, I guess I had better quit this racket. (I say "racket." You know I have the tennis spirit.) Really, folks, I must sign off; but before I go, I want to remind you to turn your dials to G. A. A. station tomorrow. You are going to hear all about our swimming and diving mermaids. See you tomorrow.

Well, we have reached the fish day; that is, Friday. Speaking of fish, Friday is also the day for our mermaids to go to the Y. W. C. A. and swim. No, we haven't real fish but girls who live in the water, as any mermaid would do. If you are behind in your swimming, go to the



*Charlotte Robinson, Marie Dierberger, Dolores Wentz, Wilma Aselman, Maxine Pemberton, Ida Bischoff, Ruth Hassemer, Ruth Yadon, Lucile Weigle, Catherine Garofalo
AWARDED ATHLETIC HONOR—H*



"Y" and watch—what's her name? Oh, yes—Ida Bischoff—demonstrate the Australian crawl (she would) or Ruth Ecoff, the side stroke. Central's fish certainly know their strokes. Yes, sir! We have also added two more life-savers to our list. Tillie Balch and Elizabeth Hudson will save your life if you start to drown.



You should see their fins. Pardon me. I mean "pins." Oh boy, oh boy!! I suppose all our chests would expand if one of those pins adorned them. What do you think?

Then we have some real divers. Tillie Balch certainly demonstrates a perfect back dive off the spring board. Yes, indeed, and Ida Bischoff's jackknife isn't anything to be trifled about. Central's swimmers and divers will probably offer some keen competition in our future Olympic games. Well, my audience, tomorrow we will broadcast a little surprise for you. Now be patient and set your dials to station G. A. A. I'll be seeing you tomorrow. Goodbye.

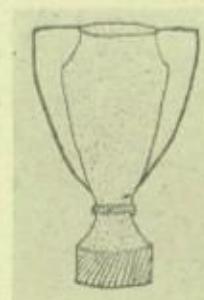
This is Saturday. Of course we have no school; so we have no sports for that day. Now, I promised a surprise and here

it is. Do you know who won the loving cups, Central High "H" 's, Missouri letters, and chevrons? No? I thought not. I'm going to tell you.



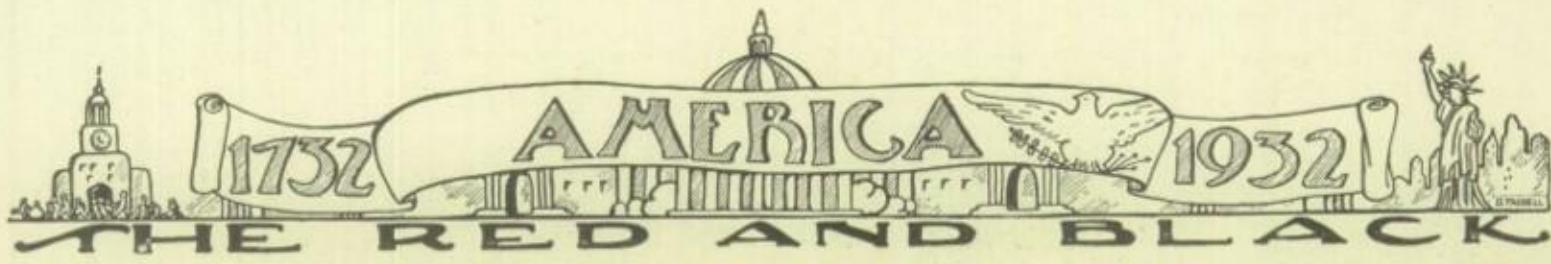
CUPS

Ida Bischoff	2390
Ruth Hassemer	1905
Ruth Yadon	1780
Dolores Wentz	1745
Marie Dierberger	1740
Maxine Pemberton	1475
Lucile Weigle	1435
Wilma Aselman	1400



MISSOURI LETTERS

Ida Bischoff
Marie Dierberger
Ruth Hassemer
Lucille Weigle



"H" 's

Marie Dierberger
Ida Bischoff
Ruth Hassemer
Maxine Pemberton
Dolores Wentz
Ruth Yadon
Charlotte Robinson
Lucile Weigle
Wilma Aselman
Catherine Garofalo
Alene Richardson



CHEVRONS

Frieda Garber
Angeline Glastris
Margaret Buhrman
Rose Hummel
Alice Romero
Virginia Schroeder
Jane Beadles
Vivian Whitcomb

Well, we will sign off for this term and don't forget to tune in next fall. Your announcer will not be with you then. Now, please don't shout at once, even if she finally was put out of school. Spare her feelings. She isn't altogether happy about leaving. Now don't forget our G. A. A.:

With healthy girls and fair play,
Set your dials here next year,
And of more champions you will
hear.

Goodbye everyone. The Girls' Althetic Association sports reporter signing off until next year. Until then she remains, sportsfully yours, Ida Bischoff.

SUNSET

By Mae Mensendiek, '34

*Clouds gathering o'er the setting sun,
Make little children homeward run,
With visions of goblins, when the sun,
Sinks beyond the West.*

*Why, oh, why, do blossoms close,
Shut their eyes in sweet repose,
When the sun the day does close,
And sinks beyond the West?*





GENEVA ABBOTT

WISE CRACKS

Historians say that Washington's presence demanded respect from people of all ages. What we need in our times is more people with a "Washington presence."

Washington's diaries were written on the blank pages of little almanacs filled with jokes, some far broader than they were long.

Washington held two commissions at the same time. Rochambeau, an officer of high rank, was to serve under Washington, a mere Colonial leader. So in order to keep peace, Louis XIV presented Washington with the rank of lieutenant-general of the French army, thus making Washington and Rochambeau equal in rank. There is one French king that used his head for something besides dulling the executioner's ax.

In Colonial times people whittled wooden pegs and drove them into the jawbone, thus replacing lost teeth. When the pegs wore down they were pulled out and new ones driven in. Just think what we missed.

If people were imprisoned for debt now, as they were in Colonial times, there would be enough jobs open for every honest, debtless men.

We pride ourselves on the advancement that we have made since the Revolutionary War, but only one man has broken the standing broad jump established by George Washington. (Think that over.)

The man with a greatly developed ego was De Grasse. When he met Washington he greeted him with "My dear little Washington."

The most unusual thing in this day and age is to hear of a man connected with the government refusing pay. Well here's one: During the six years that George Washington served as Commander of the U. S. Army, he refused pay of any sort. (What a man.)

In our modern age, so scientifically germless, and the last word in sanitation, we often wonder how our Colonial forefathers ever survived.

This is the age of flaming youth, so those from the "daze" of the gay '90's proclaim, but so far we haven't seen any flame—just plenty of smoke. Maybe the old saying, "Where there is smoke, there's fire," is more truth than poetry. We may see some flame yet.

WHO'S WHO ANSWERED IN RHYME

By Jessie Finkelstein

1. A smile on his face, and o'er a book bending low,
It's the same Jimmy that we all know.

MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY?

One of life's greatest mysteries: If a man is left-handed, how can he be right?

BEAR IN MIND!

When telling an Englishman a joke, have a pencil along so he can see the point.

LET US CALL IT DUMB

Found on an examination paper:
"Lettuce is grown in Alaska. It is called 'Iceberg lettuce'."

DISCOVERED!

By listening in on an English three class we have found that "Zion" is another name for "Isaac of York." The deduction comes from the sentence, "Rebecca, the fair daughter of Zion, walked into the room."

AN IDEA

Miss Bowen (to two boys during an examination): If you boys are going to work together, please hand in only one paper.

OH YEAH?

Radio Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard Professor D. E. Mented expounding his theory on "Why prunes are wrinkled." The orchestra will now play, "It Ain't So."

HO-HUM

M. L. H: Was that last number the Russian Lullaby?

E. M. F: Must have been—I yawned through it.

2. Louise Stifel, steady now,
Time to make your little bow.
See page 226

SO DO WE

Miss Olmstead: Robert, what was Washington's Farewell Address?
Robert: Why, Heaven, I hope.

SOLVED!

Mary Starke was admiring an unnamed bust in the Masonic Temple.

"Must be Mr. Masonic," guessed Mary, after a puzzled silence.

WHAT A CHASM!

Student (stumbling over the pronunciation of "abyss"): I can't pronounce that word.

Miss Heltzell: Can you tell me what that word means?

Bright One: Yes, an abyss (abbess) is the wife of an abbot.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

From a student's pen: The colonists discovered a root called the potato which Englishmen, when stewed, liked very much.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED?"

It was the occasion of an exam in Physics on Light. Hence the battle cry of the next two periods was "Let There Be Light!"

ASK HANSON

And what is to be done about the senior who insists that the class sing all four verses of the Loyal Song?

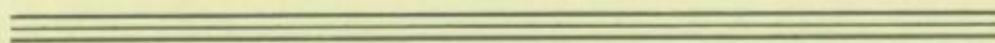
NO DOUBT

We learn from the headlines that "Washington's Mother was a Striking Figure at Ball." Evidently she just hit right and left.

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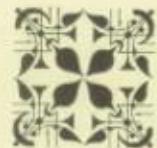
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AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

We have just succeeded in getting one of the British Soldiers who took part in the first battle of the Revolutionary War to tell us what impressed him most.

Dear Readers of the RED AND BLACK:

Well, I 'ardly know just what to say or 'ow to begin but 'ere goes. I was bally well taken aback when General Braddock told us that we were to make our first attack that night. You know old chap, that announcement created quite suddenly a stir in the camp. Late that night we started and 'adn't been marching any length of time when quite suddenly the soldiers at the 'ead of the column broke rank and darted for cover. I was greatly amazed at this unusual conduct, but can you imagine the cause? Well a 'uge bull 'ad been attracted by our redcoats and 'ad charged at the nearest soldier. Of course this unhappy occurence delayed us awhile and as I later learned,

gave Paul Revere additional time in which to rouse the minutemen. You know the rest that happened so I'll not say any more.

Now we will hear from the "minuteman."

Dear Readers:

Well now, I don't seem to recollect very clearly jest what did happen cause I warn't all the way awake when the fighting commenced. The night air was right smart sharp and all of the fighting men on our side were shivering and shaking so on account of the stages of disarray they were in that they couldn't shoot straight. The Britishers 'peared to be short of breath and sort of scairt. We didn't have much trouble in changing their red-coats to turn-coats. Ha! Ha! Well there is nothing much else to say so guess I'll stop.

Now's THE TIME TO FALL IN LOVE



"R"



CHEEP
CHEEP

ER

ER



"R"



CHEEP
CHEEP

ER

ER



Now's "D" 2



"D"



N



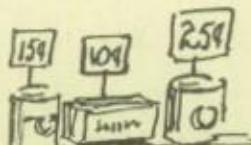
"D"



"D"



GAVE THEIR



A



GET SOME 1 2 "UR"

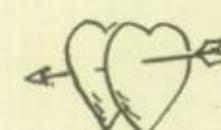


SHE LIVE JUST LIKE A ON WHAT UR
MAKING

Now's "D" 2



N



[Signature]

Credit is given to Clara Binder, '32, for the planning of this cartoon

RESPONSIBILITY THY NAME IS
WORK!

Responsibility is the thing that causes so much mental and physical effort in order to evade it.

WE-ELL!

M. S: Yes, I'm turning over a new leaf.
V. W: Can't be many left.

A FAMILIAR EXPERIENCE

By Dorothy Katzung, '33

There was a young fellow who ate Everything put on his plate;
But oh, what a frown
When the spinach went down
From the splendid young fellow who ate.

3. Julia Strinni, demure and sweet,
Cunning as now, and just as petite.

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OBSERVATIONS

Quite a few people take offense very easily at little things. Why not be original and take a gate instead?

Day by day in every way the freshmen are getting smaller and smaller.

People who make biting remarks all the time are liable to get bitten.

Who was it that said, "Wit is salt to a conversation but too much of it spoils the broth?" Some people can't carry on an intelligent conversation without making a wise crack after each sentence.

Why is it that a boy or girl will work himself or herself to shreds trying to get out of work?

4. "In his Sunday best, stands René,
Oui, oui, a Frenchman. You don't say!"

Don't you feel like a nickel's worth of dog meat when you run at breakneck speed to catch a street car and just as you get there, it starts off? Take our advice and don't run for one. Remember that street cars come along as regularly as homework.

A student's idea of Utopia is a school with no books or homework and an "E" every five weeks.

Show me the person that school interests and I'll show you a good student.

Russia's Five-Year Plan is not a new thing; high-school students started that years ago.

5. Tiny Louise Marlen,
Aren't you just a darlin'?

1866

66TH YEAR

1932

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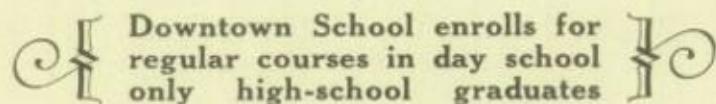
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Have you a little poet in your home?
If so have him fill in the blanks!
There was a young teacher named—
When he entered, the pupils' hearts sank.
When he opened his book
They trembled and shook
At this terrible teacher named—

J. B.



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We will be glad to have you visit us

INTELLIGENCE PERSONIFIED

D. W. to R. Y. (while leaving to play golf): "What's that chain for?"

R. Y.: "Why the links, dumbbell."



So you are the sole survivor of a ship wreck? How did that happen?

Well, you see I missed the boat.

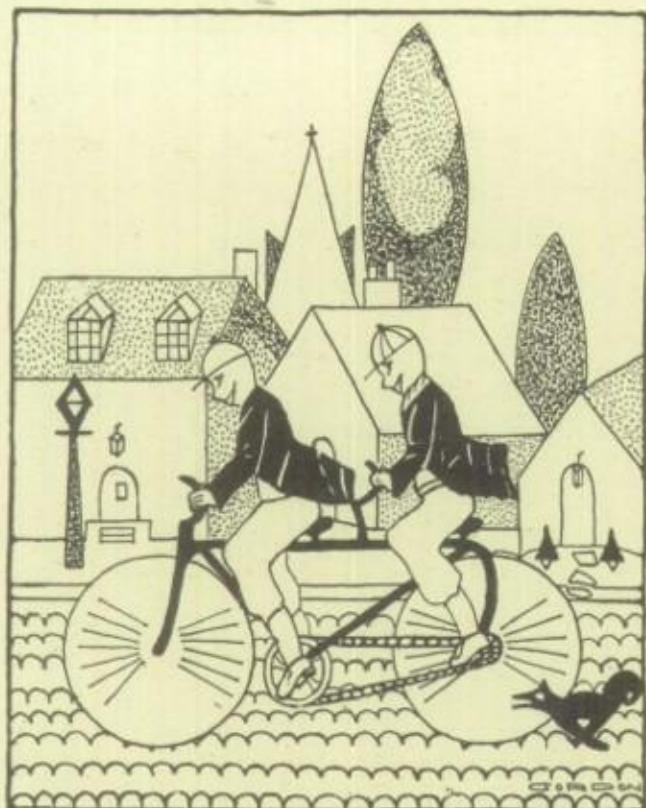
6. Norma Schoenemann in rompers so gay,
Was the Tomboy Taylor of yesterday.

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THINGS THEY ESCAPED

Washington didn't have to prefer a certain kind of soap, tooth paste, shoe polish, magazine, shaving cream, etc.

Paul Revere didn't have a microphone thrust before him at the end of his famous ride.

Franklin did not have a full length picture of himself flying a kite on the front page of the morning paper.

Martha Washington had no bridge-prize worries.

UNIQUE CONUNDRUMS

1. Why are a thermometer and prosperity alike?
2. Why is a Scotchman's hand like glue?
3. Why are a senior's exam paper and an encyclopedia alike?
4. What is the difference between "be" and "bee"?
5. What is two plus two?

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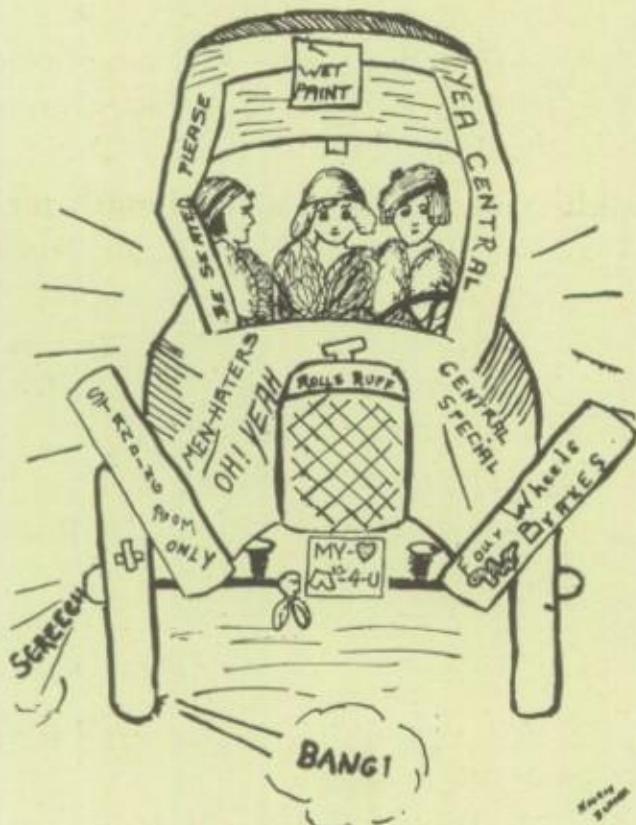
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LOU-ERN-JEAN

Rumble Seat Twins



7. Letha Hughes, I'm blushing red!
Pull that blanket over your head!

DID YOU KNOW?

That Washington believed in a man's serving three terms or more as President, if he were needed? In his own case, however, he said that there were others who could do the work as well as he.

That Alexander Hamilton was a native of Cuba? He was sent to New York to be educated and here joined the Continental forces.

That George Washington had a violent temper? But he kept it under strong control?

ANSWERS

1. Both have their ups and downs.
 2. Both stick to things.
 3. An encyclopedia tells of unheard things; so does the exam paper.
 4. An "e".
 5. Four. Your guess was correct.

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How would you feel if you saw a clock strike?



8. Janice, I'd know you by your eyes,
Sparkling and sunny, steady and wise.

HISTORIC *By Gertrude Rush, '33*

*A fellow there was, Paul Revere,
On a night that was cold and severe,
Rode through the town
And made known all around
That the British would shortly be here.*

*A Pioneer woodsman named Boone,
Who traveled by sun and by moon,
Pushed on through the brush,
Letting nothing him crush,
And the wilderness tamed all too soon.*

AN EXCELLENT REASON

C. R: Are you going to the graduation exercises?

- I. B: Oh, I suppose that I'll have to go.
C. R: Why?
I. B: Well, you see I'm in it.

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QUESTIONS

Suppose that Paul Revere's horse had suddenly gone lame? Do you think that the Colonists would have won the war anyway?

Can you inform me as to where I can secure a piece of the ice that was in the Delaware River when Washington crossed it? My little sister would like to have a piece of it as a relic.

Is it true that the Boston Tea Party was quite a social success?

ANSWERS

Neigh! Neigh!

Tell your little sister she might fool her public successfully with some dry ice. Besides being dry, it has the other essential of a relic: it endures.

That depends on your point of view. There weren't "Two for Tea." Uncle Sam was all by his lonesome.



Or a tree bark?

INTELLECTUAL VULTURES

(An English 2 class was discussing kites and other birds of prey.)

Rudolph S: Miss Beck, may I go to the dictionary and see whether new jays belong to the kite family?

(Roars from the class.)

A SHOP FOR THE STUDENTS OF GREATER ST. LOUIS

COME IN! AND LET'S
GET ACQUAINTED...

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OVERLOOKED BY OTHERS

It has been recently discovered that George Washington branded his cattle with the initials "G. W." Now the historians are trying to figure out what "G. W." could have meant.

(If you think that you can shed any light on the subject please see the editor about it.)

Come to think about it, why, in these times of the depression, doesn't someone look for that dollar Washington threw across the Potomac.

Did you ever stop to think that George Washington also made the cherry pie famous? Sure! When he chopped down that cherry tree.

9. And so you've always helpful been,
Cunning little Ernestine!
10. Helen Rossman, keep your grip;
From your carriage you might slip.

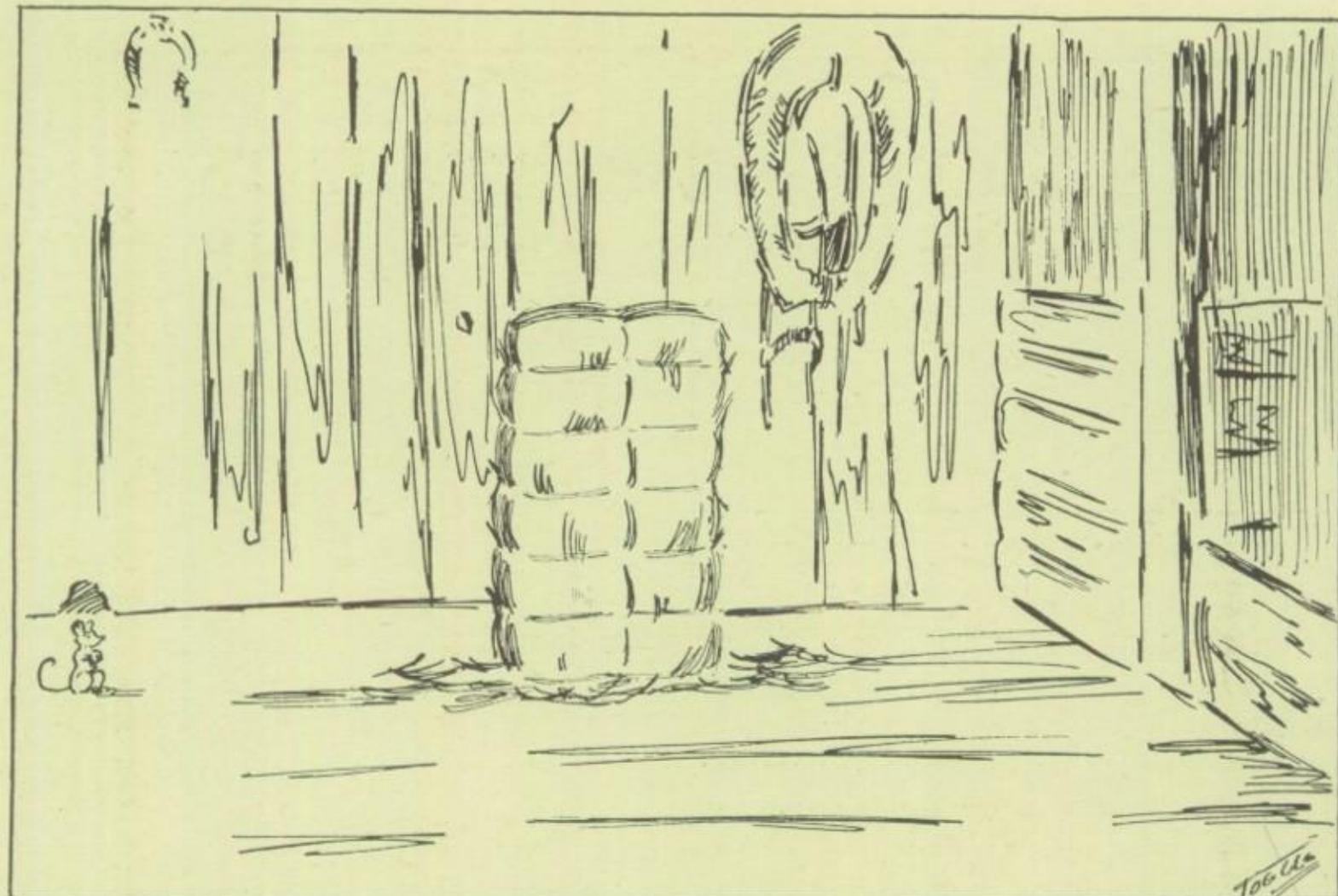
The Revolutionary War no doubt would have lasted longer if "hour men" had been used instead of "minute men."

Undoubtedly Washington's famous record of no lies is in part due to the fact that he at no time in his life played eighteen holes of golf.

Most people know Washington as the "Father of His Country," but few know that Martha Washington is the "Mother of American Candies."

"There are over a dozen bridges in the United States named for George Washington and the irony of it is that Washington crossed the Delaware in a dinky rowboat!"

11. The years have added weight to this dear little lad.
Sammy then weighed forty pounds; oh,
Krem 'tis sad, 'tis sad.



WIN 10,000 PADUKOAS!

Here is a contest that everyone can enter!

A grand prize of 10,000 padukoas is going to be awarded to the person sending in the best answer concerning the above picture. Here is what you do—write a letter telling what effect the bale of hay in the above picture has had on American History.

Don't delay! Be the winner!—Send your answers in now!

NOTE: In the following instance we want to know what became of the river? I once for a joke bought a flivver. When the motor was on it would shiver. But it didn't last long For as we went along It bounced from the road to the river.

Sam Krem.

There was a young fellow from Boston Who invested his dough in an Austin.

He ran into a crack
And he never came back.
Still in Boston he's lost in his Austin.

John Gribling

Also to every bald-headed person sending the next best answer, we shall award a fine superheating electric curling iron. The next fifty persons with the best answers will be awarded prizes equally useless.

Send answers to us. All answers must be in our wastebaskets by two minutes past thirteen o'clock Feb. 31, 1976. And now until this time next week, we thank you.

ANTICLIMAX

By Dorothy Katzung, '33

There was a young maiden named Rose
Had a beau that thought he'd propose;
But along came a boot
Which at once made him scoot,
And that was the end of his pose.

O G !

By Irma Wells, '33

There was a young girlie named Dot,
Who, E's on her home report got;
Till one sad day she
Found on it a G,
This brilliant young lady named Dot.

Seasonable Gifts

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LETTER FROM A CONTESTANT FOR THE 10,000 PADUKOAS

Dear Editor:

I don't ever remember having seen a bale of hay because I am very young and have never seen a horse. Therefore, not having seen a horse and a horse eats hay, naturally I haven't seen hay, much less a bale of hay. I don't even know what hay looks like; so you see I am handicapped right from the start. I sincerely hope that you will consider that when you are judging the answers.

Respectfully,
Ima Dumb Bell.

The mob scene of the school play offered no end of an opportunity for students to discover whether or not they have personality.

UNION BISCUIT CO. Krak-R-Jak Brand

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CEntral 5010

12. Eileen Reitz sits there with her muff;
To complete this rhyme puts me into a huff.

ALIBI!!

Clara Binder: Here's a pony I found,
Mr. Schweikert.

Mr. Schweikert: Sure it isn't yours?
Clara Binder: No—I write smaller.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

Romeo: Ah! your teeth are like stars.

Juliet: Why dearie?

Romeo: Because they come out at night.

What would you do if you saw a dancing floor?



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GEORGE W. TAYLOR

NEW YORK LIFE
315 N. 7th St. St. Louis
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13. Outgrown has she the buttoned shoes and the dress with lace,
But we will always recognize Jeannette Beard's face.

SO NEAR YET SO FAR!

The editor was inspecting the over-crowded lunch-room and saw an amusing spectacle. Two girls at a near-by table were having some difficulty in conveying the food to their mouths. Much to one girl's astonishment, her plate was almost empty and she had not tasted a bite. Upon investigating she found that she had been feeding the girl beside her, that girl being as close to the food as the owner herself. (Try to figure that one out.)



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

"You're dumb. You ought to get an encyclopedia."

"Yeah. But I don't like them. They hurt my feet!"

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14. Virginia Webb, what do you see?
A great big buzzing bumblebee?



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OVERHEARD IN THE LOCKER ROOM

"Who has a comb not being used?"

"Don't bother me, I'm studying for an exam."

"Who will loan me a pair of gym sox?"

"Let me see in your mirror."

"Oh, I met the cutest boy last night."

"Loan me some powder?"

"Everybody bring a pencil to gym."

"Gee, I just went through the toughest test."

"Hey, does anyone know anything about algebra? If they do, help me with this problem."

"Let me use your powder-puff? Someone borrowed mine and forgot to return it."

"Who has a pin?"

"Out of my way, I'm late for class."

"Who borrowed my middy?"

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Announcements

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You recognized her, did you not?

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===== Phone CEntral 2400 =====

Dear Editor:

Upon seeing your advertisement of your wonderful contest, I decided, as I am a bald-headed man, to try for one of your many prizes. I remember hearing my great, great, great, great, great grandfather tell a story concerning the bale of hay. Now Hay was a well-known man back in colonial times. He was the town's official ducker. A ducker was the man who, after tying a person on the end of a plank which was balanced on the bank of a stream, ducked him into the river. This punishment was usually meted out to women who had been vaccinated with a phonograph needle and couldn't stop

talking. As business had been bad and Hay had not been able to pay his debts, he was imprisoned. About this time an epidemic of constant talking broke out among the women and their husbands were clamoring for the ducker. A man of law was obtained for Hay and soon had Hay bailed out—thus the effect of the bail of Hay was that he saved the colonial men from becoming deaf.

Now gentlemen I feel confident that my answer is correct so just address the prize to Mr. B. E. Dumb, 12345 Panama Blvd., Feltville.

Sincerely yours,
B. E. Dumb.

16. Upon her bike she rode a race,
Ruth Ecoff now still sets the pace.
17. This tiny babe with no apparent neck
Happens to be Ruth Overbeck.





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FOX HAT WORKS

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HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED
WHILE YOU WAIT

THE PROFESSOR

*T. Alva Jones, the history professor,
Was hardly what is called a fancy dresser
Although his linen white was always clean;
A dirty spot on it was never seen.
His face was very narrow, long, and thin;
A goatee hung down from his pointed chin.
Though almost all his quips were very dry
Some were so new, in envy we would sigh.*

EVEN THE BEST OF US

By Leon Jameton, '32

THE English professor, though jovial at times, was a man of letters and fully aware of it. He spoke to his class as one would speak to a grammar-school class. Today he entered the room with a disappointed look on his face. "Class," he said, addressing us angrily, "I am disgusted with the fables I told you to write; I said they were to be original, and hear what this bright student has written." Then he proudly withdrew from the stack of themes he had brought with him a certain paper and read aloud.

"Once upon a time a fox, while wandering through a forest, came upon a crow perched in a tree. The crow had a large piece of tempting yellow cheese in his beak." So that is what you call original; it is indeed a wonder how some peo-

18. And does the doll belong to you?
I wasn't certain, sweet La Rue.
19. Time has changed Myrtle little somehow,
Beautiful then—beautiful now.

ple ever get to high school." Then, sighing deeply, he continued his appeal. "'The fox, being hungry, wanted this cheese very much; so he asked if he might have it, but the crow was not inclined to part with the prize.' How original," he remarked, as he read further. "'Then the fox praised the crow's voice, exclaiming how beautiful it must be.' How very clever," he remarked again. "'Then the fox asked the crow to sing for him.'" Here the teacher's voice weakened and he seemed reluctant to go further. Then, with his face quite red, he faintly articulated the last line: "'So the crow took the cheese in his claws and sang for the fox.' Such genius!"

A HINT TO THE FACULTY

The old saying, "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself," has been changed by high-school students to "Give a high-school student numerous study periods and not enough work and he will absent himself physically or mentally."



20. Theresa, though you're still quite small
You've changed a great deal, all in all.

KING GEORGE III

Apologies to historians for the version

By Jessie M. Kent, '34

*In England there was a king, I've heard,
Most eccentric, called George the III.
At table he always lingered long,
And they say he was fond of wine and song.*

*He took some very ill advice
And lost England's land, both wealthy and nice;
For while on the English throne he did reign,
He lost America's wide domain.*

*The reason why he could not rule
Is he never went to an English school.
The language he spoke was only Dutch;
So he wasn't understood in England much.*

*And not being able to tell his thought,
Little wonder that he such havoc wrought;
For a thought, however it is good,
To be effective must be understood.*

*Thus in a language unknown, he spoke
While English politics went up in smoke.
So since a blessing in disguise befell,
Americans should love King George right well.*

*That which he would not, he had done,
And the United States some glory won.
Then let us not blame him so much
For his English mistakes, for he was Dutch.*

Dear Editor:

It gives me great pleasure to pick up my pen in response to your invitation to win 10,000 padukoas. Such a sum will greatly increase my wages. Because of this reason I seat myself with pencil in hand to pen you a letter.

Undoubtedly the bale of hay was grown on Geo. Washington's large plantation and went to feed his pet horse. I know that this is so because the hay looks very

Southern. It is blonde and quite lanquid looking.

I will greatly appreciate a check for the 10,000 padukoas in the return mail. I expect to spend the money in raising bigger and better mosquitoes on my mesquite farm, so you know that the money will be wisely spent.

Respectively,
Omega Courtwright.

FAIRGROUNDS CANDY KITCHEN

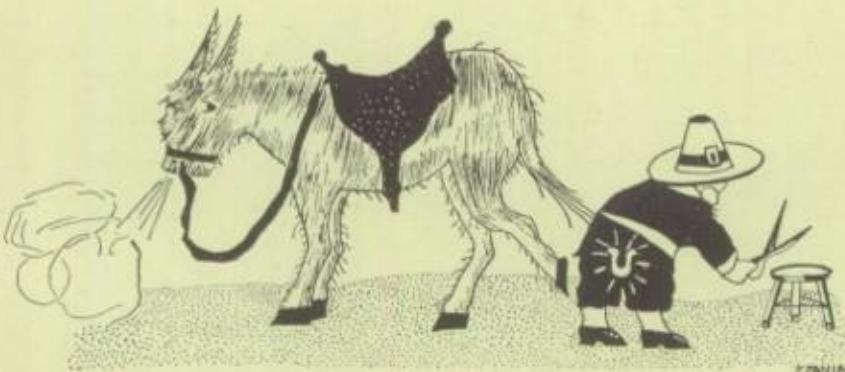
Natural Bridge and Grand

ANSWER TO CONTEST

Well, the big prize has not been awarded. The editors are sincerely regretful that no one sent in a correct answer. Here it is:

The bale of hay in the picture was the hay that Paul Revere's horse ate the day of the night that he made his famous breath-taking ride. If the horse had not eaten this hay, he would not have had the strength to run that night. If the horse had not been able to run, Paul Revere would not have been able to warn the colonists that the British were coming and the colonists would not have been able to fight for their independence and today the United States of America would not be the United States of America but would belong to England; hence the effect of the bale of hay on American History.

As no one won the 10,000 padukoas, the editors have decided to split the prize between them and take a trip to Alaska. We wish to thank one and all for their hearty response to this contest and in closing, tell the people that another great contest will be held in the early future. Watch for it.



Many people have remarked that they have never seen a picture of George Washington laughing. The reason why is very simple. Every time George laughed his teeth slipped, so therefore he kept a straight face and, consequently, his teeth in place.

In our wanderings we came upon the enlightening information that George Washington could wrap his legs around a barrel and squeeze the breath out of it. But reading on further we found that it was the barrel of a horse, not a fish barrel.

We have an idea that our modern housewives could teach Alexander Hamilton a few things about budgets.

AH, HA!

You can fool some of the freshmen all of the time and all of the freshmen some of the time but not all of the freshmen all of the time, so seniors beware.

SHADES OF WEEMS!

Now that everybody is so interested in George Washington and searching for new material about him can we expect a sequel to that Cherry Tree story?

I should like to know whether or not Mr. Washington "buried the hatchet" after he cut down his dad's pride and joy?

Is it true that our esteemed George once inadvertently misplaced his teeth and consequently sat for his portrait without 'em?

21. Can't you guess this one, my dears?
It's Vivian Schenck, we can tell by the ears.

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AND THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED

By Leon Jameton, '32

THE darkness bore down like a crushing burden; the silence was deafening. At the far end of the alley I hoped I was in, I could see a faint light. Above in the starless sky, towards the city, was a faint halo of light. Not the slightest murmur arose from the sleeping metropolis. I had come here cheerfully enough, but now that I was aware of the darkness that enveloped nearly everything, I went more slowly, more cautiously. I could not see anything except the distant light; the darkness seemed as material as the ground I walked on and the ground I hoped I would walk on in the next step. This unnatural condition seemed to emanate fear. I heard a noise behind me. I stopped, and not without a strong will, I turned to see a flash of light; then I heard measured footsteps. Now the darkness was the least of my apprehensions. A faint light played about the approaching figure which was as mysterious as the darkness. It appeared to be a huge man who towered higher as he approached. He held my attention so closely that I did not think to run nor did I really think of anything; I was so absorbed in the man who was now almost up to me. His sleeves were rolled up, and his sinewy arms were stained with blood.

His fists were clenched. I hugged the package I carried still closer. Then in a gruff voice, he said, reaching his hand towards me, "Here is your change you forgot when you bought that sausage a few minutes ago.



22. Solemnly there stands little Sol
Looking wiser than an owl.
23. America's protector of land and sea—
Hugo Mueller! Can it really be?

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PHONES:
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NOT UTOPIA!

The blackest pit of despair is reached when an all "E" student has his program changed and discovers that he has been transferred from a class in which the teacher has been reputed to be "a snap," to a class which has a teacher that makes the pupils work.

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE MARK TWAIN

One day when Mark Twain was very busy writing in his study his little daughter asked where daddy was, and was told she must be quiet and not disturb daddy because he was upstairs writing an anecdote.

Not long after, the doorbell rang and the little girl went to answer it. The caller asked if Mr. Clemens was in, to which the little miss proudly replied: "Yes sir, he's in, but you can't see him 'cause he's upstairs riding a nanny goat."

PROOF ENOUGH

Mr. Conant (explaining how human desires change): Herbert, remember when you were a little boy how you took that penny your mother gave you and dashed to the corner store for a stick of licorice. Would you do the same thing now?

Herbert Goetz: No.

Mr. Conant: Why?

H. G.: I don't like licorice.



The seniors were practicing for commencement exercises. Mr. Douglass appeared with one lone diploma in his hand.

"Is that my diploma?" asked Louis R. eagerly.

"I believe so," said Mr. Douglass. "It has 'Dummy' written on it."

24. He's a football player of renown and fame,
This curly locks—don't you know his
name?
25. Why all the posies here and there
When Mary Lazer's just as fair?
26. A Perl once was he among babies.
Now he's a Perl among ladies.
27. Edward (Baldy), why so sad?
'Pon my word, have you been bad?
28. This young man with frowning eyes
Is Roy Singer in maidenly guise.
29. Mildred Nance, what scared you so?
That was just a photographer's birdie, you
know.
30. In his buggy Adolph then sat serene
But time has changed it to a machine.
31. Those pouting lips and big brown eyes—
Marie Pollack wins the prize.
32. She's somewhat older, this demure lass.
Yes, she's sponsor of the senior class.
33. That's Hylda—that's Dave; these last ones
& we find.
34. Phew! Now I'm glad this rhyme's off my
mind.

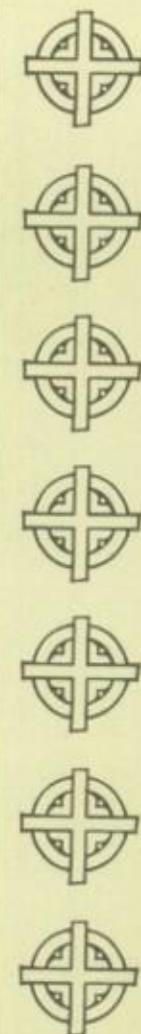


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THE CHERRY TREE STORY

By Kenneth Carl, '33

"Pa bought me a hatchet,
Yes sir, she's brand new.
I think I'll just try it,
And see what it'll do.

See that tree right there?
So soft and so small?
I'll just cut it down;
That'll be no job at all.

Boy, just watch the chips fly!
I'm very nearly through.
Yep, she'll be down,
In another swing or two.

Crash! Down she comes.
Some hatchet, I'll say.
This is what I call
The end of a perfect day"

Oh boy, and gee whiz,
Now I'm sure in bad:
I just cut a cherry tree,
And see, here comes Dad!

"Son, what have you done?
Speak up! answer me!
Now tell me the truth;
Who cut down that tree?"

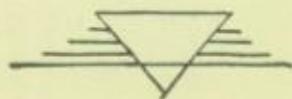
I brandished my little hatchet,
And said, "Father, 'twas me,
Who with powerful blows,
Felled the noble fruit tree."

"My son," said he, "I'm proud,
Because you did not lie;
And, now let's go to dinner,
And we'll have cherry pie."

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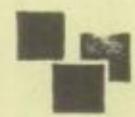


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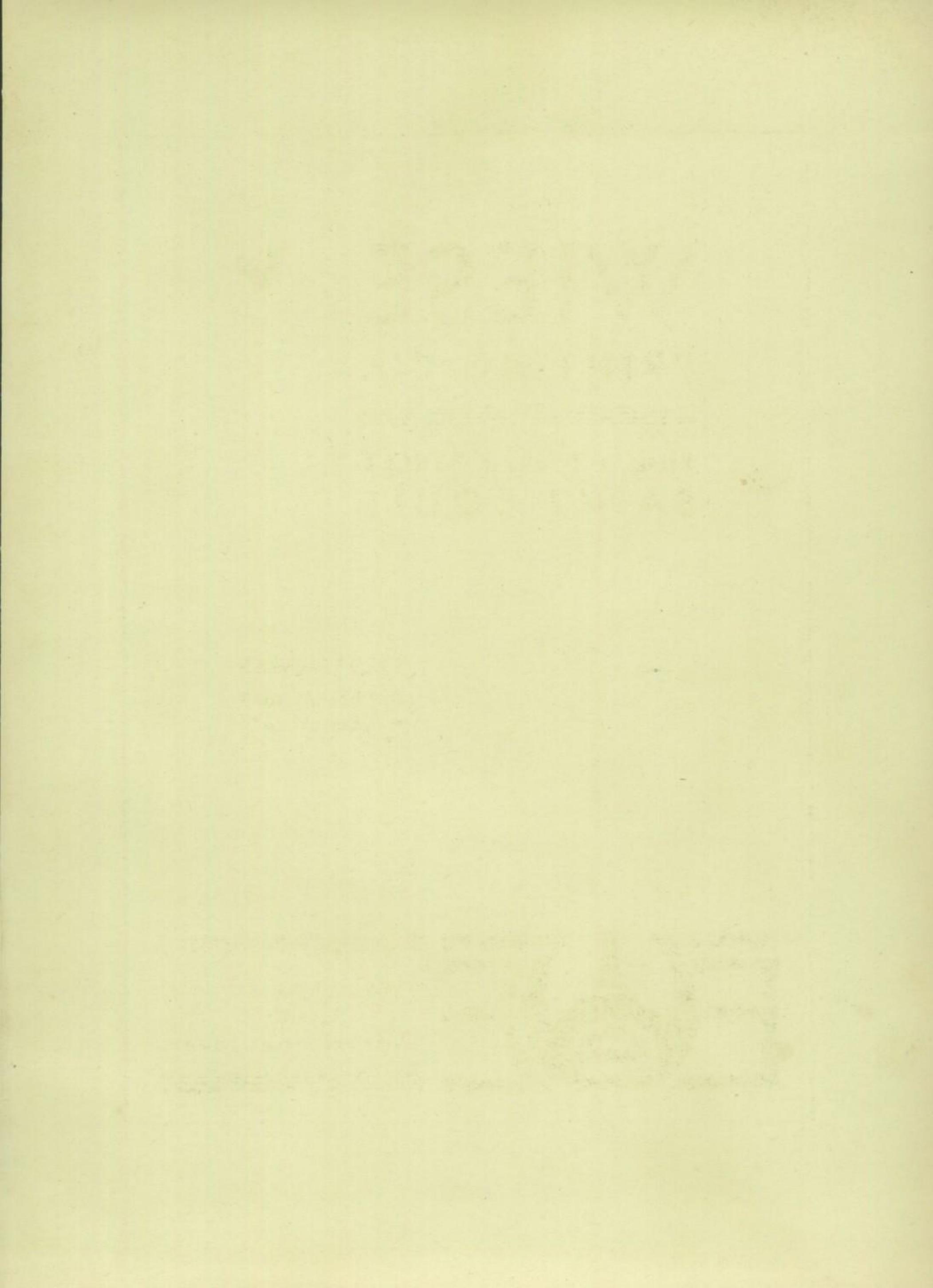
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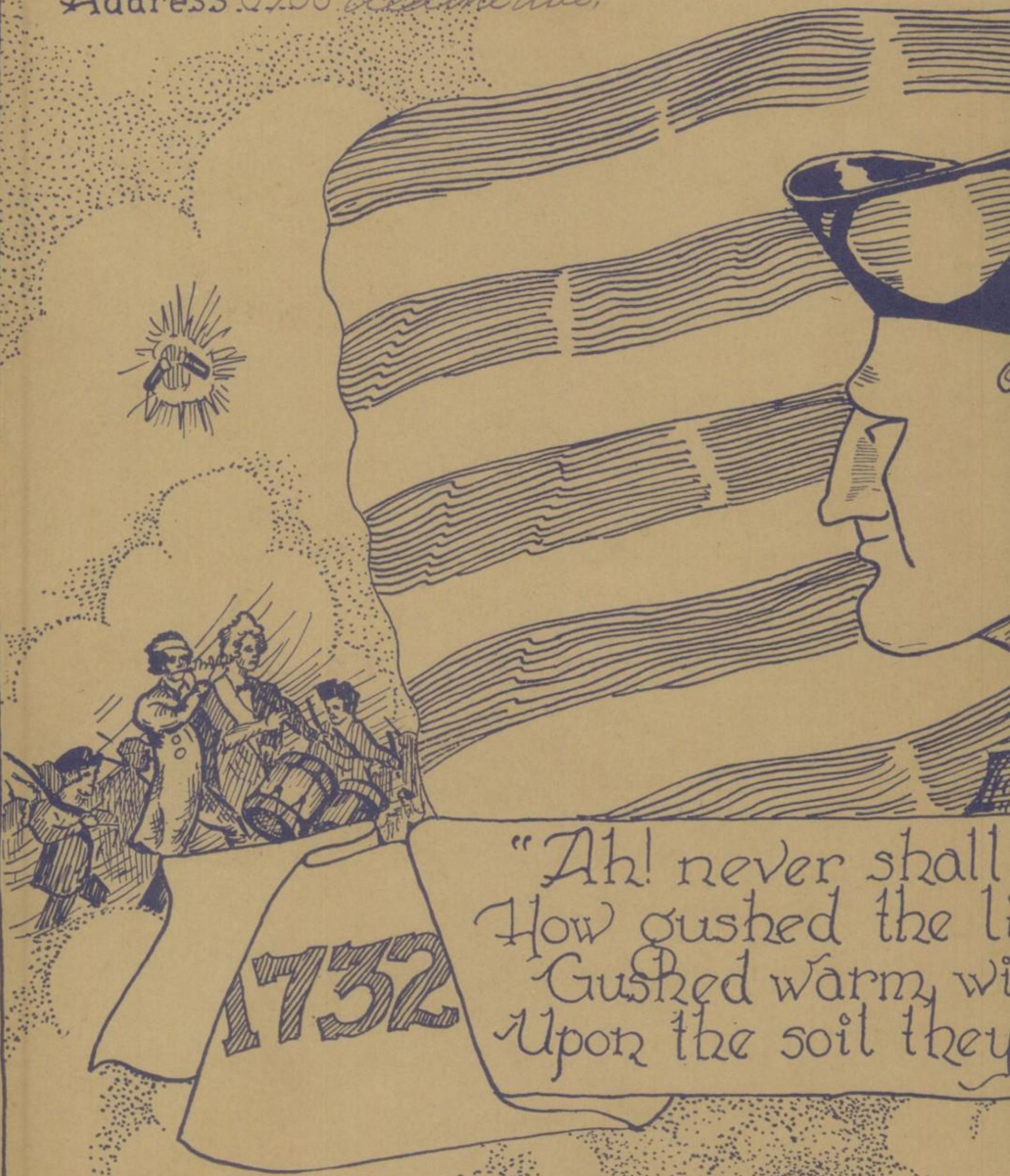
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"Ah! never shall
How gushed the li
Gushed warm wi
Upon the soil they



"The land forgot
the blood of her brave
hope and valor yet
ought to save"

1932

JOE
DETTLING
31

